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JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER ON THE CONTINENT.

No. V.

Wednesday, Sept. 14th.—WE saw the falls of the Reichenbach: there is not much water, but it is a fine cascade. It begun to rain violently; I was in a thousand terrors about my baggage, which was in a carpet bag, and in another bag even more easily wetted; with infinite difficulty and much necessary vituperation, I compelled the indolent and stupid animal who carried it, to cover it with my cloak, and to bind the cloak in such a manner that the water was thrown off, and to overcome his natural instincts; which of course led him to dispose it so that the rain would be drained into those parts which I sought to protect. It appeared quite hopeless that any covering would have sufficed for so many hours of such heavy rain; but my good cloak, God bless it! which had already rendered me so many essential services, kept out the unfriendly wet, *inimicum imbrem*, completely; my bags were quite dry, as well as the coat and waistcoat of one of my companions, who had no other with him, and had placed them under shelter that he might resume them dry, and performed his walk without, (he being also destitute of an umbrella,) a piece of ingenuity which deserved the reward it met with—that of passing the evening in comfort. The rain fell all day in torrents; it was now hot, now cold; the way was wet and slippery, and we were in great misery.

At Rosenlaui bad we found a large inn, which has been lately built for the sake of some natural warm baths, which, as the name implies, are found there. We remained just long enough to get some hot milk, which kept us alive, and which I recommend to all sufferers in the like plight, as an efficient and innocent restorative. We crossed the Scheidegg, an immense pull, passing the Wetterhorn and glaciers, which would have been fine, had the day been less abominable, and descended to Grindelwald, where we arrived at half-past four. A foot-bath, dry clothes, a good fire, a fair dinner, and wine, cheered our spirits. Two of us had the advantage of finding every thing prepared; for when we reached the top of the mountain, the third,

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through natural strength and activity, through impatience of the rain and discomfort, and through a generous desire of emulating the pace of one of the guides, descended with so much rapidity, that he arrived at least an hour before us.

There was a Swiss lady with her husband at dinner: notwithstanding the weather she was a pedestrian. We all agreed in admiring her pretty open forehead, and her modesty; that without mingling earthly sulkiness with the heavenly grace of modesty, she was modest. In the evening three singing girls attended,—they sung several songs agreeably enough,—they were nice modest girls. I cannot think that either the English, French, or Italian language is improved by being uttered with an Irish accent.

Thursday, Sept. 15th.—My guide had very elaborately tied my faithful cloak over my bags, in all respects as I had forbidden and disapproved of the day before: having caused him to alter it, we set out at eight. The day was, if possible worse than the preceding one. We patiently climbed the steep and, as it then seemed, endless mountain. We took some hot milk in a *chalet* near the top, and descended with great difficulty; the road was remarkably steep, and by reason of the rain, slippery in the extreme. The country is beautiful: had the day been less vile we should have had a noble prospect. We saw several glaciers, and heard the sound of many avalanches, but witnessed the fall of one only. There is abundance of fine pasturage, and as we descended, the beauty, fertility, and richness of the valley increased. The steepness of the descent for the last part of the journey is surprising. At four o'clock, to our great joy, we came to Lauterbrun, "the clear fountain," and enjoyed the fostering warmth of dry clothes, a wood fire, and a tolerable dinner. My honest cloak continued true to its charge, and having withstood eight hours of incessant and heavy rain, it restored my wardrobe as dry as it had received it. Of many things a man does not know the value until he has been deprived of them for some time; this is peculiarly the case as to his animal heat: when he has been robbed of it for some hours, either by nakedness or wet clothing, and is afterwards permitted to retain quiet possession of it, through the means of sufficient and dry apparel, he congratulates his ribs, and rejoices as to his sides, and especially as to his feet, having exchanged cold and cruel plungings in mud and water for the maternal tenderness and cherishing of lamb's-wool and dry slippers.

Close to the inn are the falls of the Staubbach, the Dust-beck, or stream of dust: the quantity of water, even after the heavy rains, was small. The height is prodigious, so that the water is broken into dust, whence the name.

Friday, Sept. 16th.—In the morning it was raining as hard as ever: we devised various schemes, but as it cleared up at noon, we put on our wet shoes and half-dried clothes, and walked three leagues down the pleasant valley; the hills on both sides are high, but covered with pines to the top. There are numerous waterfalls, large and small; it is the valley of waterfalls. The whole scene has a softer aspect than we had been accustomed to of late. We found many persons at the much-frequented inn at Interlaken, of various ranks, qualities, and degrees.

Saturday, Sept. 17th.—After breakfast, about twenty boys, the pupils of some Swiss academy, came into the room with knapsacks and poles; they were like boys, noisy and restless. With them was the sad usher, of a scholastic aspect, a man who neither smiles himself, nor causes others to smile; and who is no doubt esteemed pleasant company when he refrains from tweaking the nose and pulling the ears.

I crossed the Aar by a wooden bridge, and mounted by a walk of slate-gravel, through a wood, to a little eminence, where I found pleasant seats and a fine view. On the opposite side, lofty mountains with pasture and pine-forests to the very tops, except a few which have rocky summits, and one alp, with a slope of the purest snow. Directly opposite is the valley of Lauterbrun, from whence we had issued yesterday, which is soon closed to the eye by mountains of mere rock and snow. To the right is the lake of Thun, to the left that of Brienz, both beautiful; the Aar flows from the one to the other, and passes immediately under my feet. Between the mountains and the lake is a little plain, perhaps a league in length and half a league in breadth, perfectly flat, perfectly green, shaded with fruit and forest-trees, and adorned by the small town of Unterseen and the smaller village of Interlaken: the latter of the synonymes was the site of an abbey, which says, briefly but forcibly, that the situation is pleasant, fertile, and healthy. It is delightful to see such a sweet spot; and were it not for the sake of revisiting one's friends, it would be painful to leave it. I was pleased with the harmonious sounds of the cow-bells; they are exactly tuned, and produce a most agreeable effect. Why is the use of these simple instruments of pastoral music confined to mountainous countries? the inhabitants of the plains are equally sensible to the concord of sweet sounds.

I walked to another hill, where there is a ruined church, which commands a view of the lake of Brienz: the heat was intense, but the grass was wet. I do not admire the Swiss grass; it is not like our green sward, or old sward; it is not turf, upon which it is so delightful to sit, walk, or lie,—it is sallad, it consists of succulent herbs; perhaps it may be more nutritious, better for cattle, and able to produce richer milk, but still it is not turf.

I set out with my two companions to walk to Neuhaus; the distance is a league, the road is flat, the country pleasant, and the day was intensely hot. We passed through Unterseen, a small town of whimsical houses, of which the roofs hang over so far that they almost meet and shade the streets: we saw two persons in different places making sketches of the houses. We reached the boat soon enough to permit us to regale ourselves cheaply and agreeably with some good pears and milk. We were rowed in a public boat by three men; two operated in the English, the other in the Swiss fashion. We were partly annoyed, partly amused, by the offensive manners of a fellow-passenger, a return guide. The lake of Thun is beautiful, but inferior in all respects to the lake of Lucerne, except in having a noble view of the snowy Alps. In three hours we entered the Aar, which bore us along with a rapid current; we passed a graceful, well-dressed, lady-like person, who was standing on some steps leading to

the water; she reminded me of home. Why will men travel? It is good only for restless boys, who do not know what they would be at.

In two minutes more we landed at the Freyhof. We had proposed to go on to Bern, but we agreed to pass the night at Thun, and we refreshed ourselves after the picturesque scenery and entertainment of the mountains, with an excellent dinner and good wine. Amongst those who afterwards supped at the *table d'hôte*, were a mother, her son, and two daughters; it was difficult not to look at one of the daughters—in part, because she was handsome—in part, because of the prodigious quantity of fine hair that hung under her bonnet on each side of her face.

Sunday, Sept. 18th.—The Aar rushes with great rapidity through a pleasant valley to Bern; there are public boats, and it is easy to believe that the voyage is agreeable; as we had but little time, we did not venture to tempt the water and incur the possibility of delay; we did not even take an hour to examine the town of Thun, of which the appearance is picturesque; but immediately after an early breakfast we committed ourselves to one of those covered lateral carriages, that are so inconvenient in all respects, especially as they permit the traveller to see one side of the road only.

There is a story famous in Switzerland, that when Scholasticus visited Geneva, he hired one of these carriages to take him round the lake, and he so ordered his going, or at least his setting out, that he turned his back to the lake all the way, and travelled quite round without once seeing it: a story that the philosopher Hierocles would have delighted to insert amongst his *Facetiæ*. We were dragged slowly along the road, advancing sideways, like crabs, and at last reached the capital of Switzerland.

I approached this city with great expectation, because I had seen a beautiful panorama—because I had been told, that it is the abode of Swiss beauty, its focus and very centre—and because I had heard all who had visited it repeat, one after another, the most lavish and exaggerated praise. I was disappointed in all respects: the panorama was flattering to an excess—the women were in the streets in their Sunday attire, yet they appeared hard-featured, stern, and rusticated—and the strangers who visit the place repeat, like parrots, the laud that has originally been bestowed by some innkeeper, or interested inhabitant. The stone arcades, which line the streets on both sides are solid; they are good against sun and rain, but being low, have a gloomy aspect, especially on a Sunday, when the shops are shut.

I had been furnished with a list of inns for the whole of my journey, so accurate, that I always found the accommodation corresponding exactly with the description, and I seldom departed from my instructions; whenever I did, in compliance with circumstances, or the wishes of others, I always found reason to repent it. I had been recommended to the Falcon, but I suffered my companions, against my better judgment, to take me to the Crown, a nasty place: perhaps it would have been well, as a matter of curiosity, to have put up at one of the institutions called *Abbeyes*, which in some measure resemble the guilds or companies in corporate cities, or the inns of

court, if we can imagine that they really let furnished lodgings for a few days, like an inn; and that instead of being excluded by oaths, tests, and various formalities, strangers were permitted to dine in the hall, as at a *table d'hôte*: as I did not visit any of the *Abbayes*, I do not know how they are conducted; but I do not suppose that I should have found at dinner the disgusting abuse of a high table: one party feasting on luxurious fare at the expense of the rest, who were eating, at their own charge, cold and filthy commons.

The fortifications have been wisely turned into a public promenade, which is a pleasant walk. Why do they not employ the men at the gates in rolling the gravel, in sweeping the streets, in any useful employment, rather than in asking for passports?

We visited the only public amusement in the place, the fosses, in which the bears are kept; there were two young bears and two old ones in separate places, open courts, as in the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris. Persons of all ages and of all ranks, from the counsellor to the beggar, are never weary of gazing at the animals, and hang over the wall in fond delight; the opulent sometimes spend a half-penny in pears or gingerbread to throw to the bears. They watch them eating, and if the bears catch a piece of gingerbread in their paws, the happiness of the spectator is complete. This is the only notion a *Bernois* can form of pleasure: when he reads that we soon become tired of pleasure, he understands of feeding bears; a man of pleasure, or a woman of pleasure, is a person who is occupied all day long in throwing gingerbread to bears. Whether the bear be a fit symbol of elegant mirth may perhaps be a question,—it is certainly amusing to watch the proceedings of animals, more especially of a wild beast. In the evening we visited a sort of raree-show of Swiss views and costumes; when we travel, we go to see persons and things that we would not tolerate at home.

Monday, Sept. 19th.—We inspected a collection of plaster casts; some paintings of no value; the Museum of Natural History, which is pretty good, consisting chiefly of the productions of the country, the Alpine hares, the lammergeier and other curious birds, and a tolerably good botanical garden.

The lamb-vulture, or lammergeier, is an inhabitant of the High Alps, and is as fond of lamb as a Jew; he is a handsome, well-dressed bird, and wears a brown coat and a yellow waistcoat. He forms the connecting link between the vulture and the eagle; his bill is shaped like that of the birds of the former genus, but unlike them his head is not naked, being well covered with feathers like an eagle's. Ornithologists doubt, therefore, whether to arrange this species under the genus *vultur* or *falco*. I had seen a good specimen in the Museum of Natural History at Strasburg.

After dinner I passed some time in the Library, which is very clean and neat, and seems to have some good books, classics as well as others: the librarian, as these people usually are, was a sulky, disobliging fellow. I was permitted with difficulty to look at some MSS.: there were not any of great antiquity or interest; a Prudentius, a Virgil, a Horace, the Koran, and a few others, the rest were chiefly theological. My observations induced me to think that the inhabitants of this little capital are not on good terms with

each other; they dispute about their paltry politics, and quarrel over their base little jobs.

The obliging and learned person who had been my guide throughout the day, conducted me to another promenade which has some good views of the Alps, and also to the bastion near the cathedral, whence I saw the effect of the setting sun upon the Alps, which is remarkable. I observed some good-looking women in the shops, and of a less stern countenance; they reconciled me to Bern.

Tuesday, Sept. 20th.—The season for travelling in Switzerland was drawing fast to an end; I was apprehensive that the weather would not permit me to see the great wonder, Mont Blanc: I was not able to spare a day, hardly an hour. I could not afford time to visit the celebrated academy of M. Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, a short distance from Bern; much less to make an excursion to the lakes of Neuchâtel and Bienne, and I had been compelled to omit Constance, Basle, and Soleure, for the same reason. Nor was I able to visit Hindelbank, a village at a little distance, celebrated for a work of a Saxon artist, which is said to be as excellent in execution as it is sublime in conception. Why will not one of the innumerable visitors bring us a plaster cast of the pastor's wife, Madame Langhans, rising with her child through the pavement of the church, that the inhabitants of London may learn to revere the genius of the sculptor Nahl?

It is inconvenient to be poor in a rich country—to be rich in a poor country has also its disadvantages; I had experienced them in having too great a quantity of baggage. I had brought with me for a journey of six months two small bags, so small, that even when an outside passenger by the mail, the most rapacious book-keeper has never charged me any thing for extra baggage or over-weight, yet in Switzerland they were too much; it was difficult to find a place for them in the incommodious carriages, and when on foot it needed a whole guide to carry them, and a guide forms the chief expense of travelling in this country. It is a culpable singularity, where others are contented with one coat, to have two; I therefore purchased a small knapsack, and sent my superfluities to Geneva by the carrier. I soon found the benefit of having abridged my baggage, not only in the diminished expenditure, as one-half or one-third of a guide was now sufficient, but in the freedom from anxiety: my knapsack was impervious to the rain; and the trouble of packing, which had never been great, was now reduced to its minimum.

He who would travel agreeably, would perhaps do well to reduce his luggage to two Swiss knapsacks, (if one would not possibly suffice;) one of them will hold conveniently a suit of clothes and a small paper case,—the other, whatever is necessary in addition to the three or four shirts, and the remainder of linen in due proportion: linen can always be washed in a very short time, and clothes can be purchased in every country as fine and as well-made as they are worn by the first people in that country; and if it be thought necessary to be dressed as well, it certainly is superfluous to be better dressed. The chief expense and the chief anxiety arises from the transport of baggage: the traveller who can carry his all in his own hands, if it be only for ten yards, is free; the charm that would

bind him is broken, and an exemption from the slavery of packing and unpacking is cheaply bought at any price.

In one respect I carried my love of lightness too far: on this occasion, I did not take with me either great-coat or cloak. It is unwise to travel without one of these comforts, especially in a mountainous country; an umbrella alone is not a sufficient defence against rain, and the exposure to cold when heated is painful and dangerous; a great-coat, or cloak, may be rolled into a small volume and strapped upon the top of the knapsack.

The Teutonic tyrants who have at present military occupation of the north of Italy, are so conscious of their weakness, and acknowledge, with so much frankness—that it is the duty of all other nations to assist in turning them out—that they will not permit a stranger to enter the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, unless his passport has been signed by an Austrian minister. I complied with this form at Bern, and sent my passport to the ambassador, that his master, the great Cæsar, might have due notice of my intention to enter the Milanese, lest I should rush upon his troops unexpectedly from the height of the Semplon, and clear Italy of its oppressors with my umbrella: so great is the cowardice of tyranny!

Of course there was some delay in procuring this signature; whether it was occasioned by the stupid servants at the Crown, or by the more stupid legate of the most stupid emperor, I cannot determine; it cost us some time and some expressions of impatience. Having at last obtained the German inscription on my muniment, we being three in number, ascended a lateral carriage and sidled along to Thun, where we dined at the *table d'hôte*. We changed our vehicle for a *char* of a more simple and common construction, a small light waggon, with two seats, hung, one behind the other, upon such straps as we see in a butcher's cart; we proceeded towards Kandersteg.

The valley near Thun is beautiful; as we advanced and penetrated into it, it became more wild, but not less agreeable. Half way we took some bad coffee, at an inauspicious house, for which we paid as much as at the best coffee-house in Paris. At a short distance was a ruined castle, and a gallows was standing near it. The lovely moon lighted up the glaciers, and made our long ascent delightful, although the night was cold. It was somewhat late when we reached the inn at Kandersteg, the moonlight scene from the gallery of the inn was calm, still, and not easily to be forgotten.

Wednesday, Sept. 21st.—We found at the breakfast-table the upper half of a man in ordinary black clothes, but the lower half had trunk hose like a Dutch skipper. We admired him for some time. Being spoken with in German, he confessed that he was about to write a new Swiss Guide; he blamed the present authors openly, because they had not seen this, and that, and the other; and perhaps, secretly, because they had seen things, like tailors, in tight pantaloons, which cramp the imagination, whilst he had plenty of room for his fancy to play in; at least, if his theory agreed with his practice, for as he did not say any thing concerning the extraordinary capacity of his hose, this is mere conjecture. Nor is the theory irrational, for if a full-bottomed wig be essential to the sound exercise of the judicial functions,

by analogy a pair of full-bottomed unutterables may be necessary to the healthy and unbiassed performance of topographical duties. I do not blame his harmless eccentricity; the world is indebted to any man who will take the trouble to deviate from the beaten track, even in the cut of his garments.

That eccentricity is a good thing and beneficial to the public, is evident from this, that an eccentric character is always odious to, and spoken ill of by the priests, who are unanimous in the opinion that the abuses by which they degrade true religion and exalt themselves, can only subsist so long as men blindly adhere, without change or investigation, to the ancient prejudices and practices of superstition.

We heard from the gentleman in the full dress, of a little lonely lake in the neighbourhood, into which three or four waterfalls cast themselves from high rocks; we would gladly have visited it. Willingly would we have paused also in order to get by heart, as it were, the surrounding scene; but I was hurried on by my destiny, which required either that I should see the most wonderful objects in nature and in art in rapid succession, and as if in a dream, or not at all; I thankfully chose the former alternative, because, although no one will affirm that a man may see Rome fully in a week, yet no one will deny that, even in a week, more may be seen than if the traveller never sets his foot within the eternal city.

We walked slowly up the mountain; it is wild and steep; and reached at noon a little inn in a desert of rocks. The people leave this inhospitable place in the winter. We quenched our thirst with wine and water, and reposed ourselves for a short time in a dismal room, which had been the theatre of a barbarous murder, when all the family were out except a girl: she was slain by three Italian soldiers. They were not punished; a fact by no means creditable to the government. If the number of the wretches was known, that they were Italians and soldiers, surely all the rest might have been discovered. All men, whilst they join in execrating monsters capable of such deeds, must blame the lukewarmness of a conceited government, which neglected to bring the murderous ravishers to punishment.

Here we found a pedestrian who was returning home, a professor of Soleure; he kindly promised to show his most ancient and interesting city to such of our party as should visit it. After some more climbing, and having passed a lake, and found a mass of snow by the side of it, we reached the top of the Gemmi. The desert is steep, almost perpendicular, we saw Leukerbad below; it seemed as if we could have jumped down into the town.

It is a surprising thing that any road has been made on the side of so steep a mountain. The traverses are not cut like steps on the side of the mountain as at other passes, they are actually hollowed like caves, out of the precipices; you pass, therefore, directly below the rock upon which you have walked before, and which hangs over your head, and you descend thus many times in succession, in the same perpendicular plane, as in the stair-case of a house. They say that mules travel this way; it is almost necessary to see them in order to believe it. The mountains are of slate, and of picturesque forms, but slate wants the beauty, the solidity, the durability, the eternity of granite.

Our guide kept his little dog all the day in a string, that he might

not chace the hares. The game is the property of the government, and if the dog were to kill one, his master would be fined; had the dog been at liberty, there would not have been much reason to fear the consequences, because hares are extremely scarce; and if they were not, the poor animal did not appear to have those killing ways that would make them so.

We had laughed at Blotzheim for saying in his Guide-book that we should hear no other sounds than the howling of wolves; however, when we came to Leukerbad, we saw the skins of thirteen wolves that had been killed in the neighbourhood, stuffed with straw, and hanging under the projecting eaves of a house.

The season for bathing being over, we found that the principal inn was shut: we went to a smaller hotel called *La Croix*, which is a filthy place; the people were civil, but the dinner and wine were detestable. We bathed in the warm bath. It was comfortable and uncomfortable; that is to say, after extreme fatigue and heat the warm water was pleasant, but a common bath and a common dressing-room are always odious. When the water rises at the fountain it is so hot that the hand cannot bear it; but when it has been some time in the bath the temperature is agreeable. Men and women bathe together: from the long list of fines, it should seem that the visitors are not remarkably delicate. They are oddly apportioned: for bathing without a shirt or shift the fine is two francs; but for talking on religious subjects in the bath, it is ten francs.

We chatted with a good-looking girl, who was at supper. She wore the Valaisine hat; a pretty little straw hat, with a low crown and broad brims, trimmed round the crown with ribbands, and worn on one side. She spoke with great glee of the pleasures of the bath. She said that people frequently remain in it for eight hours; that they go there at a very early hour, breakfast in the water, placing the cups and plates upon a board which floats before them, and serves for a table. That a favourite pastime, which was prohibited by a fine that was not always exacted, was the squirting water at each other. She showed us how to place three fingers of the one hand together, so as to make a little hole, through which, by pressing both hands together, the water was squirted out. In discussing the proper mode of using an egg in tea, as a substitute for milk, a stranger betrayed himself to be a stray apothecary, by saying, familiarly, in these wilds—"Make an electuary."

Thursday, Sept. 22nd.—It rained heavily in the night. Mademoiselle in the Valaisine hat was hurrying to church, it being the feast of St. Maurice, but she came into the room to be admired by daylight, as we were at breakfast. We asked whether she liked the church as well as the bath? She answered, ingenuously, No. Whether they squirted water there? "Yes; but in quite a different fashion."

In the rain, with pinching new shoes and in a stewing heat, I walked with my two companions to Leuk. It is an ugly little town, but well situated on a hill. I saw for the first time father Rhone, and duly saluted him; here his waters are white, and he lays waste the fields far and near. We got a rude *char* at Leuk, and the most inefficient horse I ever saw. The driver forgot his whip, and we could not get a good hard stick; there was no hard wood, nothing but pines, which

broke in pieces at the first emphatic stroke; but we found in the carriage a large strap, which we fastened at the end of a stick and made a kind of whip; with this we smacked and thwacked him, and made him kick up his heels, and then run for two or three feet. At last, by the perseverance and incredible exertion of the crew, we reached Sion. In the way, we robbed a vineyard of some fine grapes, which were not quite ripe; we bought some others of a woman that were excellent. They deceive us who say that no good grapes can be grown except in the hot-house. To the taste the grape seems not to contain much more sugar than other fruits; we must judge of it from the stickiness it imparts to the fingers, when as ripe as those which we purchased.

I saw for the first time some women riding astride; I cannot think that the back of a horse is a fit place for a woman, most certainly not when riding astride; one was a pretty girl, and had a sweet modest look, but I was sorry to see her delicate little feet hanging down, one on each side of the saddle.

At Sion we had dinner, and some detestable muscatel wine; this was not fair in a country where such fine grapes are grown. We procured a better carriage, and continued our journey, for the greater part of the way, through the cold and dark. I heard at a village on the way such sweet-sounding and pretty bells, that every one who hears them must wish that they were the bells of his own parish-church. The weather had cleared up at Leuk, and the evening was beautiful. We warmed and refreshed ourselves with some coffee, some fine honeycomb, and some more grapes, at the Tower at Martigny; and observing that an Italian lady, not very old, had entered in the book her own name, that of her daughter, and a young man, as her secretary, we were wicked enough to laugh at the entry; at the private secretary, *e secretis*—at Mr. Secretary for the home department.

Friday, Sept. 23rd.—At half-past eight we mounted three mules, and rode slowly through the pleasant valley of the Drance, on a beautiful morning to Alleve, where we dined well, and washed down some thrushes with wine of Yvorne. A short distance from Alleve, we saw a fine eagle soaring below us, and unless we were deceived by the magnitude of surrounding objects, it was near enough to be within shot. In various parts of the Valais we met with wooden crosses, not small and symbolical, but sufficiently large and strong to serve for the execution of the hypocritical rascals who erected them. They are all dated; the time of their erection is within these few years; some of them are ornamented with a thing like a piece of a door-mat; they are the work of a set of worthless, remorseless ruffians, who, like our ranting methodists, preach fanaticism, and eat up the poor.

In the dining-room at Alleve was framed a paper printed in the manner of a play-bill, in large, larger, and largest letters, which contained some of the blasphemous stuff of these wretches. In the largest letters were these words: "Veillez continuellement! Priez sans cesse!" In order to try the temper of the maid-servant, they were parodied thus in her presence: "Mangez continuellement! Buvez sans cesse! Embrassez continuellement! Baisez sans cesse!" She was so much entertained at this, that she was obliged to leave the room to have her laugh out. She at least had escaped the contagion.

After two hours of repose we mounted our mules, and continued our ascent; the country soon became steep, rocky, and dreary. For the last hour and a half the cold was intense, the icy north wind pierced to our bones. I took my frozen feet out of the stirrups to reanimate them, and warmed my hands in my bosom.

When we reached the convent at half-past five, we found that the snow had covered the stones and wood, which had been brought for enlarging the building, and raising it a story; it had whitened the wood-heap, and in mounting the steps at the door, our cold feet trod upon the fresh snow. We were conducted, trembling with cold, to three dreary bed-rooms, but we soon returned to the refectory, where was a stove. We conversed with two or three of the monks respecting the last gossip of the newspapers. One of them kept repeating some cowardly stuff about Ferdinand of Spain, and attempted to justify him for breaking his promises, because they were extorted under fear of death; and he often said, "If I were in fear of my life I would promise anything, or do anything." These holy men appeared to take great interest in Ferdinand. The love of life is a strange thing; the life of a monk, and of a monk who is condemned to live in this frightful waste, appears so precious in his own eyes, that it is to be preserved, not only at any honest price, but at the price of any baseness.

At half-past six supper was served; it was a meagre day, and meagre, most meagre and truly lean, was the supper; that it was scanty and bad, the situation, poverty, or a taste for spiritual food alone, will be a sufficient excuse; but nothing can excuse the abominable filthiness that made every thing ghastly. In justice to the disinterested sobriety of the society, I must add that the wine was by far the most vile I ever tasted. There were no strangers but ourselves; the table was filled by a number of dull, dirty brethren; all but two or three were extremely young. They were very civil, and offered me medicine for my cough, which I declined, for I felt assured that, if to be nauseous is to be healing, their kitchen physic alone would bring health, and their wine was the elixir of life and immortality.

Saturday, Sept. 24th.—I was awakened at six o'clock by the organ, and by voices singing in the church; these services are always interesting, and I should have been glad to have been present at them in such a remarkable place; but before I had dressed myself all was hushed. I met my companions in the refectory; we were animated by a common desire to quit this dreary spot. After an indifferent breakfast, we entreated one of the monks to show us the wonders. He conducted us to the church; we saw there, in the room of one of the side altars, the monument of Desaix; it has been too much praised. The monk spoke of it with a tone and look, as if he would like to remove it, and to restore the altar.

We saw five large dogs; these celebrated animals are not like Newfoundland dogs, or the dog which is stuffed in the Museum of Natural History at Bern, a predecessor of the present kennel, but they resemble large mastiffs; they are exactly like lionesses, but were very tame, and were pleased with attention, and by some of the party putting their hands into their mouths, and they did not abuse this piece of confidence. We peeped into the dead-house; an out-house, in which the bodies of

persons who die here are placed ; they are frozen, and consequently do not decay, but they are not in good preservation : not to be compared with those in the vault at the Kreutzberg near Bonn. They were not very offensive ; indeed, I thought that the dead were much less disagreeable than the living members of this institution.

When we returned to the refectory, I asked a greasy youth, who was pretending to read a book in Latin, which was entitled a Sum of Theology, (but it treated of the canon law, and chiefly of Testaments,) to show me the library. He said that the librarian was not at home : that the key could not be found. I had heard that there are some Roman antiquities in the library, but I believe nothing of importance. We advanced with reluctance a few yards ; such was our impatience to be gone, to look at the gloomy building, at the dreary Tarn or lake, in which no fish will live, which is frozen the greatest part of the year, and even covered with an immense mass of snow ; at the snowy rocks and desolation. It is a dead nature : a skeleton compared to a living body : the dead-house of the world contrasted with an assembly of the young and beautiful. I am inclined to think that this institution is a piece of religious quackery. The accounts they gave of persons saved were vague, and savoured of the tales in the breviary ; whatever was effected was done, not by the monks, but by the servant of the convent. He with his dogs sought for travellers, and, if he assisted any one, the monks cheerfully took upon themselves the credit, or at most sung a psalm of thanksgiving in the chapel, or by the fireside. If a few lives are really saved, it is good, but this good might be done by a few peasants ; by a fifth part of the number, at a fiftieth part of the expense, and with a five hundredth part of the fuss. The brave peasants would be in better heart too, and better able to withstand the cold, as they could be kept warm at night by their wives, and would not be constrained to live in unnatural society. The laudatory stuff that travellers, English and French, write in the book, which the fathers keep for the purpose, is most disgusting. The world might be searched in vain for a collection of nonsense equally nauseous. Having paid liberally for our scurvy entertainment, we mounted our mules at half-past eight, and with joy descended the steep and stony path. We had eaten all the thrushes at Alleve the day before ; but a bottle of Yvorne was peculiarly acceptable after the potations which the holy men had indulged us with in the upper air. After dinner we saw at the door of the inn an old capuchin ; he looked like an old mountain goat. The people seemed not indisposed to laugh at his hairy reverence.

We reached Martigny at six ; I was not sorry to dismount. It is inconceivable how any creature that walked (in a trot all things are possible) could be so uneasy as my mule. It must have come into the world for some great end, and was doubtless produced to fulfil some ancient prophecy of the country ; the beast must have been long foretold, and predicted in the olden time. His name shall be called the Wrench, and he shall be the aversion of all nations. I consoled myself, however, as I was jolted along, with the reflection, that, at worst, they can only split a man in two, like a walnut. If I had an enemy, which, thank Heaven, I have not, I would have him ride this mule for

a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. The editor of the *John Bull*, for his execrable attacks upon women, ought to be condemned to ride him for evermore, about the roads and lanes of purgatory.

The mule notwithstanding, it was a great relief and consolation to exchange gradually the stern horrors of the morning for cheerful nature and the genial warmth of a lovely evening; naked granite rock, without any perceptible traces of vegetation, for woods and meadows; to descend from silence and death to the songs of birds, and the humming of insects, and to life; to have quitted in the morning eternal ice and freshly-fallen snow, and to find in the evening trees bowed down with apples and pears, and vines covered with ripe grapes; nor were we displeased to observe that the clouds were in their proper places, not beneath our feet, but floating high above our heads. We refreshed ourselves with coffee and the same accompaniments as on Thursday night; and, having planned the operations of the morrow, we were glad to sleep away our fatigue in a less unkind temperature, and a less fetid atmosphere.

Sunday, Sept. 25th.—Having accomplished the prophecy, I discarded the Wrench, and procured another mule. Our party climbed a steep hill, on the side of which I remarked, for the first time, native larches; the young ones were growing from the old stools; the old were fine picturesque trees. Here I also observed two shepherdesses, one held the other's head on her knees, and was busied in searching it. From their serious, determined air, I suspected that it was a war of extermination, and that they gave no quarter. The road by the *Tête noire* is very fine. The mules were not permitted to pass the frontier, because there was an infectious disease amongst them. In the first book of the *Iliad*, it is said that the plague, which Apollo sent upon the Greeks, to avenge the wrongs of his prophet Chryses, first attacked the mules:

On mules and dogs the infection first began;
And last, the vengeful arrows fixed in man.

Ουρῆας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπῳχετο, καὶ κυνὰς ἀργεῖς.

If the mules, and not the guards, were the first victims—for this appears to have been a doubt in the time of Aristotle, which he thus expresses in his *Poetics*:—Τὰ δὲ πρὸς τὴν λέξιν ὀρωντα δεῖ διαλύνειν οἷον, γλωττῇ

Ουρῆας μὲν πρῶτον.

Ἰσως γὰρ ἢ τὰς ἡμίονους λέγει, ἀλλὰ τὰς φυλακὰς.

—the critic could not comprehend how the mules could be more subject to the pestilence, and sooner affected by it than the men; he conjectures, therefore, that the word *ουρῆας*, signifies, not mules, but guards and persons on the outposts, or “nightly sentinels,” referring most probably to a verse in the tenth *Iliad*,

Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly sentinel?

Ἡε τιν' ὀρηῶν διζήμενος, ἢ τιν' ἐταίρων

However it may have been in the time of the Trojan war, an infectious disease had this summer seized upon the mules, without advancing upon men or even upon dogs, whether they were white, idle, or swift, or had two, or even all three, of these qualities.

THE SUICIDE.

My father was a Shropshire country gentleman, who, to an ancient descent and narrow income, added the blessing of a family of thirteen children. My mother having died in giving birth to the thirteenth of us, he married a second wife, whose single misfortune it was, as she used feelingly to lament, to have no offspring. My father, though a tender husband, bore this dispensation without repining; reconciled, no doubt, in some degree to it, by the daily cheering sight of thirteen rosy boys and girls, of all ages and sizes, seated at six o'clock in full health, appetite, and activity, at the long mahogany dining-table. This consoling spectacle was strongly backed by the butcher's weekly bills, which reminded our parent punctually every Saturday morning, that Heaven had already done much for him in respect of progeny, and sent him to church on Sunday perfectly resigned to the barrenness of his second lady. These considerations operating on a naturally contented mind, indeed so weighed with my father, that instead of sharing in my step-mother's distress at having no children by his second marriage, he appeared solicitous about nothing so much as how to dispose of that ample stock which he had been blessed with by his first. It happened, unfortunately, to our house, as to many other good houses, that while our honours had increased with time, our fortunes had waned with it; years, which had steadily added to the antiquity of our name, had as regularly abstracted from the rents and profits of the domain; the genealogical tree shot its roots deep, and spread its branches far and wide, but the oaks were felled, and there was as much parchment on the land as would have sufficed for all the pedigrees of the Welsh principality. When my father came into the possession of the estate, a prudent wife and genteel economy just enabled him to support the dignity of — Place; he kept fewer servants, fewer horses, saw less company, than his father before him, but still the establishment was on a creditable and comfortable footing. As my mother, however, successively blessed him year after year with some one of us, matters began to wear another aspect; it became necessary to pare things closer and closer, and by the time that I, the seventh child and fourth son, had arrived at my full appetite, it was necessary to practice the most rigid economy, in order to keep half an ox on our table for our daily meal, and two or three clowns in livery behind our chairs, to change our plates and fill our glasses. Had our wants stopped here all would have been comparatively well, but being gentlemen of name in the county, it was essentially necessary to us that we should do as others of our own rank did; we were all accordingly for hunting, racing, cocking, attending balls, music meetings, &c., and miserably was my poor father importuned to provide the means of our various indispensable amusements. In this state of things, it was not surprising that his most earnest wish was to see us "strike root into the pockets of the people" in some way. But he was a Whig, unfortunately, and could therefore do no more than put us in the

right path against a *favourable turn in public affairs* ; which, in the vulgar phraseology, is the *turn out* of the opposite party, and the *turn in* of one's own. My eldest brother, John, took orders that he might be ready for a living ; the second, Charles, got, through the friendly interest of our Tory neighbour, Sir Marmaduke Boroughly, an ensigncy in the 60th foot ; James went into the navy with a view to a ship when our friends should come in, and, poor fellow, he is at this day a midshipman of twelve years' standing. Unluckily, having come into the world after my three brothers, I found, when my time arrived, that all the best things were disposed of. The Whig bishopric in expectancy, the staff appointment, the ship, were all gone, anticipated by my brothers ; and now began my troubles, and the vexatious affair which led to the remarkable incident that is the main subject of this paper. One of my father's earliest and fastest friends was Mr. W——, an eminent London solicitor. Business brought this worthy man to our part of the country just at the time that the peace had thrown my brother Charles back on my father's hands a half-pay ensign, and also my brother James a no-pay midshipman, and that my brother John had returned from college to take up his abode in the paternal mansion till a stall should be opened to him by a Whig administration. At this happy moment of reunion, Mr. W—— became our guest, and professionally acquainted as he was with my father's affairs, the sight of his board, so graced with well-grown sons from barrack, sea, and college—not to mention nine daughters, whose pink sashes alone must have required half a mile of ribbon—filled him with a friendly concern. My three brothers *had* their professions ; I alone was unprovided for, and there was a sobriety in my air which found favour in the eyes of our guest. The truth is, that I was naturally a romantic, melancholy lad, and at this particular period a little affair of sentiment had deepened this complexion to a very respectable seriousness of deportment. So favourable was the impression I produced on Mr. W——, that a few days after he had left us for London, a letter arrived from him containing an offer to my father, couched in the handsomest terms, to take me into his house as an articled clerk without the usual premium ; and concluding with an intimation that in good time he would take me also into his firm. My father considered my fortune as made, but there was a sound in the word *clerk* that did not please me ; it seemed to confound me with excisemen's clerks, parson's clerks, and all the other clerks that I could think of in the town of D——. At all events, thought I, Louisa Daventry must be consulted before I accede to this derogatory proposal : I don't like it I am free to confess, but I will hear what *she* says. And that very evening Louisa Daventry was consulted, and never shall I forget her look of absolute horror as she exclaimed, " An attorney's clerk ! What ! and wear short black gaiters ! " The affair was finished ! I resolved firmly, and swore to Louisa, never to be classed with a body of men chargeable with short black gaiters ! But knowing my father's prejudices in favour of the road to wealth, and that he did not view short black gaiters in the same light with Louisa and myself, I returned home full only of the honour of our family, and represented to him that it would be highly unbecoming that one of the ancient house of

Squanderly should become an attorney's clerk. My father very coolly answered, that our ancient house could no longer keep our ancient family; that, in short, he could not support me in idleness, and that I must accept of Mr. W.'s offer or remain a burden to my family; a thing, which in justice to my sisters, he could not permit. He told me, further, to be under no sort of uneasiness about the honour of the family, reminding me that I was only a younger son, and that my eldest brother was charged with the maintenance of our house's dignity, while I was free to get rich as I could, like other younger brothers. With all respect I intimated to him that he was entirely in error in his view of the matter, and that my regard to the name of the Squanderlys must compel me to disobey his commands. I observed on the baseness of making sacrifices to wealth, and quoted such passages from the classics as my education had stored me with in disparagement of riches. My father's good opinion of wealth remained unshaken however, and he was wholly unmoved by my citations. I dared not quote my best authority, Louisa, nor could I urge the black gaiters; this was, I felt, an argument for refined souls, and somehow or other, with every respect for my father, I knew that it would be worse than thrown away on him.

I need not describe the details of the contest; my father was what I called *obstinate*, and I what I called *firm*. The substance of the argument between us might be summed up in these common forms of disputation, "*you shall*," and "*I won't*."

Through the kindness of a friend, Mr. W. was duly informed of the gracious reception I had given to his kind offer, and of the consequent dispute raging between father and son. On learning these circumstances he wrote at once to my father, entreating him to put no force on the young gentleman's inclinations, regretting that his proposal, meant for the best, should have occasioned domestic uneasiness, and hoping that no more would be thought about the matter. My father, however, who having succeeded in getting so many children, knew the advantage of getting rid of them, replied to such effect as to bind Mr. W. to his offer, but with this proviso—that I should go up to town and attend the office of Mr. W. regularly for six months, after which time I should be free to make my final election. My father further entered into a treaty with me to allow me, during this period, at the rate of 200*l.* a year, while I punctually attended the office, but in default of attendance the allowance was to be stopped. These arrangements having been made, I was packed off to London, having only just had time to snatch a parting interview with Louisa Daventry, in which I vowed never to be an attorney's clerk, and we mutually swore to preserve unshaken constancy.

It is unnecessary to tell the reader that I of course imputed the vexatious resolution of my father to the machinations of my step-mother; and also failed not to lay to her account a kind of hint that Louisa's father, Sir Toby, had given me, that my visits to his house were favours which he should value more highly if they were rarer. My step-mother, however, had in truth nothing to do either with the one affair or the other, for she was a harmless, inoffensive being, possessed of one all-absorbing wish, which was to increase the family of the Squanderlys.

A desire which, however natural, Providence in its mercy did not vouchsafe to gratify.

While on my journey to London I consoled myself under all my cares with the idea of the many pleasures that awaited me in the capital; but after the novelty of the first two or three days had worn off, I cannot describe how much, and in how many small points of comfort I deplored the change in my habits of life. I had no acquaintance in London excepting Mr. W. whom I looked on as a professional quiz, and his family were not in town: as for the clerks in his office, it was enough for me that they were *clerks*—I was a Squanderly. Then I had exchanged a good house; a genteel, sufficiently furnished, though not *handsome* table, and the society of a large and always cheerful family, for a lodging up two pair of stairs in a little street called Gloucester-street, Queen Square, and a solitary meal on a blackened tough chop, or an impregnable beef-steak. Every thing was squalid within, and melancholy without. I thought of our dear skies and pleasant fields, and sighed at the view of dull, dirty houses, and a dun-coloured canopy of smoke over head, which excluded the sight of even a cloud fresh from the country. From sheer *ennui* I took to the office for a few days, but when there I was expected to share in its duties, and I hated the look of the parchments more than the view of the smoke buildings of Gloucester-street, and found copying an indenture more intolerable than the solitude of my dingy apartment. This did not last long. I began to haunt the theatres at night, (the first step in the Raff's progress,) and to read novels and romances in the day, abandoned Mr. W.'s altogether, killed time, spent my money, ran in debt, and got letters of reproach from my father, nay, even from my brothers. To make short of the discreditable details, at last I received a resolute warning from my father, that if I did not resume my attendance at Mr. W.'s, and make up my mind to avail myself of the means offered of procuring my bread, justice to the other members of his family required that he should withdraw my allowance, and leave me to pursue my own course. This communication somewhat shocked me; but I thought of Louisa, and resolved to suffer the last extremity rather than degrade myself in her bright eyes. I therefore persevered in the cause which had drawn down my father's displeasure, and after the lapse of a fortnight received from him the following letter:—

Henry,—As I hear that my last admonition has not induced you to present yourself at Mr. W.'s, I must take it for granted that some means of making your fortune have occurred to you of which I am not at present aware. You decline one sure way to a competence; I must therefore suppose that you have another in view, but as I am not consulted, I presume that my assistance is not required, and therefore from this hour I shall withhold it. I have children enough with claims on the allowance which has been for some months thrown away on you. From this moment cease to expect it. We all wish you well, and success in the scheme of life you have resolved on pursuing, whatever it may be. I. S.

I thought that I had long made up my mind to the worst consequences of my disobedience, but it seemed that this letter opened my eyes for the first time to my utter helplessness, when abandoned to my own resources. My debts (small, very small, as they really were) first occurred to me—how were they to be discharged? how could I meet the applications of my creditors? how could I, a Squanderly, endure the insolence of these importunate people, an insolence of

which I had already had a sample or two?—then, how was I to support myself, how to supply my daily wants? I knew not how a stiver was to be earned. I could hunt, shoot, draw a badger, fight a main of cocks, with any youth of my age in the kingdom, but though thus accomplished in my proper sphere, I possessed no one kind of knowledge or skill on which men put a price. “How am I to live?” was the question; “I can die,” was my answer. The suggestion elevated me in my own opinion. *Ζην αισχρον αισχρως τοις καλως πεφυκοσιν*, exclaimed I with dignity. The squalid details of misery which I had been passing in anticipation before me, disappeared, and I strode across my little apartment with the air of one who had taken a resolution which placed him above the malice of fortune. The being who has been honoured with Louisa’s love, thought I, must never submit to *degradation*. That word *degradation* was of great use to me; it supported me through all my desperate resolutions like little Acres’s “honour.” But I did not think with levity of the matter *then*, and the simile never entered my head. Young people always think lightly of death, and my romantic turn made me regard a violent one by my own hands with something very much akin to complacency. I was about to act the first part in a tragedy, which would make some noise in the world. My family would be made to suffer vain regrets, and to repent their rigour towards me. The world would admire my high sense of honour which led me to prefer death to *degradation*. And Louisa Daventry!—Louisa Daventry would pass a life of virgin innocence in weeping over my early fate, keeping her vestal flame alive in the tomb of her Henry! I remembered how she had been affected one sweet night as we sat in the honey-suckle alcove, by my reciting to her the lines from Campbell’s Pleasures of Hope:

And say, when summoned from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree.
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh! wilt thou come, at evening hour to shed
The tears of memory o’er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I left behind;
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my woe?

I was at that time as strong as a horse, and, like Tony Lumpkin, never coughed except when my liquor went the wrong way; but nevertheless it pleased my sentimental soul to imagine myself fated to early death by consumption; and I recited these lines with all the eloquence of a lover, and the peculiar tenderness of one anticipating his own demise. Louisa was moved, and sunk sobbing on my shoulder. I triumphed in those tears; and it afforded me at this period an indescribable satisfaction to think, that the desperate expedient I contemplated, would cause them again to flow in sorrow for my too real and too tragic fate. Yes, I thought, my death will put its sad seal on her young affections—She will never love another—No! She will pass the remainder of her blameless life in retirement, and “think on all my love and all my woe.” The thought was luxury to me. The thought of the late regrets of my family also pleased me. I felt that they had every thing to answer for; it was their selfishness that

made me a suicide. In my own judgment I stood clear of all blame. I never cast the slightest reproach to my own account. I looked upon myself as an injured, persecuted being, driven to death by the base, worldly, sordid covetings of my kinsmen. I cannot express how I compassionated myself, and how affectionately I took my own part. The best friends in the world have found something amiss in my conduct; they all, on such occasions, find faults on both sides; but I myself was my own best friend, and I found no fault—on my side. I was as magnanimous to myself as Hector is to Helen, in the Iliad. I never blamed the main cause of the calamity. I generously carried my reproaches and my wrath elsewhere. Of course my poor innocent step-mother came in for a handsome portion of both. Many a night, after having burned with indignation at her imagined machinations, I have been softened to tears by contemplating my own distress; and have wept over myself with the tenderness of a mother weeping over the sufferings of an innocent babe. It is astonishing how affliction endears us to ourselves. If what Sheridan says of woman is, as I believe it is, true—that a woman never loves a man with passion till she has suffered for his sake; it is no less true, that we never love ourselves with full fervour till we have suffered for our faults. A man is his best friend: there is nobody that feels so much for him as he feels for himself; and there is nobody who espouses his quarrels with the same zeal and blind spirit of partizanship.

Having now determined on self-destruction as the only means of avoiding want, misery, and degradation, the time for carrying my resolution into effect was the only remaining point to be settled. I was in no immediate hurry to be cruel to my flesh. While I had the means of living, I thought there was no reason for dying; but I determined not to put the deed off to the last moment, or rather to the last pound. In my treasury I found only three pounds and some silver. My sand, thought I, runs low; but it were cowardly to economise, when death comes, with the last pound. Acting on this feeling, I lived more expensively than usual, (though, heaven knows, my expenses were, after all, by no means prodigious, though exceeding my very slender means.) I drank some wine too; and the first night, after dinner, I had a very good mind to carry my purpose into effect at once, without more delay, for I felt braced up to it, and thought that I could plunge from the top of Waterloo-bridge into the river, as boldly as ever I plunged into a cold bath; but happening to pass Covent-garden Theatre, in my way to look at the water, I dropped in there instead. Here I heard the graceful Miss M. Tree, sing that sweet song of Moore's,

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's early beauty hath hid from our eyes;
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

Though there certainly was nothing in me that seemed particularly "*born for the skies*," yet I failed not to apply the sentiment to my intended untimely fate; and the big tears coursed down my cheeks, while Miss Tree breathed the sweet air with that soul and expression for which she was so justly celebrated. I thought that Louisa should sing that song, and that song only, when I should be gone; forgetting

at the instant that Louisa did not sing; and requiring, in my own mind, that she should practically belie the injunction of it, by weeping the whole time. On leaving the theatre I was too sleepy to think of suicide. The next day I read the Sorrows of Werter, wrote a letter to Louisa, and cut off a large lock of my hair, which I enclosed in it. On the third day my money was getting low, and I thought of the choice of deaths. Shooting was out of the question, for I had no pistols; and if I had had any, I conceived that there would be an ugly crunch, like the drawing of a tooth, and perhaps a lingering, painful death, which I felt extremely anxious to spare myself. Throat-cutting I disapproved also, for I was habitually a neat man in all things, and I did not like to make a mess in my lodgings; the sensation of the gash too I fancied might possibly stay one's hand, for I could by no means dismiss my tenderness for my flesh. The idea of drowning pleased me most, for I delighted in the water, and thought that death would come most endurably in the shape of a bath. I was no swimmer too. So much the better. On drowning, therefore, I resolved. It may seem odd, but it is nevertheless true, that in considering the means, I escaped all thought of the catastrophe itself. I had determined to *die*, and pondered on the mode; but the thing itself, *death*, occupied no portion of my thoughts. I had resolved to put out the light, and reflected seriously whether I should clap the extinguisher on it, or snuff, or blow it out, or turn it down in the socket, or ram it against the wall, or quench it in a basin of fair water; but I had never troubled myself with any idea of the consequent darkness. *Death* was a mere word to me: but words were every thing to me. It was the word *degradation* which led me to the remedy *death*. I had quarrelled with the profession allotted to me, because I should bear the name of *clerk*; about the *thing* I never troubled my head, the sound had irresistible power; and that, and Louisa Daventry's conception of attorney's, as black-gaitered men, had given the colour of my destiny. These names had led me to the brink of destitution; and nothing stood between me and the word *degradation*, but the word *death*. But though I did not think deeply of death, I thought it a pitiable thing that I should die; and I lamented myself, and grieved over myself with a true and tender sorrow. Being alone privy to my own intended demise, I was, as it were, my own chief mourner, and I conscientiously believe that the office was never more sincerely or affectionately filled. My poor stock of money was flying much quicker than a weaver's shuttle; there was therefore no time to lose, more especially as I had some secret distrusts, which I hesitated to confess even to myself, of my own resolution. I dreaded lest want and misery should bind me to existence, as I had observed that men always cling to life with a tenacity inversely proportioned to its worth. Give a man health and vigour, and he will be ready to throw up his life for a straw: fix him to the bed of sickness, blind his eyes, dull his senses, paralyse his body, make him a cripple, helpless to himself and burdensome to others, and he cherishes his maimed existence with frightful earnestness, and contemplates with horror the robber Death, who has little to deprive him of but his pains. The secret dread of sinking to this abject pass, made me hasten my measures—like a child taking physic,

I felt the policy of a hasty gulp. And in the afternoon of the third day since the date of my tragical resolve, I went forth with the purpose never to return, having left a packet for Louisa, and a short letter for my family, bequeathing them my forgiveness, and my debts. I set out at about three, on a mild but blowy December day, and walked from my lodgings to Millbank, thence on to Chelsea, for though it was high-water, and the river ran deep at Millbank, I passed^{on}, preferring, I don't exactly know why, the more distant Battersea-bridge for my fatal plunge. When I arrived at the bridge the evening was fast closing in, the tide had turned to the ebb, and was sweeping rapidly through the wooden arches, curled, blackened, and hurried, by a brisk south-westerly wind. I thought myself ready for my leap; I first turned to the western side of the bridge, but that aspect did not suit my deed. There was still a good deal of light in the West, and as the breeze raised the clouds from the horizon, and chased them on, a momentary change of scene from quickly varying light and shadow was produced, which did not harmonise with my purpose. Those clouds seemed to carry my thoughts from gloom and death to the pleasant home of my youth. Many an evening, on returning from a day's hunting or shooting, I had delighted to imagine them thus sweeping over, on their long, long journey, to hang over the sailor's storm-tossed ship, and lend their gloom to the horrors of the tempest.* I turned from the West to the East side; here all was blackness and haze; I resolved not to hesitate another moment; I placed my foot on the rail, and fixed my eye on the whirling black eddies below, which seemed to my then excited imagination as the smiles on the face of a fiend laughing at my destruction. A thought perfectly ridiculous then occurred to me. I have said that I could not swim. I thought, then, I shall sink at once; and while yet full of life, I shall struggle, perhaps stand, and walk, on the slimy bed of the river, with the waters pouring and rushing by over my head. I don't know why, but this idea was full of horror to me; I was prepared to die by drowning, but not with my feet on earth. Had the water been a hundred fathoms deep, I thought I could have made the plunge

* I have stated that I was a romantic youth; and I believe, without meaning a bad pun, that the heads of all romantic youths are a good deal in the clouds. That is to say, if they are brought up in the country; for town-bred people appear to have no idea of any clouds, except clouds of smoke and clouds of dust. But to us country-folks, who are at all tinctured with fancy, the clouds furnish an ever-varying prospect; and not only do they vary themselves, and very beautifully, but they vary our landscape, which would grow stale to our eyes but for their passing touches of light and shade. People talk of the sky of Italy; it is doubtless fine to look at *once*, but the landscape under it, however beautiful, must want variety, and a changing expression. Living in it, must be like being wedded to a beautiful woman who wants play of feature, and whose brightest charms become insipid from sameness. I love our bold fleecy clouds, whose constant motions give an appearance of life to our skies. Wordsworth is the only poet who has made any use of the clouds. In his *Excursion*, this beautiful thought is suggested by a solitary spot—

In such a place
I would not willingly, methinks, lose sight
Of a departing cloud.

Painters know the value of clouds, but unfortunately they cannot paint them moving; they can only seize the one effect: but the great virtue of clouds, is that of producing ever-varying effects. They are incessantly shading and colouring the objects beneath them.

without hesitation; but the apprehension of feeling my natural, while destroyed by another, element, was terrible; and having looked at the water for two or three minutes, during which time the idea gathered strength, I turned away, walked off the bridge through the toll-gate, instead of the way I had projected, and took the nearest way home. As I approached my lodgings I became bitterly ashamed of myself—I felt that a tragic resolution had been defeated by a most absurd and fantastic idea. I had determined to drown myself, and changed my purpose because the thought of struggling in the mud occurred to me! I resolved to drown myself the next day. When I got home I took tea, dinner I did not choose to afford myself, and I eat several rounds of toast, just as if I had not been a man whose mind was set on suicide, and who was about to play his part in a grand and sad tragedy, for so I considered it.

The next day I rose late, made additions to my letter to Louisa, read Werter till nearly four, and then again went forth to do the deed, but having had enough of Battersea, I chose not to go farther than Millbank this time. While looking out for a proper spot, I saw two genteel lads engaged in a row with some drunken blackguards who were hustling and bullying them; I believe that I never wanted courage in the common acceptation of the word, and I interfered now more boldly in the affray than perhaps I should have done at another season and in another frame of mind. After a few blows and more words, the ruffians sheered off, the youths were all gratitude, and we walked together to Westminster; when we parted suicide was as much out of my head as if it had never been in it. I again found my way to my last home in Bloomsbury, and did not feel ashamed of my postponement of the execution of my purpose this time as I did before. My gallantry in the affray assuring me of my courage. But after this I thought no more of drowning, persuading myself that there was a fatality against it.

The conclusion of this day brought me to my last shilling, but instead of running out my last sand with it as I had projected, I be-thought myself of two or three articles of jewellery of small value which I possessed, and I resolved to sell them and to live a day or two longer on the money. This I did; how I lived I care not to tell; suffice it to say, I sought distraction in every possible way. On Christmas day I came to my last dollar, and a melancholy day it was. The excitement which I had produced for some hours past by artificial means, had given place to the usual consequent depression: my purse was just exhausted: the people at my lodgings looked suspiciously on me: my duns threatened me for the morrow: I was alone in this great city, without a hope for the future, or a friend to cheer the present moment. I remained for many hours in an agony of misery. At one instant I thought of throwing myself on my family, and, if necessary, conceding to their wishes; but when I reflected on the high tone I had assumed, and the firm resolution I had professed, a resolution on which I extravagantly piqued myself, I fancied that it would be the height of meanness in me to succumb. I had in truth vapoured a good deal; I had played the hero of romance to the life. I had filled the glass, I must drink it, thought I. Louisa Daventry shall lament, but never despise me.

To a friendless, unconnected man, in a large city, a great festival which draws together each domestic circle, and leaves the stranger alone, solitary—is a melancholy occasion. To me, destitute, full of sad thoughts, and desperate resolution, it was a day of bitterness indeed. I saw gladness all around me, and felt misery within. Every sign of cheerfulness quickened the sense of my own forlorn condition. I envied every creature that met my sight, for I fancied that every creature but myself made one welcome guest in some dear circle. I was no where linked in this vast social chain. The thought was bitterness to me, and it afflicted me more than my poverty and its attendant miseries. I have hinted that I was the creature of sentiment, and thrown as I had been, suddenly out of the fostering bosom of a family on the cold wide world, it may not be difficult to understand my feelings.

About the middle of the day my landlady came up stairs, and in that peculiar voice and manner which are produced in landladies by an unpaid bill, asked me whether I did not dine out, taking care to remind me at the same time that it was Christmas-day. I told her I did, and at about four o'clock I left the house, intending to walk about till night, when I purposed to end all my earthly troubles and mortifications. The evening was close and heavy, a drizzling rain fell now and then, and every thing out of doors looked blank and gloomy. As if to seek out a place more melancholy under these circumstances than another, I unconsciously took the way to the city, and strolled for some time through its filthy and, at this season, deserted streets; thence I crossed London Bridge, and passed from the Borough into Saint George's Fields; the squalor and misery of this district would at another period have disgusted me, but now I felt more at home there than any where else. There was no appearance of any thing social or cheerful here to shock me by contrast. Hence I wandered to Westminster, and as it began to rain smartly as I passed over the bridge, I made that accident a pretext for taking a seat under one of the covered recesses on that bridge. Here also was a woman rather advanced in life, and of a genteel, but very subdued air: her clothes, which seemed scanty and unsuited to the season—a light shawl and silk petticoat—were dripping wet, and I looked upon her with compassion as a sister in calamity: she avoided looking on me at all. She had a little girl with her whom she held by the hand, and during the time that I was in their company, not a word was exchanged between them; the child gazed up intently in the woman's wan face sometimes, but neither spoke a syllable. I thought they seemed numbered with misery. The only action of the mother, if such she was, was to pass her hand frequently over the child's clothes, and to endeavour to wring the moisture from them. The dollar in my pocket I could not part with; it was reserved to purchase my death, and I could not bestow it to support the lives of these poor creatures. When the rain ceased the watchman came and desired us to move on, and the woman hurried away with an alarmed air, as if a being apparently so sunk in misery had still something to dread. We went in opposite directions.

After having walked so many miles in darkness, I heard, to my amazement, the cry of past eight o'clock, I thought it should be near

midnight, and it seemed to me that there would be no end of this dismal night. Foot sore, drenched with rain, and exhausted, I resolved to make now for my lodgings, and on my way I went into a chemist's near Bloomsbury, and asked for an ounce of oxalic acid to clean boot-tops. The man looked at me, I fancied, as much as to say, you are above cleaning boot-tops, and below wearing such smart geer. He, however, weighed out the quantity, wrote—"OXALIC ACID—POISON," on the paper, and extended it towards me without any observation. I took the packet with a steady hand, and having before laid the dollar down on the counter, was about to leave the shop without receiving the change. He called me back, reminding me of my omission, to my some small confusion.

I had no farther use for these poor coins, and on my way to my home I looked out for some object on whom to bestow them. I met with none, however; I seemed to myself the only miserable creature walking the streets on that night, so joyous to the rest of the world, and joyless to me. My knock at the door of my lodgings was answered by the servant of the house: she was in truth a *Maritornes* such as is common to lodging-houses; but as she opened the door to me for the last time, and lit and handed me my candle, I invested her with that sort of adventitious dignity which belongs even to the humblest performers in a great tragedy—my dark destiny seemed to shed a romantic colour on the commonest and vulgarest objects around me. The woman, who was dirty, careless, and stupid, had never been in favour with me; on the contrary, indeed; but now I was softened even towards her, and as she performed these homely little offices for me for the last time, I felt moved, absurd as it may sound, and thanking her with a voice of kindness, told her that I was ill, and therefore going early to bed. Truth compels me to say that she appeared perfectly unconscious that her part at this instant, mean as it was, was one in tragedy, and she wished me good night, just as if I had been a man destined to see the morning. When in the room it struck me that I should want some warm water to dissolve my oxalic acid, and I rang the bell, which was answered by my landlady's daughter. She came up, I knew, in order to display the finery which she wore in honour of the day. I thought: "You little know what is passing in the mind of the man whose eye you would surprise with these miserable gauds." She was no more fitted for the part of witness to a romantic catastrophe than the maid, for she was plain and squinted; but these are after thoughts—at the time I had no such trash in my contemplation.

While the girl was fetching the water, I strode up and down the room in some perturbation of spirits. This was the most painful interval in the whole of that terrible day to me. The impossibility of facing the morrow, had completely braced me for my deed before, but this pause at the very point of execution, seemed to relax my purpose; why, I knew not. In a minute, however, the girl returned with the warm water, and asked me, when about to retire, at what hour I would be called in the morning? I felt a choking sensation as I replied: "At the usual hour." She then left the room, giving that slam to the door which reminds a lodger that he has not paid his bill. A moment's communing with myself, shame for my perturbation, and

an appeal to my pride, restored me to my resolution, and I was again strung for my purpose. I walked deliberately to the table, mixed the dose, shaking the last grains of the powder from the paper into the glass, and then set it on the looking-glass stand to cool. I then walked up and down the room, composed, and to the best of my recollection perfectly thoughtless—my mind was either vacant, or so loaded that it had lost its action. When I concluded that the draught was sufficiently cool, I walked up to the toilet, took it, and raised it to my lips with a steady hand; at this instant my eye rested on the reflection of my own face in the mirror, and I felt proud of its composure, and pleased to look on it while I drained the deadly draught. This done, I set down the glass with a firm hand, and again walked up and down the room, with some confusion of thought going on in my mind, but no pain or apprehension—those feelings had had their day; they were now gone. Being weary, after a time I laid down on the bed, waiting the action of the poison, and comforting myself with the reflection that the pain would be short, that it would soon be over, and I at peace. Louisa Daventry, I remember, and my family, did not fill much of my thoughts, which were all centered in myself: my anxiety was all about myself, and how I should bear my sufferings, and whether my courage would hold out as the shadow of death darkened my intellect. Strange as it may seem, while thus meditating, my ideas wandered, and a doze came over me, and I slumbered, I should imagine for nearly an hour; on waking suddenly, I felt the common shock of recollection under calamitous circumstances, and wondered that my body was still at ease, as the long wick of the candle showed me that my doze had not been short. It will last me out, I thought; and I continued for about half an hour gazing at the dull light and fancying the likenesses of fantastic forms in the gloom beyond it, while the wind howled, and the rain pattered against my window. Then, for the first time, I felt some twinges of pain, which admonished me that the enemy was at work, and which increased gradually in violence, till I suffered what I knew to be the usual operation of poison. I thought now of nothing but my pains, and perceived that the work of death was by no means of a dignity corresponding with its horror. The process grieved my flesh, and shocked my sentiment. As the pains grew sharper I began to repent of what I had done, wishing it undone or over, and frequently examined my pulse to ascertain the exhaustion of my strength—other pains and fancies then possessed me. But I must draw a veil over the scene here, for even at this distance of time, there are circumstances in it which I cannot bear to remember, much less to commit to paper.

My groans, groans more of mental than of physical suffering, at last alarmed some part of the family; and my landlady's daughter tapped at the door and asked me whether I was ill? No answer being returned, she opened the door and repeated her enquiry; I replied: "Leave me alone—leave me alone—I have taken poison—leave me to die in peace." On this, she uttered a loud scream, then rushed to the head of the stairs, and stood screaming there till the whole family, which had sat up carousing, were brought to the spot. In answer to their questions about the cause of the uproar,

she only screamed, and at length, to explain the matter more clearly, went into hysterics. After the lapse of some valuable minutes, when they had found that nothing was to be learnt from her, the master of the house, a coarse fellow, applied to me to inform him what had happened, and I told it to him pretty nearly in the same words in which I had told it to his daughter. He received the intelligence differently. "A pretty business this here," said he, "I would not have had such a thing to happen in the house—no, not for a thousand pounds!" And then off he went, as he said, for the doctor. I faintly told him it would be of no use—that human aid would not avail; but I must confess that I felt no disposition to offer any vehement resistance to the experiment. My bed was now surrounded by the members of the family, who ceased not to ask me how I came to do such a thing, and to admonish me of the sinfulness of the action; at the same time that they seemed full of the most tender anxiety to alleviate my bodily pains. Indeed, such was their zeal for me, that but for the good sense of a visitor, they would have made me swallow all the sallad oil which there happened to be in the cruet-stand, on the strength of its antidotal reputation, without waiting the arrival of the doctor. After the lapse of about a quarter of an hour, which seemed to me an age, the apothecary arrived, and having very sensibly commenced business by clearing the room, he asked me what the poison was, the quantity, and how long I had taken it. I told him what it was, the quantity, and that I took it at about nine; he pulled out his watch, looked at the time—half past twelve, and looked grave. "What did you take it in?"—I replied, pointing to the glass on the toilet. He walked up to it, as I thought, with strange deliberation, and unfeeling composure, and seeing the paper on the table, took it up, read the inscription, and dropped it with a manner which went to my heart, and made my teeth chatter in my head. I then felt, for the first time, the horror of death,—I then seemed, for the first time, to feel that I was indeed dying,—fated in a few quick minutes to cease to be,—and passing bitter was that moment of agony! Still I watched the apothecary, as if my last shadow of hope rested on his uncouth person. Having laid down the paper as I have described, he immediately took up the glass—and this period, short as it was, was the period which contained for me an age of anguish—he dipped his little finger in the moisture at the bottom of the glass, carried it to his lips, tasted it, and looked surprised,—tasted it again, and—burst into a loud laugh! My blood boiled against the monster, but before I could find words, he said: "Come, come, young gentleman, there is no harm done after all. Here has been a lucky mistake. You have taken a dose of Epsom salts instead of oxalic acid, and it will cool your blood and do you a great deal of good, and you will be all the better for it to-morrow, and thankful that you are alive and kicking. Say your prayers, thank God for all his mercies, and go to sleep. Good night." And with these words, and a ha! ha! ha! he closed the door. In a minute the whole house rang with the same sound—every creature was giggling and chuckling, and I heard their smothered titters as they passed the door.

From an agony of dread I now passed instantaneously to an agony of

shame. My tragedy had, in a second, been converted to burlesque. I thought I should never survive it; but of suicide I thought no more. But nature was exhausted, and in spite of my trouble, I fell asleep, and woke only at nearly twelve o'clock the next morning, when the maid knocked at my door, telling me the hour, and that she had two general-post letters for me, for the postage of which she would thank me, as her mistress *had no change*. I now thought of the few shillings which I had been so anxious to get rid of as useless to me the night before, and right glad was I of their assistance at this moment. The postage was thrust under the door, and the letters were then made over to me through the same channel. I had no mind indeed to show my face if I could avoid it. The letters were from my father, and my brother the ensign. On opening the first, my eyes were gratefully surprised by the sight of a twenty pound note, which, as I hastily unclosed the envelope, escaped from its confinement, unfolding its beauties to my delighted view as it fluttered, opening as it fell, to the ground, whence I snatched it with that eager instinct of affection which shows that if there be such a thing on earth as love at first sight, it is the love of a bank-note, whether white, spotless, and unprofaned by indorsement; crisp, pure, and immaculate in silver papery intact innocence, as it comes like a snow-drop from the parent bank; or dirty, blurred, and blotted, scribbled, sleazy, greasy, thickened, frowsy, thumbled, and *languidior betâ*, as it comes torn from the fond and reluctant hands of doating men. These are the friends it always glads us to see—these are the friends it always grieves us to part with. For my part I love to see them in any shape, but I have a preference for them in their virgin, undefiled beauty, fresh and fair from Threadneedle-street. Such a note was this which flew from the folds of my father's letter, and expanding on the air as it skimmed to the ground, blew in an instant to the full blossom-beauty of a twenty-pounder. I took it up, folded its dear form with a tender and respectful hand, gazed fondly at its figure, and reverently committed it to my long widowed pocket-book, then read my father's letter, which ran in these terms:—

Dear Henry—I trust that the short trial to which I have subjected you, will have had the effect of teaching you a lesson of worldly prudence, and convincing you of the necessity of looking after the main chance. There is nothing to be done in this world, my dear boy, without money; and you must by this time have discovered, if I am not greatly mistaken, the difficulty of procuring it. There is a road to a certain independence now open to you; and as you know my wishes, and perhaps now better understand your own interests, I am not without hopes that you will conquer your romantic notions and follow it. But decide for yourself. Weigh my situation; consider how many of your brothers and sisters I have to provide for, and how confined are my means; then make your final choice. If you determine not to do as I wish, come down to us, and we must make the best of a bad business. Out of my poor resources I will do what I can for you, but I shall not live for ever, Henry; and while I do live, my means of serving those I love are miserably circumscribed. In the event of a change of ministry, indeed, I might do something for my children, but the Tories seem to be set in for ever, and a long rainy day we Whigs must look for. Adieu, my dear boy, be either here or with Mr. W—— without delay.—Yours, &c. J. S.

The other letter from my brother, the ensign, was as follows:

My dear Henry—We know what my father has written to you, and hope you will be an attorney, and grow devilish rich, and keep a famous house in town, where one can come and see you once in a way. I assure you that a house in town is no such bad thing. Dick Clinton of ours had a brother in town who kept a good house, and a

devilish comfortable thing it was for him I can tell you. When the rest of us used to be poked away in pigeon-holes, up three pair of stairs, at the Northumberland and the Salopian, and loosing our teeth in the tough slices of cow's hides at sliver-shops, there was Dick in clover, living like a fighting cock at free quarters. Dick's brother was worse than an attorney; he was in some shoppish business or other, but Dick saw nothing of his shop, and a good deal of his table, and a deuced good one it was too. So be an attorney, Henry, like a good boy, and we'll have some famous fun together yet.

Poor old Ponto's dead and gone at last. We buried him with the honours of war under the chesnut-tree at the old gate. More bad news too—Dido got spiked the other day, we don't know how, but John Gregson thinks he can cure her. By the bye, your old flirt, Louisa Daventry, was married last Monday to Colonel Drystick, the yellow nabob, that you and she used to laugh at so unmercifully for insisting on putting the whist-table candles on stilts, and sitting in one particular chair or no where at all. Do you recollect the rage he used to get into with me when I made a row at backgammon. Well, he's married to Louisa Daventry, the little mischief; and you can't imagine what fun it was to see him while the business was doing in church; he was afraid of the cold and damp you know, and looked so bilious and so miserable with his coat buttoned up to his chin, I'm sure he would have put Louisa's shawl on if she had offered it to him. They have taken Mason's house for a twelvemonth. The match was made, they say, in ten days from first to last. Double-quick time, a'nt it? But I must stop, for Thomas is going off to the post this instant, and I have given you a famous long letter. I did not think it was in me. Be an attorney, my boy.

Yours, affectionately,

C. S.

P. S. James insisted on hunting with the Yowley hounds on Tuesday, and threw down Hermione at Patly-hill, and broke her knees. This comes of sailing. My father was devilish mad, but Mam made it up.

So then, thought I, for this little jilt and her nonsensical prejudice against black gaiters, I have quarrelled with my kind father, resisted a scheme which undoubtedly has its advantages, and finally attempted my life. A pretty farce it would have been if I had drowned or poisoned myself out of deference to *the taste of Mrs. Drystick*—Mrs. Devilstick!—but she'll be miserable with that parched piece of anatomy, and I don't pity her. But never again will I believe that there's faith in woman. Here followed the usual train of thought which every man perfectly understands, and the whole was wound up by a resolution to forswear love, to comply with my father's wishes, and put myself in regular training at Mr. W.'s. How I prevailed upon myself to face the people of my lodging-house, who had witnessed the last night's mock-heroic farce, I can scarcely even now comprehend; but the Epsom salts, (about the first dose of physic I had ever taken within my recollection,) together with the fasting of the preceding day, had left me in a condition of stomach peculiarly favourable to breakfast, and the keenness of my appetite fairly vanquished my sense of shame. I rung the bell, ordered the bill in a peremptory tone, change for a twenty pound note, and breakfast. The change for the note changed the notes of the whole family; they were in a moment all obsequiousness, and no allusion was made to the last night's tragedy; but I fancied, nevertheless, that I saw a suppressed titter on every face. My resolution to attend regularly at Mr. W.'s was more exactly adhered to than my resolution to commit suicide. I was received with every mark of kindness, soon got accustomed to harness, and promised to become a very pains-taking practioner. I changed my lodging as soon as possible, as they reminded me too strongly of the follies of my days of romance, and I soon became, in every sense of the word, another man. I am now in Mr. W.'s firm, and married to a very amiable woman, who has not, I firmly believe, any ideas of any sort or description on the subject of short

black gaiters. This spring Louisa Drystick was in town; we visited her, and found her apparently a very happy wife, and well satisfied with her bargain. I pointed to my boots, and desired her to observe, that short black gaiters were not essential to the person of an attorney. She laughed, and said we were great fools in those days, and I believe she was right.

MR. JOHN DUNN HUNTER;

THE HERO OF HUNTER'S CAPTIVITY AMONG THE INDIANS, &c.

THE day for general faith in the story of Mr. John Dunn Hunter has probably gone by; and with it, we should hope, the day for entire faith in what are called his "*plans*" for bringing about a coalition of the savages in a part of North America; but, if we are to judge by what occurs every week or two, and by what we see in a pamphlet now before us,* there should still appear to be a prodigious quantity at work, much more than we believe to be good for the pockets of the British people, or of advantage to the character of the American people. A few pages, therefore, in a way that we hope will be of use, though said in the shape of a Review, about the individual, whatever may be his true name, who made such a noise here awhile ago, as the hero of Hunter's narrative, not only among the publishers, but among the nobility of this country. What we have to say is not much, to be sure; but, little or much, it appears to be needed now. It may put a stop to farther imposition here; it may put people upon their guard elsewhere; and it may teach the letter writers of America a little more caution for the future. Perhaps it may be well, though, as we have no wish to elude enquiry, whatever may be its nature, no wish to escape accountability, however it may approach, or even to share the risk, if there should be risk in what we have to say; as our true initials are given here, and as our true name is to be committed to the discretion of the publishers,—perhaps it may be well to make use of the pronoun I, instead of we; and as our opinions may be thought singular, to speak in the singular number.

Mr. E. Norgate, who professes to be "*the personal and intimate friend*" of Mr. John Dunn Hunter, having had the courage to appear without a mask, to wear a mask would be unworthy of me; for I profess to be *no friend* of Mr. John D. Hunter now, whatever I may have been heretofore, and whatever I may be hereafter, should he go seriously to work for the improvement of the savages, I care not under what shape, or in what way, or what may be his parentage, history, or name.

I. "I profess to be a personal and intimate friend of Mr. John D. Hunter," (so says the author of the pamphlet.) "Immediately on his arrival in London, chance directed *me* to the same house in which *he* lodged. He remained in England somewhat more than a year, making

* Mr. John Dunn Hunter defended: or some Remarks on an Article in the North American Review, in which that Gentleman is branded as an Impostor. By E. Norgate. Miller, 1826.

occasional excursions into the country, and visiting many families of the first consequence and respectability. *On several of these visits I accompanied him*, and on three separate times he passed many days with me at the house of my father, in Norfolk. *With few and short intermissions* only, we lived under the same roof, and dined at the same table, during the entire period of his residence in England."—"If Hunter be an impostor, never can I venture to place confidence in man again; Nature has stamped sincerity and truth upon his very countenance: his thoughts, words, actions, all correspond with this probable and external impress. He bears the genuine mint-mark about him, and it is visible in every thing he says, and in every thing he does." One could not well say more of anybody. "With my feelings towards him, it would be affectation to make any apology for attempting his defence. I should indeed be far beyond the reach of apology were I to set down quietly, and not come forward when my friend is attacked, when *he cannot defend himself, with all the malignity and cowardice of one who only dares strike his victim in the back.*" I pass over the bad collocation here. "Where Hunter is now I cannot pretend to say; *when I last heard of him (Sept. 1825) he was at Pulaski, state of Missouri*, but I know that he left the most polished society of England (so do I) *to teach the native Indian of Western America the peaceful arts of civilized life.*" Here Mr. Norgate and I are at issue. I say that Mr. John D. Hunter left England for no such reason: I say that he had no such views, when he left here.

Now for my reply to so much as I have quoted. As I have said before, I say again, (that people may not mistake me, nor be deceived by me,) I profess to be no friend of Mr. John D. Hunter—I profess to have a bad opinion of his moral worth, no very high opinion of his intellectual worth, and a fixed belief to the disadvantage of those who talk about him, or his Narrative as many do. In a word, I profess to believe the man a thorough-bred impostor, (made so by accident, however); his book a forgery, (though true in part, perhaps—true in part of somebody or other, I dare say); and all who continue to put faith in it or him, after what has appeared in the North American Review, very much to be pitied. Whoever they are, they must have their reasons for it, and rather awkward reasons too, I fear. But of this the reader will judge, after I have done what I regard now as my duty.

Having said thus much, I hope my opinion will not pass for more than it is worth. Let it be regarded, if you will, as the opinion of a nobody, of a purchased writer, of a political foe, a rival—(no matter how, no matter why)—the growth of jealousy, or hatred, or mischief, or envy, or whatever you please. My motives are my own; they are nothing to you: I could not satisfy you if I would. If you disagree with me, you will suppose them to be bad; if you agree with me, not so bad, perhaps.—But still, I would say to the people of this country, still, for your own sakes, hear me: "Strike, but hear me!" You are much too prodigal of your faith and favour. You believe it no such easy matter to impose upon you, though you are imposed upon every hour, by people who could not impose upon your very servants, without your aid. If a question occur about whether you have been deceived or not, before you would allow that you have been deceived—whereby you would allow, of course, that you were not infallible—you would go out

of your way to prove your unabated faith in those who have cheated you. To prove that you have not thrown your gold away, in this or that particular case, you throw more gold away. You have an idea too, that by defending the character of those who have cheated you, by resisting all proof to their disadvantage, you are behaving with great magnanimity. Pho!—pho!—you are only defending yourselves. You can bear the loss of your money; but you cannot bear the loss of your own good opinion.

But stay—before I go a step farther, it may be well to add, for the information of those who are deep enough to imagine that the hero of Hunter's Narrative is an object of jealousy to the American government, a word or two more, which may help them to a sure defence for all that I may have to urge. I am a native American. I would have the title respected. Mr. John D. Hunter, while here, and after his return to America, obtained money to a large amount, I fear; to a considerable amount, *I know*, from the friends of America, and perhaps from the enemies of America, if any such there be, in this part of our earth. He may get more with the letters which he carried back, if there be not a speedy and effectual stop put to his career.

I find that while the heads of one party here believe him to have been sent over to this country by the American government preparatory to his great work at home, the heads of the other party are possessed with a belief, that the American government are jealous of him. Whether he got money of all I do not know; but I do know that he got money of three or four because of such belief.*

Now, I have an idea that a man's character depends very much upon the character of his country; that the character of a country depends upon the character of her people; and that every man's character depends, in a degree, therefore, upon the character of each of his countrymen, particularly when both are abroad. I have an idea too that a dislike for a country may always be traced up to a dislike of some individual of that country; and that of such dislike, every individual of that country shares, when he has occasion for help or sympathy. Need I say more to justify me in doing what I am about to do? Being myself a native American, I suffer by the misconduct of all who pass for Americans here.

Now for the extracts which I have made. The passages in italics are put so, not by the author, but by me; and by me, not for the purpose of idle criticism, but merely that I may refer to them hereafter.

I probably know as much, and I believe that I know more, about Mr. J. D. Hunter, than Mr. Norgate knows. I am older by six or eight years; I have had a much better opportunity for the study of human character, than he has had; and I have slept under the same roof "with Mr. Hunter, and dined at the same table,"—perhaps, for a longer time than Mr. Norgate himself did. Judging by what I know, and by what I hear, I should say that Mr. Norgate was under a mistake in what he says; that the "*intermissions* were neither "short" nor "few" during the period of which he speaks; and that,

* H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, believes to this hour, that Mr. J. D. H. was sent here by Mr. Jefferson. And Mr. John Smith, seeing him so much with Mr. Rush, and hearing so much from our hero, took up an idea that he was countenanced (in a secret way) by the American government.

after all, I have had a much better opportunity of studying the character of his hero *here*, than he has had ; for I might say, I am sure, with more propriety than Mr. Norgate has, that "*chance* directed *me* to the house in which Mr. J. D. Hunter lodged," and I was with him every day (with the exception of about a week, perhaps, in all) from February to June 1824—from early in February, up to the very day of his departure by the Liverpool coach,—up to the very moment, I should say ; for I saw him off.

Yet more. This North American Crusoe wished me to go back with him to the woods of America, and help to bring about a change for the better among the red people there. He knew that I was their friend ; for he saw the proof. With me he consulted therefore, and to me he tried to explain his views. But as I had no great relish for the poetry of Dr. Watts, or the poetry of Job, or the vague apostrophies which he generally gave in reply to the enquiries that were made on the subject by others, he knew not how to satisfy me for awhile. At last, however, he hit upon the following expedient. He shook his head, he put on a look of deep mystery, hinted that if I would follow him without being too inquisitive, I should be—nobody knows what. I drew off ; but he renewed the attack. "Hunter," said I, at last, "you want me to go with you. I am not ready ; I am not prepared for any serious work now ; I have to go through Europe first." "Very well," said he, "but one day or other you may join me." "Look you," said I, "you know what my feelings are toward the savages of our country. I believe that much may be done for their security, much for their political safety. I believe this, but I am not sure. Satisfy me on two or three heads, and within one year from to-day I will join you in the woods of America, and give up the rest of my life to the service of the red men. He was delighted with my ardour ; he undertook to reply to my questions ; but I soon discovered that he had no plan or view of any sort beyond a loose idle hope, for which he had no reason to give ; that he knew little or nothing about the history, or temper, or military power of the very tribes upon whose behaviour the success of the only scheme that he had, worth a serious thought, would chiefly depend ; that he had no resources, no well-grounded hope of resources. Let me give an example.—"You hope to improve the condition of the savages ; to introduce the arts of civilized life?" said I. "I do." "But you cannot do everything yourself ; you should have partners to help you, to share in the work, to occupy your place when you are away. What if you should be killed when you have proceeded part way in the work ? Those who follow must begin, you see, not where you left off, but where you begun. How much better to associate with a few determined fellows ; agree upon a sort of plan."—"How are we to agree upon a plan before we get there?" said Mr. J. D. H. interrupting me. "Well, whether you agree about your plan before you go or after you go, it matters not much, but a plan you must have, or your job falls through in one place, while you are patching it up in another." He grew sulky. "And you must have help too ; money you must have, partners you should have." "No, no, the old Sinner must go upon his own hook ; I shall have no need of money." "Ah, but how much labour might be saved by a little money," said I. "You must go with me," was the reply ; "you must:

you are the very "man for such a work." "Well, well; when you have satisfied me." "I will satisfy you," &c. &c. What more could I say?

The conversation, the very substance of which I have now repeated, in good faith, was but one of several of the same character which he had with me, day after day, up to the very day of his departure. It will not do to say that he was playing with me, or leading my curiosity astray; for I had no curiosity about either him or his plans, till I heard so much talk about both, after he had gone away; *and the conversations were altogether of his own seeking.* He was a free-hearted fellow, with no mischief in his nature, I do believe; but he was led by flattery into a course of behaviour which resulted in what he would never have had the presumption to think of, had he been left to himself. There is yet another ground for what I say. I believe that he wished me to go with him. I believe that he would have engaged me if he could, by a detailed explanation of his plan, if he had had a plan; for he had very good proof that I thought well of him, and (if I may believe what he said of me to others while he was here, and wrote of me to others after he had gone away) he must have thought well of me. That he did so, I am sure, till I thought proper to show, by a letter which I wrote him, and by a paragraph or two in Blackwood's Magazine, that I was not altogether his dupe; and that a few facts had come to my knowledge of a nature to change my good opinion of him. If I speak with severity therefore now, of Mr. J. D. H. it is not because of any quarrel that he has had with me; but because of what came to light long and long after he had left this country. Yet more—I know that a very little time before he departed, as people think here, and Mr. Norgate among the rest, with a heart full of heroic devotion to the cause of charity, he was all abroad in search of adventure, by which money could be made. I know this, and I know that he was ready to engage, at a day's warning, in a sort of scheme, proposed by a young rattle-headed British officer, who had five thousand pounds more than he well knew what to do with; a scheme which could not have been carried through by Mr. J. D. Hunter without a relinquishment of every other scheme of his. In a word, after a fair opportunity of knowing the truth, I say now, as I have said before, that I am satisfied Mr. John D. Hunter had no sort of plan whatever in aid of the Indians of America, when he left this country for that; nor do I believe that he had any such plan when he left that country for this; or that he is capable of forming such a plan. That he may be of use, I believe; but if he be so, it must be after a thorough change of character, and by pursuing the plan of some other head; for he has no knowledge of the first principles of political association. He would live without law; and he would have the Indians live without law, *after they have been civilized.* If he ever spoke of a plan here, it must have been the plan of another, perhaps the vague general idea of the young British officer to whom I allude, or perhaps the idea of some every-day newspaper politician, or perhaps that of the men, who, without saying, by your leave, were going to cut a passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, through the Isthmus of Darien.

But enough on this head; if proper, I shall recur to it, before I get through. "He (Mr. J. D. H.) remained in England somewhat more than a year, making occasional excursions into the country, and

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visiting many families of the first eminence and respectability. On several of these visits I accompanied him," says Mr. Norgate.

Now, another might say of Mr. Norgate here, that, in defending his hero he is defending himself, they having been so *very intimate* for such a length of time; another might say also, that few men have courage enough to own that they have been very grossly deceived by anybody under any circumstances, whatever courage they may show in resisting proof, or in protecting those for whom they have committed their own character,—their character at least for discretion. So too another might say, that Mr. Norgate having mentioned the Duke of Sussex, and Mr. Coke of Norfolk, as two of the many who thought so highly of his hero, should have mentioned that the *Duke of Sussex encountered Mr. Hunter at Mr. Coke's, where Mr. Hunter had been produced by Mr. Norgate himself*, who acknowledges, to be sure, that on several of Mr. *Hunter's* visits to families of the first consequence and respectability, *he*, Mr. Norgate, *accompanied* Mr. Hunter. (I should have told the story in a different way; but then, *I* have no pretensions to modesty.) Another might say all this to be sure, but I shall not, for I consider it no reproach to Mr. Norgate, whose worth I know, and whose character I admire, to have been deceived in the way that he was, by such a man as the hero of Hunter's Narrative; who, I believe in my heart, was obliged to persevere in the course of deception long and long after he would have given it up, if he could; for Mr. H. might have deceived, nay did deceive, much wiser men than Mr. Norgate; much wiser, because much older men. But how? Simply by permitting *them* to account for whatever he chose to say or do. All their ingenuity was at work, while he stood aloof and held his tongue. Was he frank and free?—it was the stratagem of a superior head to conceal the depth of its views. Did he put on a look of mystery and reserve, did he talk in parables? What could be more natural to a man full of such vast and comprehensive ideas? Did he make himself ridiculous by playing the gentleman? It was to humour the prejudices of society. Did he overdo the art of Prince Le Boo? It was the beautiful, brave nature of the man—the boldness of truth breaking through all disguise. Did he wear white kid gloves, neither wrong side out nor on the wrong hands, or go to court with a bag and sword, a chapeau under his arm, his hair powdered, and point-lace ruffles afloat over his huge paws (the whole hired for the show.) Then, how apt he was! how truly a North American savage! how altogether above the parade of savages, who go to court in their own hide and feathers! and all this, even though he came back from the awful ceremony in a fit of the sulks, and never held up his head afterwards, *never* I say, because George the Fourth, king of Great Britain, Ireland, &c. &c. did not shake hands with him, or stare at him as others did, but passed him in a crowd, with precisely such a bow as he honoured other people with (if they had six or eight guineas to spare, and somebody to put them in his majesty's way.) Did he eat his dinner in his shirt sleeves, or throw aside his knife and fork, or open his mouth very wide, look very savage at the women, flatter them to their faces, threaten to jump down their throats before a room full of company—O the delicious creature! every thing he did was so natural! Did he romp with them as they had never been romped with before, seize hold of

their feet and propose to throw them out of the window, take the head of the table where men of high rank, if not of the highest rank, were collected ;—or, after he had been five or six years in good society at home, (if so much of his own story may be believed,) and above a twelvemonth here in the very best of society, did he carry a note, a miserable, dirty thing, sealed with a wafer too, and with no envelope, written by himself in reply to a card from the Marchioness of Conyngham—did he carry a note, in such a condition, to such a lady, and deliver it, with his own hands, at her ladyship's door—why even that, of which a real Hottentot would have been ashamed, was but a new proof to the advantage of our hero. In a word, for a long time, it was not possible for Mr. John D. Hunter to do anything, or to say any thing here, however absurd, out of which matter for admiration, surprise, and eulogy could not be extracted. If he behaved like a man of sense, that proved how much he would be able to do, doing so much after an apprenticeship to good society for *only* seven years, in the full maturity of his intellect. If he behaved like a fool, why that was proof too ; it proved that he was able to assume a character ; that he was above the folly of being over wise, or proud, or vain of his huge faculties.

No wonder that he deceived Mr. Norgate, for he deceived me ;* yet I was much older than Mr. Norgate, and I hope a little wiser. I do not mean to say that Mr. J. D. H. deceived me into a belief that he was a great man, or that he had any great political views, or that he was at all what others believed him to be. But he persuaded me to like him, to associate with him, to throw off my habitual reserve toward him, to believe him capable of much that I now believe him to be incapable of, and incapable of much that I now believe him to be capable of. He did not get me to believe in his book or his story, for I never cared a fig for either. I saw nothing very improbable in either ; and for a long while I had no means of knowing the truth ; for a long while I say, because I *have* now, and with it, a different idea of both. At first, we did not agree very well. I heard too much of him before I saw him. Go where I would among the people of this country or the people of my country here, I was pretty sure to meet with somebody to puff Mr. John D. Hunter. At last, however, when he had done playing off his airs, and I mine, we came to know each other, to respect each other, and I dare say to love each other. At this time, I do believe that he would have withdrawn quietly from the career into which he had been forced by the unexpected favour which attended his book and story, if he could have done so, or if there had been a refuge for him on earth. But he knew, as Ireland knew, when he counterfeited Shakspeare in a frolic, and persevered in it so long as to deceive the wise men of the age, (he being a mere boy at the time,) he knew that they never would forgive him for it. I saw much of this, but I saw not half. I saw that Mr. J. D. H. was greatly overrated, and I told him so ; but I did not see that he was playing such a game as I now see that he did play ; nor did I believe him to be an impostor. I saw that he was in a fair way of being flattered to death (even though he bore the flattery that he received, better than I should have thought it possible for anybody to bear it) : I saw that he was more than half persuaded into

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* "Great let me call him, for he conquered me"—me, a native Yankee.

an idea, not only that he was fitted for laying the foundations of a great empire in a quiet way, but that he had a plan for the job already in his mind, though to be sure he did not happen to be conscious of it, and did not well know where to look for it.

Mr. Norgate complains of the *North American Review* for attacking Mr. John D. Hunter, "when he cannot defend himself." But why cannot he defend himself? The *North American Review*, published in *America*, does not assail Hunter while he is *here*, but after he has returned to *America*. Perhaps Mr. Norgate may allude in some degree to what appeared in *Blackwood* after Mr. J. D. H. left this country. If so, Mr. Norgate alludes to me, for he knows that I am the author, and if so, it is my duty to defend myself. I chose to say what I did say of Mr. John D. Hunter (in *Blackwood*) after he had left this country, because it came in my way while I was reviewing a writer who questioned the *authorship*, not the facts of the Narrative by Mr. J. D. H., and because the writer, a grave blockhead, whose writing would be likely to pass for much more than it was worth, had been foolish enough to repeat a heavy charge against the *government* of the United States—a charge that I knew to be false. I had been told before, but I did not believe it before, that Mr. J. D. Hunter was regarded here as another Joshua, able and ready to redeem the savages of North America, and that, in spite of all the proof which may be found in the published records of the *federal government* of America (I do not speak of the *people* or the *state* governments) he was regarded as the hope and security of the savages against the *hostility of the federal government*. I spoke the truth of him and of the savages. I told what I knew. I was attacked in a variety of shapes for what I said. But facts had come to my knowledge after he had gone away. What was to be done?—What was I to do? Having discovered what I shall have occasion to speak of, by and by, was I to hold my tongue about Mr. John D. Hunter because he was not here to defend himself? If so, all that would be necessary for a man, after he had been playing such a game here, as I charge Mr. J. D. H. with having played here, all that would be necessary for him to do, to make himself secure and enable him to continue the game elsewhere, would be to leave this country, before he could be found out. Being away, it would be assailing him "in the back," you know; it would be "cowardly" to say that you had been fooled very grossly by him, or that you are not over satisfied of the contrary; and this, even though you may not have suspected or discovered his treachery, till after he had gone. Impostors would be safe indeed, if this were a duty; for impostors do not stay long any where, and being once away, they seldom or never return. If they may not be assailed behind their backs, therefore, they are not to be assailed at all, however strong the proof to their disadvantage. Now I confess that I have no respect for such morality or such magnanimity; no respect for courage in this particular shape. I would rather say that I had been fooled, or that I was not very sure of the contrary, when in the very nature of things I could not be sure, than allow another to be imposed upon, or to run the risk of being imposed upon, by my silence.

Let me observe here, that when Mr. John D. Hunter left England, such was my regard for him, that I *offered* to furnish him with letters

to every friend that I had in America, to every friend, that is, whom I thought likely to be of use to him. He accepted the offer. I did not say much in his favour to be sure, in the letters which he took; but I said enough to secure him a cordial reception, wherever he might go among the very few that cared for me. I said, for example, that he had received more attention here, than perhaps any other American ever had, (how much to the credit of this people!) that he had been presented at court, was an extraordinary man, &c. &c. and prayed my friends to give him a lift, in whatever he might undertake for the advantage of the red or white barbarians of my country. Such I believe to be the substance of what I wrote, in his favour; and though not much, as I have said before, and precisely what I believed at the time, it was enough to make me ashamed and sorry, when I came to know a little more of the man. Such being my regard for him, when he left here, (I could not give a higher proof,) it was not till I had come to the knowledge of many things which I was ignorant of, when we parted, nor till after I heard a person of great worth, who knew him well, say, that he had much to fear from the Americans, the American government, &c. &c. and that the "American people were his worst enemies"—it was not till then, that I attacked him, so far as to say that he had no plans at all—that he knew nothing of the designs of the American government, and very little of the Indian history; that he had been ridiculously misunderstood here, and foolishly overrated by every body. At the same time however, I could not help saying, that I had no doubt concerning the authorship of his book; for I had seen him write, and heard him talk, better than that book was written. Here the matter would have ended with me, though I was attacked on every side, for saying thus much of the law-giver and prodigy. He was gone, I had no doubt, for ever; and as I had no hostility toward him, though I knew that he was the real author of the charge against my country, I contented myself with saying thus much, and with writing him a serious and rather sharp letter, touching a part of his behaviour, which had come to my knowledge (if I am not mistaken) about four months after he had gone.

But now, I could almost reproach myself for not having said more; now that I am reproached by one party for having said so much, and by another for having said so little; by those of whom he borrowed money after his return to America, under pretence that his "banker"* had failed; and by those who enjoyed a share of his notoriety, while he walked over the course here, among the lions of 1823-4; by Mr. Norgate, who charges me with attacking his hero, behind his back, (for he has been attacked by nobody but me, and the North American Review; and the North American Review, which is published in America, did not attack him, we see, till after he had returned to America;) and by the same Mr. Norgate, who charges the whole body of Americans with a sort of treachery, for not continuing the attack. But what were the Americans to do? What knew they in 1823 and 4? what know they now of the individual, whose very name others do not know—others, who have known him for above a twelve-month here? And what were they—what was I, to charge him with?

* We have no bankers in America. Mr. Girard, of Philadelphia, is the only private banker in the whole United States of America.

I did not know, until a few weeks ago, that he had either obtained, or attempted to obtain, money here—much money here, I should say ; and until I knew that, although I was quite satisfied, in my own mind, that he knew very little of the savages, and that he was probably the child of some Yankee trader, perhaps by a red woman, (as I have thought proper to say, in *Blackwood*, before,) it was no duty of mine to be publishing what I knew, or heard, or conjectured, to the disadvantage of the man. He was away, and I felt toward him as if he were already in his grave, or as if the sea had swallowed him up, except when I heard him outrageously puffed here, to the prejudice of my country. What was I to do ? If I spoke, it was envy, or jealousy. If I held my tongue, it was treachery. If I gave little facts to justify the opinion I expressed, and little facts were all that I could give, I should have been charged with tattle and gossip. If I only gave the opinion, the result—I was to be charged with prejudice, or it may be with misrepresentation, or with inability to produce the facts. I have not forgotten the uproar that followed what I did say—though I said barely enough to put people upon enquiry. I was attacked on every side—charged with assailing the defenceless ; a pretty charge by the way, for assailing a man, who, though he had gone away, had left a multitude of friends—friends too of the highest rank, and of the highest talent here, to fight his battles: a pretty charge to make, while I was unknown here—literally unknown, without a friend, perhaps, in the whole country, to whom I could have appealed in a case of hardship. Mr. Norgate himself was one of that very multitude, who were loath to forgive me for saying what I did, *when* I did, of their hero, though I spoke with great moderation ; yet now, Mr. Norgate himself draws an argument in favour of Mr. John D. Hunter, from the silence of the Americans here and in America ; and this, while he is charging them, if they are not silent, with attacking Mr. J. D. H. behind his back.

Before I go any farther, I would ask, if it be not a little strange that Mr. Norgate's faith should continue up to this hour, undisturbed, unshaken, though he acknowledges that he has not heard from his hero since September 1825 ? and that *now*, he cannot pretend to say where he is ; particularly when Mr. Norgate himself is, to my knowledge, a sufferer in the very way that would seem to require, at least, a regular correspondence on the part of the said hero. But of this, hereafter.

II. Mr. Norgate wishes to know, (p. 7,) while speaking of Hunter's pamphlet, which was written, it appears, for the "*New-England Company, a company established for the propagation of the Gospel in New-England*,"* if "the act of relinquishing the society be enjoyed here, and returning to the Indian tribes, was the act of an impostor." To which I say—yes: If he was an impostor, it *was* the act of an impostor ; if he was not—not. By which I mean that, if he was an impostor, he would not have been safe here. But *has* he returned to the "*Indian tribes*?" I do not believe he has—

* The idea of a *company* here, for the propagation of the *Gospel in New England*, the most thickly-peopled territory in the whole United States, and within which there is hardly a living creature to be found, who does not read the Bible, and go to meeting on the Sabbath day, is delightful.

I do not believe he intended it when he left here; but I confess, that I do think it possible that he may, hereafter; because, having been treated as he was, by the high-minded people of this country, whom he knew, and having a grateful and a generous heart, there would be no other course for him to pursue. By that, he would keep their favour, shame his detractors, and delay, if not prevent, exposure. But his going away, what does that prove? An impostor, in such a case, would certainly go away: first, because it would be safer; and secondly, because to go away was required by the story which he told. If he were not an impostor, he might possibly stay—and he would stay if he were attacked, merely to show that he was not, by outbraving the charge. What could he have done here? Let him answer for himself; take his own words in reply; words which are recorded with especial emphasis by Mr. Norgate, in what he calls “a solemn and impressive paragraph:” “I see *no way in which I could be any way serviceable to a society highly refined, and deeply skilled in accomplishments, in which I am almost a novice.*”*

“Hunter is now absent,” continues Mr. Norgate (p. 7.) “He is endeavouring, at the *peril of his life*, to fulfil the arduous duty which he imposed upon himself.” Absurd!—What peril is there to Mr. John D. Hunter, more than to any other white, in going to live, or to *trade*, among the savages? for that I believe to be his object now; and I believe too, that he picked up what he knows of the Indian character, and the very little that he knows, or appears to know, of the language, by being a trader, and perhaps a preacher. Oh! but he will be in danger from the tribe that he deserted. You mistake—he is now a white man: how will they recognise the individual, who, according to another part of your theory, must have past “for one of their *red brethren*,” while he was a captive among them. But allowing the story to be true—the story which he tells, I would insure his life, throughout America, for a mere trifle.

“He was within reach of the North American reviewer for *three or four years*,” continues Mr. Norgate—“for *three or four years*; but during all that time the crafty critic abstained from his attack. But why?—*Because the reviewer was within reach of him.*” Fudge, Mr. Norgate—fudge. Is not Mr. John D. Hunter as near to the reviewer now, as the reviewer is to Mr. John D. Hunter? In other words, if Mr. John D. Hunter is within his reach now, is not the reviewer within reach of Mr. John D. Hunter? For *three or four years* though—so says Mr. Norgate; and I say in reply, that Mr. Norgate is very much mistaken; that he has no authority for what he says, not so much as the authority of the very individual whose character and story are now in issue; and that he is not only assuming the truth of what I deny to be true, but he is, moreover, assuming to know, what a page or two before he confessed himself to be ignorant of—assuming to know where the said Mr. J. D. H. is. Now for the facts. The North-American Review is published at Boston, Massachusetts, one of the two *extreme northern* states of the whole confederacy. Our hero, according to his own story, never did “*live*”

* This part of the paragraph is like our hero. No way—any way—in—in—in.

within from two hundred and ten miles, to fifteen hundred miles of Boston; and if he was ever in Boston at all, it could have been but for a few days, or, at most, weeks; and that, either before his book appeared in America, (for it was not *published* there, till after he arrived here, I am told,) or after his return to America, when he had what must have quieted suspicion for a while there—a heap of letters from the people of this country. I say nothing of those with which I furnished him, although I am aware that they must have done much to keep off the day of close enquiry. He went away from England accredited as *the* Mr. John D. Hunter who had made such a noise here, in the uppermost rank of society; who had been presented at Carlton-house, to the King of Great Britain, by Mr. Rush, the ambassador of America, a very cautious, quiet, good sort of a man, who was not very likely to be carried away by idle enthusiasm, or to be taken by surprise; he went away too, laden with tokens, and gifts, and keepsakes, not a few of which were valuable, though rather out of the way, for the woods of America,* from a multitude of the great men, to say nothing of the great women, of this country. How could the North-American reviewer suppose, without proof, and it would require time for proof, that, with such credentials, the man had passed here without ever having been examined, by any body, as to the truth of his story? How could he suppose that, after all, the man had passed here, as in truth he did pass, *on credit*—on the credit which he obtained by his letters from America? How could he suppose that, after all, he was but an every-day impostor, whom a lawyer would have detected in five minutes, if he were paid for the job? an impostor, who succeeded—not so much by deceiving people, as by permitting people to deceive themselves—for he knew, that men love to see prodigies, and that prodigies they will see, “whether or no;” that next to the *being* a prodigy, is the *seeing* a prodigy; and that, when they are looking at what others call a prodigy, they do not much like to be satisfied, whatever they may say, that, after all, the prodigy is no prodigy. He knew that men have more faith for a miracle than a hoax—where they are the hoaxees; that they love to stare, and love to be stared at, for having stared; that even where you are provided with proof, clear proof to an imposture, you make more enemies than friends, a hundred to one, by showing it; that men had rather be cheated of their money, than of their self-respect; and that in the absence of such proof—proof to the imposture, none but a fool would betray his unbelief, or pretend to be much wiser than the well-bred—the princes and powers of high-life about him; that nothing goes off better than a thoughtful air, a look of surprise, a doubt or two, and

* For example, H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex gave him, among other things, a gold watch, with a platina watch-guard—probably one of the first watch-guards ever seen or heard of in America; where a pocket is not picked of any thing, perhaps, once in five years—nor of a watch, ever—I never heard of such a thing in my life there. H. R. H. presented him, or would have presented him also with, for they were ordered—a chest of tools, of which our hero did not know the use. So too, Mr. Coke of Norfolk, presented him with a heap of things, fitted for a high state of cultivation—ploughs, &c. &c. of which there would not be a splinter left, in half an hour, if they were made use of in the part of the world which Hunter pretended to be going to: and a lady gave him a silk bag, superbly wrought with beads, for a shot-pouch: and another—I will not say what, for I would not expose her amiable credulity.

then a hearty conversion, before a large company of the wise and powerful—each of whom is a believer—a hearty conversion, from acknowledged unbelief to a fixed belief. (Better than allowing them to beat you at a game of chess,) and that, in a word, where you are not able to prove your way, it is not very safe; nor where you are able to prove your way, very wise, to attack a favourite wonder of the age.

Mr. J. D. Hunter knew this; and the North American reviewer knew this. But how could the latter believe—what is very true, by the way—that, with such high testimonials, the former, admitting the truth of his own story, was but one of a score, to be met with every day in America: people who have either educated themselves, or been educated, in a very little time; while, if the story that he told were untrue, he had been able to deceive the flower and pride, the strength and beauty, of the British public, as that public had never been deceived before; and that by a story so badly contrived, that, every day, every hour, and at every step, he was liable to discovery? How could anybody believe this; and yet, such I affirm to be the truth, as I shall show before I have done. I knew that the reviewer did not know, and that the American people did not know, for a long while, the true cause of Mr. J. D. Hunter's reception here. They did not know for a long while, as they do now, that the letters which Mr. J. D. Hunter brought hither from the head men of America, were not only a passport for himself, *but a guarantee for his book—a book which was not published in America, till after he arrived here.* He passed here as he passed there, in the peopled part of America, not on account of his own value—but on account of the value of his letters. He succeeded here, not because of the artful nature of his fraud—for it was not very artful, and if it had been much less so, it would have passed here; but because he had a number of letters from the head men of America, and while here, was continually to be met with, or heard of, at the house of the American minister.

Every body took it for granted here, as I dare say they did in America, that if he were an impostor, somebody must have detected him before; and yet, in America, so little was the curiosity excited by him, or his book, that nobody thought it worth while to question the truth of the one, or to enquire into the history of the other, till the stir occurred in this country; till the papers here, the magazines—the Quarterly Review, rung with beautiful though absurd poetry about him;—the Quarterly, he it observed, not till eighteen months, or two years after the *Narrative* was published here, nor till about six months after the hero's return to America; so that the North-American Review, on the watch, I confess, for an opportunity to attack the Quarterly, and rather disposed, I fear, to treat the author of the book with more severity because he had been well puffed in that journal, had no good excuse for taking up the *Narrative*, which they had passed by as a thing of no worth before; and of no especial interest, if true; and no good authority for believing what was reported of our hero, till they saw the paper in the Quarterly—a paper written by a poet, who knows about as much of our North-American savages, peradventure, as other men who deal in prose, know of the anthropophagi—no good reason for attacking the *Narrative*, or its hero, therefore, till he had returned to America, and

was, according to Mr. Norgate, beyond the reach of the reviewer—I beg Mr. Norgate's pardon—till the reviewer was beyond his reach—the reach of Mr. Norgate's hero, I should say.

It is no reproach to the people of this country, that they did not see the falsehood of the book; for what is there on the book itself, which it would be easy for a man here to prove untrue? Who is there able to judge of it here?—who is there able to search into it with a test and a probe? Not a soul, I dare say. I know a good deal of the Indian character and history; and yet I see nothing in the book, which, without other proof—proof obtained by travelling out of the record, as a lawyer would say—I should call untrue. I go further.—I have an idea that I know more of the history and character, I do not say of the Indians, but of the savages (red or white) of America, than perhaps any other individual here; and as much, if not more, than the majority of those who, while they gave Mr. John D. Hunter, letters to the celebrated men of this country, gave authentication to whatever he might think proper to say about the savages of America; and yet I declare, that if the Narrative were placed before me to-morrow, and I knew nothing at all of it, or the author, I should be willing to say, to the best of my knowledge and belief, that book *may* be true. To me, with what I know of America, there is nothing very strange in it—nothing, the falsehood of which could be detected, unless it were by a man as familiar with the southern tribes of America, as the writer of the article in the North-American Review is—the writers, I should say, for the article appears to be the work of two or three different people. But if so, why do I speak of the Narrative here as I do? Because I know the character of the North-American Review—its good faith, its lack of courage, its caution, its gravity: because I now find a motive, which I did not see before: because, although I had seen so much to destroy my faith in our hero, discovered so much that I could not have credited, before he left me—I still required a particular kind of proof to satisfy me. That proof—that link, I now have. Joined to what I already knew; joined to what the North-American reviewer says; and joined to what I have lately discovered, it has enabled me to say of the book what I say of it now: *i. e.* I am satisfied, in my own soul, that however true the ground-work of it may be, it is neither true in detail, nor true in the chief parts; nor true at all, of the personage who appeared here as the hero. The motive to which I allude, the object of the author, I shall speak of, by and by.

Meanwhile, I would say again, that it is no reproach to the public here, not to have detected the forgery. How could they do so? They received the book, as they received the hero of the book, on the faith of what was said of him, by people who had much better opportunities of knowing the truth, and of detecting falsehood, than the public of this country, or any individual of this country could possibly have. And who were they? The letter-writers of America. He was over-rated here, prodigiously overrated—but where is the wonder? The people of this country had never seen, what we see every day in America, savages bursting from the solitude—savages when they first appear—but, like their own rivers, growing beautiful as they approach the light. Here he passed for a prodigy—while, at home, he made no

sort of stir, till he had been here ; and that brings me to the pith of what I have to say. If no stir had taken place here, the people of America would not have supposed that such a *native* could be cared for, here ; and no individual would have thought it worth his while to enquire into the truth of such a narrative.

A word more of Mr. Norgate before I leave this part of my subject. Mr. Norgate says, that he does not know where Mr. Hunter is, now—that he has not heard from him since September 1825 ; and that he was then at *Pulaski*, in the state of *Missouri*. And yet, Mr. Norgate says, that Mr. J. D. H. is so far off, that the critic is beyond his reach. How does Mr. Norgate know this ? He does not know the critic—he does not know but what Mr. John D. H. is living within pistol-shot of him—perhaps under his true name. Is he more than three thousand miles off ? I dare say not ; and if not, the reviewer is still within reach of Mr. J. D. H.—that is, provided Mr. J. D. H. was ever within his reach for any thing like a period of *three or four years* ; for to make up half that time, Mr. Norgate must include the period when Mr. J. D. H. was here—three thousand miles off. But Mr. Norgate is not aware perhaps, that there is no such place in the world as “ *Pulaski, state of Missouri*,” the place at which Mr. J. D. H.’s last letter was dated. Strange as it may appear, there is not. And although a man who is away from both Missouri and the Arkansas territory, may readily mistake the one for the other, it would be hardly possible for any body to mistake the territory in which he is actually writing a letter, for a neighbouring territory.

III. “ Hunter’s fate, it must be confessed, has been a little whimsical,” says Mr. Norgate. “ At first, it was not believed that he wrote the book which passes under his name. It is now *asserted, not only that he wrote the book, but that he invented the narrative.*” By whom is this asserted ? Not by those who believe the story of Hunter, for he says that he was helped by another. Not by those who disbelieve it, surely—for they say it is a book made up—how?—in what way?—so as to betray “ *high poetical and dramatic powers?*” No indeed—but only so as to betray the most laughable ignorance of the truth, where the truth is enquired into by one qualified for the search. Now—what if the fact should be, that a large part of the book is true—true of another ; true of many others ; would there not be fair ground for charging him with untruth, if, where he told a story, which he had heard of another, he told it, not of that other, but of himself ?

“ I have many of his private letters in my possession,” says Mr. Norgate ; “ and a perusal of them would satisfy the most incredulous of his competency to have written the book, of which I firmly believe he was the *real* as well as the *professed* author.” So do I—I dare say he was, too ; and I have said as much before. “ I have heard him talk better than that book is written, and have seen him write better,” said I, in December 1824, (Blackwood.) But still it would require the hand of another, to get a work by Mr. J. D. H. ready for the press. Though he can talk well, and write well, (for a savage,) he is not to be depended upon—that is, when he does it well, it is by a happy accident. I have one letter of his by me ; and I have seen several. But perhaps—perhaps a better knowledge of the truth

may be got from a paragraph, which he wrote in a book that is now before me. He was trying to write well. "He who would do great actions must learn to *empoly*, his powers to the least possible loss. The *possession* of brilliant and extraordinary talents, is not always the most valuable to *its possessor*. Moderate talent properly directed will enable one to do a great deal; and the most distinguished gifts of nature may be thrown away by an unskilful application of them. 15, May 1824." Here I have copied the passage (orthography, punctuation, perplexity, and all) just as it appears. It is enough, by itself, to show the character of the man—great good sense, a little quackery, no very clear ideas beyond a fixed level, as where he speaks of the *possessor* of a *possession*—yet altogether above what could be expected here (though not in our part of the world) of a white savage, who had got his growth before he was caught.

But I have now come to a letter which is enough to show, not only the character of Mr. John D. Hunter, but of all the parties concerned here—of the public—of the publishers—and of Mr. Norgate, who introduces it, in the following words: "This note is prefixed to the *second* edition of his memoirs, and shows that my friend's consummate 'impudence' in making personal references, was not in the least degree abated by his residence in England."

"Messrs. Longman and Co.

"Dear Sirs,—The Editor of the Eclectic Review, in examining my Memoirs, has made a very natural inquiry—Who is the gentleman alluded to in my preface as my assistant? I am very happy to answer the question by referring to Colonel Aspinwall, Consul-general for the United States to Great Britain, and Mr. Toppan, 69, Fleet Street, London. I might refer to many of the most respectable persons in all parts of the United States, but perhaps a few will suffice: Robert Walsh, Esquire, Editor of the National Gazette, Philadelphia; Colonel William Duarre, Editor of the Aurora, Philadelphia; Dr. Waterhouse, Boston; Dr. Mitchell; Dr. Hosack, and Professor Silliman, New York; Professors Patterson and Patter, of Baltimore.

"Your's, with esteem,

"London, Aug. 2, 1823."

"JOHN D. HUNTER."

Now—what would Mr. Norgate say, Mr. Norgate, who speaks here precisely as if he knew the men who are so directly referred to by his hero; what would he say, if I were to tell him that his hero has not answered the question at all—nay, that he has referred to a number of people, a large part of whom were never heard of, in America! Yet, such is the truth—all the names that I have italicised are spelt wrong by his hero, and if they had been referred to, no answer would probably have been had, spelt wrong I should say, or associated in some way, with mistake. For example, Robert Walsh is not the Editor of the National Gazette, Philadelphia; but Rob. Walsh, *Junior*, is. Colonel William Duarre is not Editor of the Aurora, Philadelphia, but a Col. William Duane was. Professor Silliman is not of New York, but of Yale college, New Haven, Connecticut; and there are no Professors Patterson and Patter at Baltimore; there is a Professor Pattison, however, and a Professor Potter—both very able men. But waiving this—I would ask Mr. Norgate to read the letter over again, and to ask himself what the question is—and how it is answered? The question is, "Who is the gentleman alluded to in your preface as your assistant?" The answer is—"I am happy to refer you to A. B. and C. D. E. F. G.—one of whom is a consul, to whom I brought a letter of introduction

from nobody knows who;* another is a respectable young engraver in Fleet Street, for whom I had another such letter; and the rest are people who are scattered over four hundred miles of North America—people whose very names I do not give correctly.

And yet this letter satisfied the British public. No enquiries were made—for none could have been made without exposure; and this letter satisfied the publishers; and this letter satisfied the *friend* of Mr. John D. Hunter! I am glad, by the way, that Mr. Norgate's hero does not refer to Mr. Rush, nor to any more of the people to whom he is reported to *have brought letters from gentlemen of the highest character and station in the United States*. Perhaps it may prove that he brought fewer letters than Mr. Norgate is aware of, and that such as he did bring were not of the character he supposes. If so, I shall be very glad.

IV. But Mr. Norgate proceeds. "To disprove Hunter's statements, the reviewer says he should have brought forward some one who knew him in civilized life, during any part of the long period that he asserts he was among the Indians." Admirable!—and so, it is not enough to show that a man is *not* what he pretends to be, not enough to show this out of his own mouth, but we must "bring forward" people to show what he *is*! Not enough to show by direct application to the very individual whose name our hero has adopted, the friend, father, and benefactor to whom he refers, that our hero was never seen or heard of by such father, friend, benefactor, &c.; but we are to ransack the private history of millions, to show who our hero is, and how he happened to be employed between such and such years! But I have heard all this before—it is the argument of another, of one for whom I feel a very sincere regard, although I do not subscribe to such reasoning.

But the cream of the joke is, after all, that our hero, if his true name be not *John Dunn* Hunter, as we have pretty good reason to believe, now that Mr. *John Dunn* himself has been applied to, might live and die with his critic, yea, "sleep under the same roof, and eat at the same table," with him, day after day, year after year, without being suspected by him. Where should he go to enquire? *how* should he enquire after him? And should our hero never be heard of again, as he will not, I dare say, how are we to show the fact which is called for by Mr. Norgate, who gives a capital answer to what he requires, though without observing it, in the very next breath. "It is obviously impossible that I or that any man," says he, "except Col. Watkins, should be able to bring forward positive proof that Hunter *was* among the Indians." Well, how are we to bring forward positive proof to show where he was at a particular period?

Observe here that our hero has not been heard of even by Mr. Norgate for more than eight months, (a long period for a *dear* friend to be left in suspense, a long period for such a friend to be left in the lurch;) that when he was heard of, it was from—nobody knows where,

* Of course I do not mean to speak of Colonel A. of whose worth I have the highest opinion, with disrespect. All that I mean to say is, that, being a consul here, he must have a multitude of letters from all who ever happened to meet with him in America.

the letter being dated from a place, which does not belong to our earth. Why! if he should never be heard of again, the people who put faith in him here, instead of supposing that he is alive and hearty, alive under another name, or working away, perhaps, at their elbow under another shape, will be sure that he has been roasted alive by the savages—the ungrateful dogs!—or secretly disposed of by the government of the United States of North America.

V. Mr. Norgate has the reviewer on the hip, (so Mr. Norgate supposes,) where the reviewer speaks of the period in which Mr. Norgate's hero says the outrage occurred, whereby he became a captive to the Indians. "It was a time of profound peace;" and "such an aggression," says the reviewer, "would have electrified the whole country west of the mountains." Yet, in the very same page, the reviewer adds, that "the Kickapoos, with several other tribes, had been at war with a certain tribe for ages." Mr. Norgate, being of course unacquainted with the habits of Indian warfare, mistakes the reviewer. Certain tribes of America are always at war, but only at war with each other. Occasionally they are at war with the whites. When they are not at war with the whites, the whites, overlooking their petty feuds, are in the habit of speaking as the reviewer spoke, though aware, at the time, that between such and such a tribe or family there is never a hearty peace. Now, Mr. Norgate's hero was a white—*was*, I say, for he *is* a white—and I do not rely upon his Narrative to show anything. Well,—an outrage on the whites, like that of which our hero complains, at the period of which he speaks, a time of *profound peace*, (between the whites and the savages,) "*would* have electrified the whole country west of the mountains." The reviewer is right, I dare say, for I have much faith in him, and he certainly knows much more of the matter than I do, but I should not be so positive—I should think that a solitary house might have been destroyed, by *possibility*, without being missed by a neighbourhood of, perhaps, ten people to every hundred square miles.

Mr. Norgate passes over the story about Tecumthè, which appears in the Narrative, and which is flatly contradicted by Tecumthè's brother, who is at the elbow of the reviewer; but he finds great consolation, it appears, in the following fact. Our hero, in the Narrative, describes a venerable chief, named, he says, *Tshut-che-nau*, or *Defender of the People*. The reviewer says, that "*there never has been a chief of that name known among the Kansas, nor is the word itself, nor any thing like it, to be found in the Kansas language.*" This, from such a quarter—a remark, which if untrue, may be so easily shown to be untrue, would have staggered my faith a little in the book. Not so with Mr. Norgate, however—and why? Because our hero mentions two other chiefs, whom the reviewer says nothing about, and whom the reviewer is therefore supposed to *know* did really exist! And what if they did? If a score of names were given aright, they would not go a single step toward *proving* the story; while, if a name like this were given, that of such a remarkable man, who, after due enquiry, should prove to be a shadow—an imaginary chief, with a most imaginary name, it would go far to *disprove* the story. The probability is that our hero overshot himself here. He should have kept clear of names and dates all through his Narrative, as he did by the admirable

contrivance with which he began; for he began with saying that he did not know his own age, name, birth-place, or father.

Mr. Norgate infers a good deal, over and over again, to the advantage of our hero, from the silence of people in America; the countrymen, he *says*,—the countrymen, it *may* be, of his hero. "That the public should have been so long imposed upon, and that part of the public especially, the Americans, *his own countrymen*, who have had daily and hourly means for such a length of time of detecting the imposture," appears more wonderful to him, I dare say, than the story of Mr. J. D. H. But, in addition to what I have already said, about the indifference of the people of America to the Narrative, which excited no interest there till it was so absurdly over-estimated here, I should say that from Baltimore north, to the very extremity of the places which our hero appears to have resided in, there were not probably five persons qualified, by their familiar acquaintance with the remote tribes which are spoken of in the Narrative, to detect the forgery; and of those few, how many would be interested enough, and able enough to expose the forgery to the public? It would be easy enough there, as here, to see that our hero was not what the people of this country supposed him to be—if the people there had a fair opportunity to judge, or if their suspicions were excited—but having discovered so much, that would be no authority for charging our hero with falsehood, nor would it be wise or fair to impeach his book on that ground. It was for that reason that I never would impeach his book before. I did not *know* it to be untrue; nor would I say a word of it now, did I not believe it to be so, although I have long been satisfied, not only that people here have ridiculously misunderstood him, but that he himself is unworthy of credit; and had probably done a multitude of things, like a few that I know of, to lead them astray.

VI. A word or two now of the letters, which appear in the North American Review: letters from people of the highest character and respectability; one of whom, *General Clark*, says not only that our hero is an "*impostor*," but "*that many of the most important circumstances mentioned by him are barefaced falsehoods*;" while another, *Mr. Vasquez*, declares, that "*for nineteen years he has been engaged with the Kansas tribe of Indians, and that during that time there was no white man a prisoner amongst them*;" and another, *Major Choteau*, says, that "*he has been acquainted with the Osages from the year 1775 up to the present time, (fifty-one years,) and that during this period no white boy was ever living, or had been brought up by them; and that had this circumstance happened, it could not but have come to his knowledge.*"

Now, Mr. Norgate, who does not know that every man, woman, and child of a tribe are known to these people, just as much as every man, woman, and child of a petty village is known to those who have grown up in it; how does he get over this unequivocal testimony? Why—but here he is indebted again to the other head of which I spoke—why! by supposing that his hero must have been "*accounted amongst both the Kansas and the Osages as one of their red brethren!*" Capital! a man with light hair, light eyes, and a very white skin! If that were true, by the way, there would be no risk now in his returning to the very tribe of whom he, and his dear friends for him,

are in such fear. Being now a white man—clearly a white man—the tribe of red men would never suppose him to be the *red brother* who betrayed them years ago.

Nor is the faith of Mr. Norgate shaken by the letter of Mr. John Dunn, the member for Missouri, or a member of the Missouri Legislature, I forget which, and have neither Mr. J. D. Hunter's book, nor the North American Review before me to refer to; the very individual, however, to whom our hero is indebted, not only for advice, friendship, &c. &c., but for his very name, though the said Mr. John Dunn says, that he "*had never known such a person as John Dunn Hunter;*" that, "*for the last twenty years he had been a resident in the vicinity of Cape Girardeau, (where our hero says he went to school,) during which time he had never heard of a person bearing the same name with himself in that country, and that he is confident, therefore, that the author alluded to (our hero) is an impostor, and that the work issued under his name is a fiction, most probably the labours of an individual who has never seen the various tribes of Indians of whom he speaks,*"—adding, that "*he can further state, that he knows of no man of the name of Wyatt in that country, who seems to be mentioned as one of the friends of Hunter.*"

Such a declaration ought to be enough, one would suppose; but no—no—Mr. Norgate is a believer, who can more easily believe that all these men are knaves, than that he himself has been imposed upon by a knave. He wonders why our hero has not been exposed before by Mr. John Dunn, if our hero be an impostor; the book, he says, being *published* at Philadelphia in the beginning of the year 1823, and republished a *month or two afterwards* here, in March, 1823, "he believes." It may be that I can satisfy Mr. Norgate in this particular by mentioning a few facts. 1. The book was not *published* in America till *after* his hero had arrived here—how long after I do not know. 2. It made no noise in America, till after the noise which it made here was known there. 3. The Quarterly Review did not take notice of it till about January, February, or March 1825.* 4. Such a book, even if it were true, would not be cared for by people at Cape Girardeau, in the very neighbourhood of the tribes mentioned in the book. By others afar off—at Philadelphia, or New York, or London, it would be cared for, in exact proportion to the distance and the rarity of the tale. Those who have grown up among rattle-snakes, the plague, or the yellow fever, do not buy books which profess to describe, as any body on earth may describe, what they are familiar with—rattle-snakes, the plague, or the yellow fever. The narrative, therefore, little as it might be cared for at Philadelphia, would be cared much less for, at Cape Girardeau, even though it were offered for sale there. 5. But Cape Girardeau is a village, containing not more than one hundred inhabitants; *is one thousand one hundred and sixty-four miles from Philadelphia, and one thousand four*

* By the by, we remember a parallel case. The Quarterly Review did not show up the "*Letters from Old England by a New England Man,*" (who was never out of America,) till the book had been out for, perhaps, three or four years. In America, it was read as very fair and very true, (the letters I mean.) What if one should argue now, that, that as the Quarterly Review took them up so late, they could not be what they are, a lie and a forgery?

hundred and sixty-four miles from Boston, where the North American Review is published. 6. Now, the Quarterly Review could not have arrived at Philadelphia or Boston much before May 1825, (the passages being always longer *to* America than *from* America, and longest in March, April, and May, I believe,) and yet the *answer* of Mr. John Dunn at Cape Girardeau is *dated Sept. 4, 1825; and the other answers, at St. Louis, Sept. 3, 1825.* Here would appear to be no great room for a charge of negligence. Mr. John Dunn must have replied *immediately* on being referred to; wherefore it is natural to suppose, either that he had never seen the book, or an extract of a nature to justify him before in declaring it a fiction, or that he had done so, so far as he judged it necessary, and so far as he had the power of doing it—perhaps in conversation, perhaps by letter. But why does not our hero reply to the North American Review? He has had full time enough. It circulates all over America; it is copied into a multitude of newspapers, article by article. Why does he not furnish the facts for Mr. Norgate? *He* has had full time enough, though he should be fifteen hundred miles off.

What follows for a few pages in Mr. Norgate's work is hardly worth an observation. Our hero, it appears, had introduced into his Narrative, the names of "*five persons—five living witnesses,*" not one of whom, Mr. Norgate says, has thought proper to come forward and deny the truth of the Narrative. Admirable again! How does Mr. Norgate know that these "*five names*" are real—that the "*witnesses*" are *living* now, or that they ever were living? or that, if living, their names are not, as other names are, of which nobody has ever complained till now, misquoted, or mis-referred to, or mis-spelt? In a word, where would Mr. Norgate have such proof stop? Suppose our hero should say that he had been offered a British princess for a wife here, and referring to the Duke of Sussex, were to allege that his H. R. H. was privy to the offer; suppose that on reference to H. R. H. the story were contradicted with a single word;—must we still go farther, and get the names of other people mentioned casually in the course of the story? Our hero refers to Mr. John Dunn as his chief benefactor, at Cape Girardeau. Mr. John Dunn gave the lie to the whole story of our hero. But our hero's friend is not to be put off so easily: proof it may be, but still, there might be more proof; and so he will never be satisfied.

And so, too, with Colonel Watkins—who is he? Is there such a man? was there ever such a man? or if there was, did he write the letter which our hero has given? But, if he did, how much of the story will it prove? Now, oddly enough, it happens that I have some reason to believe that one of our hero's chief men (this very Colonel Watkins, I fear,) never did exist; for I have a letter by me now, which I showed to our hero, soon after I read his book, which letter contained a deal of information required, I thought, by a passage of his book, wherein he talked about his exceeding anxiety to know where some individual was to be found. He treated the matter so carelessly at the time, as to make me believe that so much of his book at any rate was a mere clap-trap. He showed no curiosity—he read the letter hurriedly, if he read it at all, and returned it without a remark, though aware, from what I said before, and what he saw in the letter, that I

could help him to discover the very individual (if he was alive) about whom he professed to feel such deep solicitude. Such was my notion at the time—that passage is a mere trick, said I, the trick of an author—a piece of beautiful exaggeration got up for the trade. But now, I have another idea—I believe now that the story is not so much a piece of exaggeration, a bit of high-coloured authorship, as it is a downright—story. I do not believe that the person, whoever it was, ever had existence, or if he had, that he ever had anything to do with our hero, in the shape related.

VII. There is no denying that the whites of America have done a world of mischief to the savages; nor would I deny that the article under consideration from the North American Review, is got up with a mixture of political bitterness. I dare say too, that so far as conjecture is employed, it has been with little regard for charity. But still—still—there is enough to satisfy me, that the friends of our hero have nothing to hope for his reputation by inquiry. But, says Mr. Norgate:—

—“What was Hunter’s motive in publishing the book, if he be an impostor? What has he gained, or what did he expect to gain by it? Was it money?—*Certainly not.* The whole sum that the publication of his book produced him in this country, was barely sufficient to pay his expenses during his residence here; and *that he refused the proffered offers* of money from persons of the highest respectability, I know as a positive fact. Money, therefore, was not his object.*”

Now, in reply to this, I have three or four different observations to make. 1. If he was not after money—he was after something else. What was young Ireland after, when he deceived not only his father, but the chief critics of the age—a mere boy—*refusing money every day*, at every step of his career? 2. It was not *money*, says Mr. Norgate, “*certainly not,*” and yet Mr. Norgate knows that he supported himself here on the *money* that he received; that he went away with *money* in his pocket, (to say nothing of the tools, implements of husbandry, books, a gold watch, knick-knackery, &c. &c. presented to him;) and that, after he got to America, he received more *money* from this country? 3. He *refused money*, says Mr. Norgate. Well, what if he did?—So did Ireland; so does every tolerable impostor, if he be not willing to get off in a hurry. It is only by refusing, that such people raise their character, and their *price*. I know of no better way of sounding a suspicious character than by offering money—for it may be offered in such a way, as to justify you *in making very particular inquiries*, if it be accepted; and if such inquiries are not satisfactory, *in refusing it*. If you hope for 200*l.* at such a game, refuse 100*l.* But—I should like to know, if our hero ever did refuse the *money*, or did he only put aside the *offer*?—the *offer* of an *offer*? It would be well to know; but whether he did or not, I happen to know—and Mr. Norgate happens to know, that if he refused money of A. he took it of B., and that, in a way which *it would be impossible to justify*. Now for the facts. Mr. Norgate has introduced the names of a good many people of the highest

* Proffered offers—another extract, I should suppose, from one of our hero’s own letters.

respectability here, who countenanced his hero; and among others, that of "Mr. John Smith." Now, if he means John Smith, Esquire, (late M. P.—there being no M. P.s now,) a man whose heart and fortune are alike large, I can tell him on very good authority, that "Mr. John Smith" himself would be able to contradict him, if his liberality would suffer him to speak of such a matter, so far as the money is concerned; for after Mr. John D. Hunter left England, he wrote to "Mr. John Smith," and told him that he had lost all his property by the failure of somebody (his *banker*, he told another person) at New York. Whereupon Mr. John Smith sent him 100*l.* and persuaded several of his friends to do the like. Therefore, it was not money that our hero was after—oh no! "*certainly not.*" Well,—but Mr. Norgate may never have heard of this, nor may he know that his hero got money before of the same individual (as I am told) and of others here. It may be so: but one should inquire before he speaks, with so much certainty—the more, as *Mr. Norgate himself was done out of fifty pounds before my face*, by the very Mr. John D. Hunter, whose object he says was not money—"certainly not!" and in a way, which I look upon as without excuse. One of the very last things which our hero did before his embarkation at Liverpool for America, was to write to his *dear friend* Mr. Norgate—this very Mr. E. Norgate, and beg the loan of 50*l.* from him.—On what pretence pray? Why, on pretence that he might have *duties* to pay, which might bother him, &c. &c.; adding, that if he did not make use of the money he would return it. Now, by the merest accident in the world, I happened to hear of this before the job was done: Mr. Norgate was about enclosing a fifty-pound note in a letter. We were both sitting at the same table. He interrupted me to ask, how he should send it, whether in halves or not. I did not ask whither—nor to whom—I did not care, nor did I know; but, accidentally, he mentioned the fact, adding the reasons that were given by his hero, of whose *good faith in a serious matter, I had no sort of suspicion till that moment*. I was very much startled:—"Duties—duties—if he wanted the money, why not say so?" said I, "why go away as if he had plenty of money in pocket? why give such a paltry excuse—I don't like it—it is not true—he can have no *duties* at Liverpool to pay; and the duties at New York, where he will be among 'his dear five hundred friends,' will be just nothing at all." In short I advised Mr. Norgate, in so many words, not to send the money, "for if you do," said I, "you will never see it again. I say so, not because of the amount, nor because of the application—but I say so simply because he does not speak the truth." Mr. Norgate sent the money nevertheless, and is now labouring to uphold the character of the very man who defrauded him—so that others may be defrauded in their turn. I would not say—I do not say, that Mr. Norgate wishes for companionship in the loss; but I do say, that such would be the natural effect of what he has now done, if other people were not more on their guard than he has been.

But our hero refused to go to Paris—no, "*to be taken to Paris, free of all expense,*" and *therefore*, he was not an impostor. Very good.—He was a lion here—he understood English—he did not understand a syllable of French—he was under no direct piddling,

pecuniary obligation, day by day, to anybody here; and yet, if he had been an impostor, he would have gone away from London, Mr. Norgate supposes, to become what?—a charge—a house-lion—to have his daily pittance of pocket-money doled out to him, in a strange capital. Pho!

So too, it appears that being known to Mr. Rush, he was *introduced* to his Majesty, &c. &c.; that being treated with exceeding kindness, he might say affection, by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, (who certainly did behave towards our hero so generously, that I grieve to say what I do of the latter—nor would I, but for the sake of my country;) that being received at the tables of his Royal Highness, of Mr. Coke, of Mr. Brougham, of Mr. Stratford Canning, Mr. John Smith, &c. &c.; *he could not be an impostor*—Pho, pho! I say again—pho, pho! What does all that prove? It is very easy to get letters anywhere—very easy, in America. Mr. Rush being the American Minister here, and Mr. Stratford Canning having been the British Minister to America, (and the most popular British Minister that was ever seen there, by the by, and one of the very, very few English gentlemen that were ever met with in America,) both were under a sort of necessity in the matter, the necessity of receiving a multitude of strangers from America—a necessity, which Mr. Rush got rid of at a much cheaper rate (with his nine thousand dollars a year, 2000*l.*) than Mr. Stratford Canning did—for they were all received by the latter, and received in a way that none of them will ever forget, I am sure. I speak from what I know—I have met our hero at the table of Mr. Canning, and I say that he was treated there just about as well, but most assuredly no better, than scores and scores of other consigned Americans.

But, “with Mr. Madison, Hunter was also, and is, *on terms of intimacy*,” says Mr. Norgate. I do not believe this—I have pretty good reason for believing the contrary—for it is one thing to get a letter from Mr. Madison, which may be obtained *for* anybody *to* any body, if applied for by a friend of our ex-presidents, in America, who are letter-writers by trade: it is one thing to get a mere letter of introduction from Mr. Madison, or Jefferson to Mr. Rush, or to Mr. somebody else, and another thing to be *on terms of intimacy* with either. But, if our hero were on such terms, what would that prove?—only that *he* was curious enough to go, where thousands and thousands of other people go, from every part of America, without leave or excuse—namely, to the *private* houses of Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Madison, as if they were so many *public* houses; or that, after being received by the princes of England, he was received by the chief democrats of my country.

But he was not only “on terms of intimacy with Mr. Madison, but with Dr. Physick, Dr. Hosack, and a *multitude of other gentlemen of high literary character*, not one of whom *has ever breathed a suspicion* of his not being what he attests himself, &c. &c.” says Mr. Norgate. Now, in the first place, not one of the individuals named by Mr. Norgate, is a man of *high literary character*, whatever else he may be; no one of the whole, except Mr. Madison, being known at all as a writer, and he has written, perhaps altogether, about as much as one fair octavo volume—published, I should say. Nor do I

believe that our hero ever knew a man of high literary character before he came here, except Mr. Robert Walsh, *junior*, whom he talks about as Mr. *Robert Walsh*. But, whether I have a *high literary* character or not, Mr. Norgate knows that I am an American, that I have written a good deal here, and in America; and that, up from the day of the letter which our hero sent to him, I have continued not only to speak worse and worse of that hero every time he (Mr. Norgate) saw me, but that I have "breathed *my* suspicions," wherever I heard his hero spoken of, so freely, indeed, as to have been charged with all sorts of unworthy motives in consequence thereof; and that I have also *written* my suspicions where they were pretty sure to be read. Perhaps, however, he may not know that I have spoken of his hero four several times in that very publication,—each time too, a little worse than I did the time before, (owing to some new discovery,) though up to the last, I considered him able to "get up a better book than his Narrative, without assistance." I refer to Blackwood, Oct. 1824, p. 416.—Ib. Dec. 1824, p. 639-40.—Ib. Jan. 1825, p. 56.—Ib. Sept. 1825, p. 319. I do not choose to quote here what I have written for that journal; but I refer to it in proof, adding, that there is one slight typographical mistake in a passage of the notice for Jan. 1825, p. 56; a mistake which will appear to the reader, if he looks to the context: "He could *not* get up a better book," the words are.—I said, "He could *now* get up a better book." The error should have been set right in the next number, and so far as it depended on me it was; but although I furnished the corrections, they were omitted or overlooked.

The last proof cited by Mr. Norgate is the opinion of a Mr. Cresson, of Philadelphia, who says that the opinion of Mr. Jefferson, late president of the United States of America, as "expressed to him (Mr. C.) was certainly free from all doubt." Very well—be it so—but Mr. Jefferson could not know, and did not know whether our hero's story was true or not. Mr. Jefferson knows very little of the Indian character, and less of the Indian language—of any Indian language. There could be no better proof than the speech of Logan, which is repeated here on his authority, Logan the Mingo chief. It was altogether a humbug, that speech, and Mr. Jefferson is now aware of it; nay, I am not sure that he may not be charged with a part of it.

Again—Mr. Cresson says that he saw our hero and an entire stranger, who had been among the Indians, meet at the house of a friend. "They entered into conversation on the subject of their travels among the tribes, and addressed each other without any signs of embarrassment in the language of, *I believe*, (says he) two distinct nations." Delightful simplicity! He *believes* that he heard the language of two distinct nations—very odd language that, by the way; but may he not have been mistaken?—for I know that he (Mr. C.) knows nothing about any Indian language whatever. May he not have mistaken the same language, in the mouths of two different people, for different languages? To a third person, ignorant of French, the French of a native and the French of a stranger might appear like two languages. But enough—I know Mr. Cresson—a very worthy young man—whose opinion I should care very little for, even in a matter which he might happen to understand. But, if our hero was able to speak one or more of the Indian

languages, would that prove that his book or story is true? No indeed. By the by, it has been remarked here that he has the look of a North American savage about the mouth, wherefore, the people here—how could it be otherwise?—believe the book. It may be so—but if it were, how should they know it? Our North American savages vary in shape, hue, and feature, about as much as the people of Europe do; and our hero is the very image of two or three New Englanders that I know, and so of a piece with what I see here among the light-haired, vulgar, hard-working people, that I never go abroad without seeing somebody who might pass for a brother of his. If he were Indian-like, however, instead of that being in his favour, it would be against him; for the story that we have, is—not that he is of Indian origin, but that his parents were white people, and that he was carried off by the Indians. “How came you to be so black?” said a friend of mine to another friend, who was very, very dark, to be sure. “My mother was chased by an Indian,” said he. “Chased—umph!—he overtook her, I guess.” Even so with our hero. If he was ever *carried off* by an Indian, it was probably by a female Indian—his own mother, in pursuit of his father.

But of the language—that he is not familiar with the very language of the people he speaks of now, whatever he may have been hitherto; I believe on two several accounts. 1. I am told on good authority that Mr. Duponceau, who has written largely upon the subject of the Indian languages, had an interview with our hero at Philadelphia, and either said to him, or to others after they separated, that our hero was without any safe knowledge on the subject of the Indians. He did not believe him an impostor, it may be; nor did I, as I have said before, till other facts came to my knowledge. 2. While our hero was here, I know, for I saw the man, I believe—at any rate I was told of him by the mistress of the house, repeatedly; I *know* that a man who had passed a large part of his life (as he said) among the savages of North America, called to see our hero, for the purpose of talking their language; he called more than once, by appointment, but our hero did not see him at all, and I believe now, avoided him. But why?—Because, I believe that he could have seen him: and I cannot believe that a man, who has not heard the sound of his mother tongue for eight or ten years, would be so indifferent as our hero was, when there was a good opportunity for hearing it, in a country four thousand miles off.*

But enough. It is high time to close. My opinion of the individual who passed here under the name of John D. Hunter is shortly this. I think it probable that he is the son of a white trader by some Indian or half-Indian woman. I have no doubt that he has been much among the Indians, and that he knows a little of two or three languages. I believe that he has been a sort of Methodist preacher too, or at least

* In addition to this fact, I could mention others, going to show that he was not a thorough-bred Indian. He could not bear pain, the pain of the tooth ache—he was *afraid* to have a tooth out; he could not run well; he did not shoot well (I hear): he knew nothing of the Indian history; he was very talkative; he was guilty of untruth every day; and while he was reprobating the *vices of society*, and pretending to have a plan, which, if it succeeded, would have introduced those very vices among the savages, he himself was remarkable for every part of—what shall I say? one hour he would recommend a prostitute to the especial care of Mrs. Fry—and the next, he was—anything but a Joseph.

a Methodist, for he betrayed himself one day to me by an accidental phrase, which is never heard of, but among the Methodists and the Baptists. He spoke of "a *class meeting*;" he quoted passages from the Bible, and from the Psalms, and from Dr. Watts readily, and he *held forth* as the itinerant preachers of America do. I believe too, that when he got among the better educated people of America, along the sea board, he found it to his advantage to be stared at—that he told a variety of stories about himself, partly true and partly false—going on from one step to another—that people set upon him at last, and wondered why he didn't publish a book—offered, perhaps, to help him in the work—and that—(in such a case, how could he refuse? To refuse would have been sure to excite suspicion)—that he yielded, therefore—that having prepared the book, some other friend put it to him, whether it would not be a "capital *spec.*" to go to England—that having gone so far, he could not well refuse to go farther; and amazed at the issue of his own audacity, he crossed the Atlantic, withholding the book in America till he had insured the sale there, by having it published here; that being refused by Murray with an air of well-bred contempt, he tried Miller, who negotiated for him with his actual publishers (Longman and Co.) who published on our hero's account first, but afterwards, the book selling so much better than they had an idea of, *they*, who knew the public appetite well, they made him an offer for it, and it became theirs. Now—all this I take to be true, because, a part I know to be true, and the rest appears to be natural. The very audacity of our hero carried him through; his headlong presumption did more than all the discretion in the world would have done. He *took*—and took in such a way, that, to my knowledge, he had the hope of being employed in some way or other abroad by the British government. He could have had an office here, I am told; but I do not believe it—I cannot; and I dare say, if he could, that he would not have accepted it. He would have been a fool if he had—he has done better—made more money by going away than he could by staying,—by staying and *sinking* gradually lower and lower, from the place which he held here, and held, *because* he appeared for ever on the wing. I do not believe that he meant to defraud people in the way that he has; but I do believe that he was driven to it by necessity—as Ireland was—or Chatterton—the necessity of keeping up appearances. He knew, for he said so to a friend of mine, a portrait painter, he knew that *nothing took so well here, as to be out of the back-woods of America*; wherefore he *advised that friend never to acknowledge that he had any education, before he broke out.*

J. N.

P.S. I hope that I shall hear of no more money packed off, 100*l.* at a time, to relieve the distresses of the extraordinary individual who has gone back to the dreadful woods of America, where he is to devote the rest of his life to the welfare of the savages; no more, at least, until he has removed the *doubts*, which I do hope I have succeeded in raising. If cash be to be given away, it had better be given away to the poor of Great Britain, or to the savages of Great Britain.

MATHIAS'S ITALIAN TRANSLATION OF SPENSER.*

Naples, May 30th, 1826.

MR. MATHIAS has been frequently reproached for having, in his learned and extraordinary labours, which are, according to his own assertions, directed to show to Italy the merits of English poetry,† passed by the great works of our greatest poets, to adorn in a foreign dress the effusions of elegant but secondary masters. Indeed, his translation of Milton's *Lycidas* was the only piece he had presented of our first order of poets. Now, however, he has produced in the first book of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, a portion of one of those immortal works that are the glory of our country, and which an Englishman may refer to with confidence and exultation as a voucher of our poetical genius. The choice is well made moreover, relatively to the taste of the Italians, for Spenser, the reveller in "faerie lond," derived his manner, in good part, and many of his subjects, from Italian sources,‡ and is a congenial spirit with those who sang of knights and dames, paynims and necromancers, and of the chivalry of Europe, and of the "pious arms, and the captain who liberated the grand sepulchre of Christ." Our Spenser resembles Ariosto and Tasso, but it is not the resemblance of a copied portrait, but the likeness that may reign among the members of a lovely family of children, whose beauties are equally original and equally derived from the bounteous hand of nature. In his present preface, Mr. Mathias comments judiciously on the connexion that Spenser and one of the most brilliant periods of our literary history had with the "*Grandi Vati*" of this country.

When literature again arose under Leo the Tenth, the works of Homer, of Aristotle, and of Virgil, being read and studied, it was to be presumed that the manner, the matter, and the style of the ancients, as they regard the subjects and the conduct of poetry (putting aside the fables and enchantments of the *Trobadours* and *barbaresque* rhymesters) should arise with it, under the auspices of poets and critics newly come forth, with the power of Rome and the taste of Greece at their command. *Dis Italia aliter visum*. Trissino,§ who, in the management of his poem, followed the steps of Homer, and wrote also in blank verse, sung his erudite labours to the sojourners on the shores of Lethe, where, and not on the banks of the Arno, they may still resound. It was Ariosto Italy would have for her Homer, and as such she still holds him.

In the reign of Elizabeth, the most poetical age of England, the same taste and the same pleasure prevailed, and every one felt the force, the energy, and imagination of the genius of Italy.*** Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, and Tasso, were in those times the poetical models:

Jussis, ingentibus urget Apollo
Tyrrhenum ad Thybrim atque Arni vada sacra fluenti.

At this period Spenser was born, in this period he flourished, and he was conducted by the predominate taste when he began his poem. He, although nourished as it

* Il Cavaliere della Croce Rossa, o la leggenda della Santità, Poema in dodici Canti, dall' Inglese di Edmondo Spenser, recato in verso Italiano detto Ottava Rima, da Tommaso Nicopio Mathias, (Inglese,) Membro della Società Reale e di quella degli Antiquarj di Londra, Pastore Arcade in Roma, Membro corrispondente dell' Accademia della Crusca in Firenze, e Socio corrispondente della Società Pontaniana in Napoli, &c. &c. Napoli, 1826.

† "Per mostrare quale e quanto sia cosa in ogni genere di poesia il Genio Britanno." — Mr. M.'s preface.

‡ Dalle fonti italiane attinse la sua maniera, non che varii argomenti il poeta Inglese, Edmondo Spenser, della sua grand' opera, *La Regina Fatata*. — *Ibid.*

§ In his heroic epic, "*L'Italia liberata da' Goti*."

were, "*da succo e sangue*," by Homer and Virgil, chose for the scenes of his fiction the fairy land of the times of chivalry, and when we remember what were the customs of those times, we may say "*fecegli onore e di ciò fece bene*." His poem was to be composed of allegories, of loves, of enchantments, of arms, of magicians, and numerous other feigned personages; and for this reason, to use his own expression, "he determined to moralize it," &c.

Whatever our poet wrote about giants, castles, enchantments, and legendary adventures, was then not only recommended by the moral allegory, the masterly manner, and the fancy with which he painted them, and by the exquisite harmony of his verses; but also by the circumstance, that from time to time the romantic jousts and tournaments of the great and the noble of England, still fell under observation. The antique gothic chivalry had not yet ceased.

Fu sempre allora maestrevol opra
Il celebrar le maestose gesta,
Di rinomati cavalieri, e strane
Battaglie, e corsi, e balli, e giochi, e giostre
Con arredi e pomposi fornimenti,
E scudi alla divisa, o pur emblemi,
Banchetti, e mense, e luminose sale
Di giulivi cantori alto argomento.

* * * * *

The poem of Ariosto is epic in its history, epic in its argument, if not in its conduct; his warriors are living, his cities are real, his fields known; every thing is breathing, every thing is animated, *fercet opus*. In the poem of Spenser, every thing is illusive; but its scope is so noble, its adventures so extraordinary and so excellent, the sentences, the words, so strong and sounding, "*emissiones fulgurum tanquam bene curvato arcu nubium*."

Ciò ch'alma generosa alletta e punge,
Ciò che può risvegliar virtù sopita,
Tutto par che ritrovi, e in efficace
Modo l'adorna sì che sforza e piace.

* * * * *

I imagine to myself Spenser, when in the ardour of youth, reading and reading again, admiring, and studying the Orlando Furioso of the great and incomparable Ariosto, and meditating at the same time his own future poem, undecided whether he should begin it or not; I imagine him looking with the mind's eye at those celebrated arms suspended from the branches of the pine, with the brief verse,

Armatura d'Orlando Paladino!
Come volesse dir; Nessun la mova,
Che star non possa con Orlando a prova.

Orlando Fur. Canto 24, Stanza 57.

I fancy, also, that he read that verse with a firm eye and loud voice, and that he then with reverence, with modest pride, with thoughts holy and sublime, and with a just estimation of his own forces, put his hand to the paper, exclaiming to himself, "And I also am a poet!"

These passages contain a just appreciation of the merits of Italian and English bards, expressed with a fervency of admiration which is due but to exalted genius, and which will never be paid to it but by cultivated taste and enlarged talent. It is heart-cheering to see a person of Mr. Mathias's advanced age, thus kindling into enthusiasm at the contemplation of the beautiful; to see him rising to poetry at every step, and embracing the charms that shine before him with the ardour of a youthful lover; it is a consoling scene of human life to find an old man, whose days are numbered and few, passing them in rapturous converse with the pure spirits that astonished him in his boyhood, and charmed and instructed him in his maturer years, thus triumphing over the world and its chilling influences, which but too generally convert this beautiful visible creation into "a barren promontory," and the beings who inherit it, and the immortal legacies left

us by other times, to vanities—to idle vanities, long before the winter of life arrive.

Mr. Mathias has now resided about eight years in Italy, almost the whole of which time he has been at Naples, or, to use his own poetical mode of expression, "*assiso in ozio non disonesto sulle sponde di Partenope.*" He was perfectly acquainted with the language and literature of Italy, and well known as an Italian poet many years before he visited this beautiful country. Here his admiration has been kept alive, and his exertions excited by the consciousness of living in the same spots where once breathed the "*spirti immortali,*" the pride of song, and by musing daily on the same lovely scenes that poured beauty on their eyes and hearts. "Besides," says he, in his present preface, "it seems to me a shame for any man who does not entertain sentiments unworthy of any nation, to drawl his life away in unoccupied idleness, amidst such numerous Italic memorials—ancient, illustrious, and of every kind; amidst the most celebrated monuments of happy ages, and of the fortunes and fates of painters, orators, and poets; and while he is also near to the hallowed tombs of Virgil and Sannazzaro, not to feel himself moved and filled with fervor to promote and follow

Studj più grati
Che suoni, odori, bagni, danze, e cibi,
E come i pensier suoi meglio formati
Poggia più in alto che per l'aria i nibi."

With these sentiments active within him, he has published poetical translations of the Sappho and Caractacus, of Mason, Akenside's Hymn to the Naiades, Armstrong's Health, Beattie's Minstrel, and the subject of the present article; and in these compositions there is a visible progressive improvement, each being superior in style and elegance of language to its predecessor. It is rare, indeed, that improvement and four-score years go together; and Mr. Mathias is rapidly approaching that lengthened period of human life! It is scarcely less curious, that though there are few living Italian authors that write their language with his strength and purity, he does not speak it even tolerably, but stammers, hunts for words, falls into solecisms, and commits false idioms continually. His having learned Italian in books, and his having come into Italy in his old age, are scarcely sufficient to account for this extreme unaptness. When at Rome, and when the Academy of the Arcadia elected him one of its members, he was necessitated to make a speech in reply to the sonnets, *Canzoni*, and Odes, which were recited in his honour, and he delivered himself in such a way, as almost led the *Shepherds* to doubt his identity with the Anglo-Italic bard, whose effusions had been compared with those of Petrarca and other classics.

His merit in a foreign language, and in a language so rich and difficult as the Italian, is surprisingly great, and acknowledged as such, and even quoted (not for the purpose of adulation, but with sincerity,) as an approach, in many instances, to the "*aureo modo*" of the great poets who have shed such lustre on their country, by all the cultivated Italians that have read his works. His faults, which are not numerous, and which are not all strongly marked, are just such as might be expected from him; his style is essentially imitative, and as he has in

the rich store of his memory the whole of Italian poetry from Dante Alighieri to Vincenzo Monti, he has copied all times and all tastes, and this amalgamation gives to his verse a checkered, mosaic-work effect, which is sometimes injurious to its *compactness* and beauty. We find in the same poem, occasionally in the same page, the primitive terseness of Dante, the inflation of Chiabrera, and the modern mechanical refinements of the compound-word-creating Cesarotti. A timidity natural to his circumstances, has hindered him from venturing on any originality of expression, and all his thoughts are worded in modes familiar to Italian poetry. A frequent recurrence of the same idioms and forms gives a meagre, *stentato* character to his verse, which also, from causes already mentioned, presents at times an incongruous mixture of ancient with modern—remote rusticity with recent foppery; a fault, by the by, of which not a few of our English poets of the present century, though writing in their own language, have been guilty. In his close copying of the *trecentisti*, he is at times obscure, and this is a fault he has with many modern Italians, who, from an ill-judged superstitious reverence, prefer what is ancient to what is intelligible. Mr. Mathias has, however, in some instances, particularly in certain passages of Armstrong's "Health," darkened the clouds of their obscurity to such a degree, that his meaning is enigmatical, and defeats the admiration of those (a very numerous class among the Italian *litterati*) who seek for, and applaud inverted, mysterious modes of expressing things in themselves as clear as daylight, and as common as bad poetry.

Against writing in a foreign language, we fear, may generally be applied what has lately been well said of versification in a dead language—"It is an exotic, a far-fetched, costly, sickly imitation of that which elsewhere may be found in healthful and spontaneous perfection." To Mr. Mathias, from his generous motive of extending the literary glory of old England* to that country that was, in a great measure, the model of her infant efforts—that furnished Shakspeare his sweetest stories, and Spenser "his manner and many of his subjects;" to that country that has produced such immortal masterpieces in poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, and which even now, rent and degraded as she is, still nourishes some generous spirits to prove,

Che l'antico valore
Negli Italici cor non è ancor morto—*Petrarca*.

—from this nobleness of intention, and from the undisputed talent he has shown in his efforts, we would apply this with great abatement of rigour. Indeed, when we consider him in the light of a translator, we are tempted to annul the decree altogether. In translation, an intimate, a perfect acquaintance with the language in which the original author wrote, ought not to be desired less, than an excellence in the language in which the version is to be made. There may be *now* in Italy some Italian poets (and many more may be hoped for) superior to Mr. Mathias; but there certainly is not one (and when will there be one?) to whom "the tongue that Shakspeare spake" is

* E anche da credersi che, dal commercio di ricchezze letterarie e poetiche, più che d'ogni altra cosa, nasce tra le nazioni incivilite una segreta e ben fondata reciproca riverenza, anzi un affetto.—*Mr. M.'s Preface.*

familiar as to him. By refering to the existing translations of our poets in different languages, and even to the best of those translations, the difficulty we allude to will be sufficiently felt.*

In the present publication, and in the Minstrel, (*Il Bardo Citarista*), Mr. Mathias has reduced the Spenserian stanza to the regular *ottava rima* of the Italians, which was invented by Boccaccio, improved by Politian, and carried to perfection by Ariosto and Tasso. In this verse, which is one of the most difficult in the language, our author has not been less successful than in his *versi sciolti* and lyric measure. The beautiful opening of the "Faerie Queen," so richly picturesque, so replete with romantic feeling, is thus rendered:—

1.

Pel piano andava armato un Cavaliero,
Di bellicoso arnese e argenteo scudo
D'alte ferite impresso, in segno altiero
D'aspre giornate e di conflitto crudo;
Guidava accorto un fervido destriero
Nell' aringo sfrenato e in nobil ludo;
Prode era il Cavalier, d' aspetto bello,
E si mostrava a giostre adatto e snello.

2.

Ed una croce rossa insanguinata,
Del moribondo suo Signor memoria,
Pendeagli al petto, al suo Signor sagrata,
Già morto, or vivo e in sempiterna
gloria;
Ed anco nel suo scudo effigiata
Splendea la croce in segno di vittoria;
Ma di viso benchè pensoso e lasso,
Gagliardo e franco al cor, e ardito al
passo.

3.

A grande s'accingeva e degna impresa,
Tal gli diè Gloriana alto comando,
Gloriana dal ciel reina scesa
Dell' Impero Fatato; e andava errando,
Di focoso desio l' anima accesa,
Far suo valor palese e memorando,
E ardir lo mosse nel tartareo brago
A spegner l'alma a un fulminante
drago.

4.

A lui sen giva amabil donna accanto
Sovra un cavallo bianco come neve,
Bianca la donna più; ma scuro am-
manto
Sue bellezze copriva e velo leve;
Pareva grama e addolorata alquanto,
Ed iva afflitta a passo lento e greve,
Quasi il cor le aggravasse amaro fato;
E un latteo agnel seco menava allato.

1.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deep woundes did re-
maine,
The cruel markes of many a bloody fiede;
Yet armes to that time did he never wiede:
His angry steede did chide his foaming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yielde:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters
fitt.

2.

And on his breast a bloodie crosse he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he
wore,
And dead—as living ever—him ador'd:
Upon his shielde the like was also scor'd,—
For soveraine hope, which in his help he had.
Right faithful, true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

3.

Upon a great adventure he was bond—
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest, glorious Queen of Faerie land)
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave.
And ever as he rode, his hart did yearne
To prove his puissance in battell brave,
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
Upon his foe, a dragon terrible and sterne.

4.

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter,—but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a black stole she did throw.
As one that inly mourn'd so was she sad;
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her, in a line, a milk-white lambe
she lad.

* It has unfortunately happened, moreover, that many of the Italian versions have been made, not from the English originals, but from French translations of them; our language, until late years, having been little studied in the Peninsula.

5.

Ella d'agnello a par pura e innocente,
E di santi costumi adorna e chiara,
Di stirpe eccelsa, tra scettrata gente
D' Imperadori e re, schiatta preclara,
Finchè un rio mostro da infernal tor-
rente

Gli avesse spinti e guasti in aspra gara;
Eor ella, dal dovere e amor costretta,
Chiesene al Cavalier nobil vendetta.

6.

Dietro a quella seguace un pigro nano
Stanco del lungo camminar sen gio;
Ma intanto al suo girar s'udia lontano
D'oscurissima pioggia rovinio,
E Giove a sua gran sposa il grembo
arcano

Di sì copiosi e larghi rivi empìo,
Che fè cercare ai viandanti l'ombra,
Tempesta tanto li flagella e ingombra.

7.

E là vicin gli offerse un bosco ombroso
Sicuro ed amenissimo riparo
Al rimbombar del turbo fragoroso;
Arbor sì folti intorno il circondaro
Che nè d'astri o di sol più fervoroso
Tra dense foglie i raggi penetraro;
E si vedeano a comodi intervalli
Diversi dentro ed intricati calli.

8.

Quivi entrarono la donna e il cavaliere,
E d'armonici augelli all'aria il grido
Fra l'ombre il tristo serenò pensiero
In sì riposto e diletto nido.
Quì è l'Orno, e della palma il tronco
altiero,

Quì l'Olmo della vite appoggio fido,
Quì pieghevole il Tasso, e'l Salcio
accanto

Di travagliati amanti e fregio e vanto;

9.

Ramoso il Faggio, ed il ferace Ulivo,
E a' vati e imperador sagro l'alloro,
E che si scioglie in odoroso rivo,
Il Balsamo ferito, e quì il decoro
Cedro gentile, e d'ogni gioja privo
Bruno il Cipresso, e tra l'frondoso coro
Sovrana alfine, onor della foresta,
Leva la Quercia alta ombreggiante
cresta.

5.

So pure and innocent as that same lambe
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queens, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne
shore,

And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foul uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge, she had the Knight from far
compeld.

6.

Behind her, farre away, a dwarf did lag
That lasie seem'd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they
past,

The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did pour into his Leman's lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shrowd themselves
were fain.

7.

Enforst to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove, not farr away, they spide,
That promist ayde, the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, ycladd with summer's
pride,
Did spread so broad that heaven's light did
hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr;
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre;
Fair harbour that them seems; so in they
entred arre.

8.

And forth they passe, with pleasure forward
led,
Joying to heare the birdes' sweet harmony,
Which therein shrowded from the tempest
dred,
Seem'd in their song, to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight
and hy,
The sayling pine, the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all;
The aspine good for staves; the cypresse fune-
rall;

9.

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerors,
And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still,
The willow, worne of forlorn paramours;
The eugh, obedient to the benders will,
The birch for shaftes, the sallow for the mill,
The mirrhe, sweet bleeding in the bitter
wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull olive, and the platane round,
The carver holme, the maple seldom inward
sound.

These are certainly good verses; and the English Italian scholar will not withhold the tribute of his praise, though he may regret that a great portion of the touching *naïveté* of Spenser has evaporated, and that many of his strong pictorial touches have lost their vigour and colour. In the first stanza, for example, the spirit of the picture is spoiled; the angry steed chiding his foaming bit, as if disdaining to yield; the "jolly knight" setting fair on his horse, as one fit for tournament or battle, is different and immeasurably superior to the "*Guidava accorto un fervido destriero*," &c. In the second stanza, the fine idea, "Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad," is lost. In the forest scene, the paths and wide alleys "With footing worne, and leading inward farre," conveys a true and beautiful woodland picture, and the feeling of great depth and sylvan solitude; it brings before our eyes the narrow mossy roads, and gloomy, long retiring avenues, seeming without end, that we have admired in the majestic wilderness of nature; but Mr. Mathias's "*a comodi intervalli, diversi dentro ed intricati calli*," is a scrap from a *Jardin à l'Anglaise*. The descriptions indeed, throughout, are weak in comparison with those of Spenser. In the eighth stanza, the sweet harmony of the birds, which, shrouded from the tempest, "Seemed in their song to scorne the cruell sky," sinks in the Italian to the flat truism of music being a cure for grief.

In the course of the version, the lover of Spenser will have to mourn over many similar inadequate renderings of his truly poetical mind. In the third canto, when the lovely Una is abandoned by her deceived knight, and is worne out in pursuit of him, we have the following exquisite stanza, than which we know nothing more beautiful or affecting:—

One day nigh wearie of the irksome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all men's sight:
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And lay'd her stole asyde: her angel face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace!

Canto iii. Stan. 4.

We now pray attention to the translation:—

Già lassa alquanto del sentier nojoso
Smontava un dì dal suo corsiero anelo,
E all' erba stese il corpo suo vezzoso
Tra quei ritiri senza manto o velo;
Suo angelico sembiante luminoso
Splendea qual raggio singolar del cielo,
Della foresta all' ombra romitana
Di grazia pria non vista in forma umana.

These verses, elegant and harmonious as they are, are an evident failure; they no more convey the spirit of the original, than the crayon study of a boarding-school Miss does the divine grace of Raphael d'Urbino. To say nothing of the "unhastie beast"—"on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay in secrete shadow"—"From her fair head her fillet she undight, and layd her stole asyde," which all lose their prettiness in the translation, we would merely ask, what has become of that magnificent idea—

————— her angel face
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place!

We are fully sensible of the difficulty of giving such a glorious passage, particularly the last line here quoted, in any language; but when we recal numerous kindred traits of genius in Dante, we feel regret, mixed with surprise, that a writer who has been nourished so long on the excellences of that master, should not have found a more suitable vehicle for the thought than he has done. We know from Mr. Mathias himself, that he laboured for days on those few lines, and we presume he must have given up the task at last in despair.

We quit, for the present, this extraordinary gentleman, with sentiments of respect; hoping that our praise will not be found injudicious, nor our blame unfounded or invidious; and wishing a long continuance of his present health and vivacity to him,

————— *nel cui seno i doni suoi disserra
Del genio Ausonio l'aura produttrice!"*

AEROSTATICAL SPECULATIONS OVER LONDON,

IN A BALLOON CONSTRUCTED UNDER THE SCIENTIFIC DIRECTION OF
SIGNOR ASMODEUS OF MADRID.

**** What I witnessed around and above me I shall never attempt to reveal, lest I should prove unequal to the task, and only spoil what so many preceding aëronauts, who happened to be in better company, have so glowingly described; but below me, myriads of deformed beings, of all conceivable dimensions, were acting and ruffling it away in a most pantomimical manner. Some were apparently twenty cubits high; others no larger than animalculæ. London and its vicinity was the stage they had chosen for their revels; for though I could scan the country for a hundred miles around, yet I could not descry a single fairy but what had flocked to this centre of amusement. My whole attention was soon rivetted to the pranks of the greater devils in our capital; and who will wonder at it, when I describe the game they were playing? One stupendous black monster first attracted my exclusive observation, by lifting up a church, St. Olave's, or St. Bride's, or some other, I cannot remember which, and clapping it down in some vacant spot thereabouts. "Zounds!" exclaimed I, "here is sad work between our poor churches and their arch-enemy." "You are not up to the sport," observed Asmodeus; "this is a game of chess; that is the ambitious Clerico-demoniacus, who has just made a move with one of his minor pieces; those are the black men; he is covering a check upon his queen, St. Paul's cathedral. Let us see the next move of his competitor; him with the purse. That is old Doubtcellor, one of the best hands imaginable at this and other intricate games: he is said to dispose of his small churches, especially, to admiration. See—he takes a long time to consider; and yet his move is plain. There! I knew it; he seizes the piece with his rook." "Confound him," cried I; "he has crushed

the steeple to atoms, by clapping Westminster-hall upon it. What will become of the parishioners?" "Never fear," returned Asmodeus; "all things will go right again when daylight comes. Observe—Clerico attacks the rookery with his black bishop." "Ah, me!" cried I; "he'll split our beautiful abbey to pieces, if he jerks it about so violently." "It is too well defended to be touched by old Doubt-celler himself: besides, it is not his interest; he prefers taking pawns, as he has just now done with his other castle." "How?" exclaimed I. "He smothers a whole parish, church and all, under the Fleet-prison. This is really too bad! How will the poor pulverised inhabitants ever be reorganised again?" "Wait a little," said Asmodeus; "this is very good sport; his reverence is in a passion; he will, most likely, move one or other of his castles—Doctor's-commons, or the Tower!—Pooh! he has forgotten how to play with spirit; and only threatens the adverse castle with his knight." "If I understand the game at all," said I, "that is the weakest move that has been yet played—to make St. Stephen's chapel jump over the Court of Chancery. It is evident that it will be taken by the Treasury." "You are right," answered Asmodeus; "that is old Doubt's queen; he cursed himself, some time ago, if he would have any other. The game is getting warm; but Purse-bearer has the best of it."

* * * * "See; I cannot take my eye off the Horse-guards," said I; "another sort of a game seems going forward there. Who is that martial-looking devil, that has taken hold of the building, and is shaking the Blues out of it, two by two, like the wooden soldiers of a toy-box?" "That is Pantagruel," replied my conductor; "a vain-glorious, froward boy, *inter nos*, who is fond of the glitter of arms, and the racket of drums. He amuses himself with frippery, reviews, and playing tawdry figures, which he calls soldiers. You see he is lugging out the passive puppets, and bedaubing them all over with gilt gingerbread. He has now a whole battalion in his mouth, sliming them over with the masticulated gold-paste there: he opens his mouth wide, and they drop into line." "How finely bedizened, to be sure," cried I, "from head to foot. Where does all the gilt gingerbread come from?" "Why, to tell you the truth," answered the devil, "the substance of it is cribbed from the loaf of every family in the kingdom; and gilt over by several small artists, under the superintendence of Honor and Glory, the State-trumpeter, and Standard-bearer." "Is that Pantagruel's standard-bearer," asked I, "who has seized the pole of the telegraph, and is pinning a blackened sheet upon it?" "Yes, yes," replied Asmodeus; "that is to form the ground-cloth of his glorious banner." "How?" exclaimed I. "Is that the only standard by which so exalted a chieftain is to be distinguished; a golden speech on one side, and a long tailor's bill on the other?" "If you narrowly inspect that burnished inscription," quoth Asmodeus, "you will find every letter of it composed of swords, bayonets, halberds, and other warlike implements; so you see it is quite in character: and as for the letters on the other side, they are formed of pins, needles, aiguillettes, and other necessary appendages of military honor." "Now, show me his trumpeter," said I. "His grand trumpeter," replied Asmodeus, "is not yet come; but will shortly, in all probability, make his appearance, preceded by

General Mourning. On his entrance, Pantagruel starts upon his legs, and kicks the general, very unceremoniously, off the parade: he then seizes upon Westminster-hall and its environs; and having filled them with accoutered dolls, puppets, and fantoccini of all sorts, jingles it about like a child's rattle. The noise of this delights Pantagruel beyond measure; and having muttered a few indistinct sounds, he claps a turretted palace upon his head; the air then rings with shouts, in which we all join by consent, for it is a good old custom; the appointed myrmidons lift up each of them a steeple, and making a hole in it by breaking off a small bit, clap it to their mouths like a trumpet, and blow a loud flourish. Other devils turn domes, and public buildings, upside down; and covering their bottoms with newspapers, as big as the Morning Herald will then be, beat a tattoo upon them, as if they were drums, until the whole air is stunned with the reverberated din made in honour of Pantagruel the First." "I should like very well to witness the show," said I. "Well, I will take care that you shall," answered Asmodeus; "but what engages your attention now?" "I am watching that imp," said I, "who is making such sad work on some of Pantagruel's soldiers, with his shears." "Ah!" said my companion, "that is an economist; he attempts to cut off every redundancy from the pretty little images. He is holding one up in his hand, as a model to Pan, who is ready to cut him up with vexation." "No wonder," said I, "he has lopped every button off his dragoon jacket; and besides, snipt off it's skirts, epaulettes, and spurs." "Was it he," enquired I, "who retrenched the superfluities off that green figure, which is stuck upon the drum-major's baton?" "You mistake a field-marshal for a drum-major," replied he. "If you mean that cadaverous-looking devil, covered all over with citadels, towns, and forts, as military decorations, like an Indian with his teeth and bones, that is the great Munchausen, Gargantua's first field-marshal. He carried in his hand a long staff, composed of ordnance, stuck end to end, headed by a bronze statue, which his mistresses presented to him as a stigma upon his inconstancy. But observe the horse he has ridden, half here, and half there." "What do I see?" cried I: "Can those myriads of human creatures, piled together in squares and columns, be the marshal's horse?" "Yes," quoth Asmodeus, "and a most unmerciful rider Munchausen is, particularly to the loins and hind-quarters, which carry the greater part of him. The poor animal having borne him through a hundred battles, hoped, on the cessation of hostilities, to have its wounds closed; but Munchausen was one of those who thought a divided war-horse best, so he passed his own sword through the healing wound." "Confound him," said I; but I believe he is going to mount again; he is already booted and spurred." "Not unlikely," quoth Asmodeus; "but they will have to join the divided parts of his immortal charger first; for in the present state the hind-legs would turn, and lash at the forepart; and Munchausen must come to the ground." "Can they ever be re-united?" enquired I. "To be sure they can," replied my informer. "A little court-plaister, and some anodynes, would make the horse as strong and as whole as ever. But let him be."

"Now turn your eyes in the direction of Lambeth, which is one of the three-legged stools of which the bench is composed." "Who the

deuce is that ugly non-descript porpus," said I, "that is scraping up with his crook so much butter and honey into his fish-pond; and throwing in every now and then a tithe-pig or two, and such large soppets of hay and standing corn?" * * * * "That is Nolo," said he: "observe how he invests himself, by lifting up the double towers of some cathedral, and clapping them upon his head for a mitre; stripping up a whole *see* of land for a robe; and a large *sheet* of water into the bargain for a rochet; besides several acres of *lawn* for sleeves; after which he sits down quietly on his soft bench, near the head of the table, to the right, waiting for Grace, and assenting to every proposition coming from authority. Observe that gloomy-looking goat, whose horns are sloped backwards, and whose tail is neatly tucked in to escape observation; that is a dissenting devil, named Cant. He refuses to join in our sports, and would persuade us there is no sin or goatishness in him; and all the while he is setting mouse-traps to catch the credulous." "Are those square, unornamented buildings, under his arm, traps?" demanded I. "All of them are," quoth he; "though they seem to be but show-boxes, and licensed caravans, where, for a penny, you may hear a good deal of mummary, and see a great many antics played. But stay; there is a choice one which old Cant is lifting to his eye; it is an octagonal box, furnished with a bigotrifying lens at top." "O! my conscience," cried I; "it is amazingly like the Caledonian chapel." "Look down into it," said he; "do you see that little insect stuck up there, gesticulating, and contorting himself so furiously?" "Poor thing," exclaimed I; "it is a long devil's-needle, or dragon-fly, I should think. Can you possibly amuse yourselves by torturing little insects into such writhing attitudes?" "This is old Cant's favourite amusement," quoth Asmodeus. "He says he never had a black-beetle on a spindle, or a roasted salamander that spun so well, or buzzed so loudly, as that same choice angling fly, small and insignificant as he looks: listen to his humming." I listened; but could catch nothing but Armageddon! Armageddon! at which a multitude of devils clapt their hands, and joyously shouted in chorus.

"Turn your eyes now to the quarter of St. James's," said Asmodeus. "What black-legged devil is that," asked I, "who has lifted off the lid of one of the club-houses?" "Never mind," said my instructor. "Observe the players; a Corinthian and an ecclesiastical order distinguish two; a grand cross the third; and the Jäger is distinguished by a fox's brush in his cap. The dice are human skulls. One plays out of his family sarcophagus; the other out of his own pulpit; the third out of his regimental big-drum; and the fourth out of a huge racing-cup. See, what a transfer there is of manors, halls, livings, and commanderies. They have come to paper-money already; leases, pedigrees, sermons, and commissions, all gone into the devil's exchequer; for you may see club-foot snatching up the stakes as fast as they lay them down; but he has closed them in again, and is going his rounds among his other private banks. He has not far to go. You see, he lifts up another roof, and peeps in." "My hearts!" exclaimed I: "but he must be gratified with what he sees there: those must be a gang of his undertakers and resurrection-men?" "Those are our rouge et noir and écarté players," observed the

devil. "They card-players!" cried I; "why it is flat tomb-stones they hold in their claws. I read distinctly on one, 'Here lies a beloved mother.' On another, 'Beneath are deposited the remains of a wretched father.' On a third I see, 'To the memory of a broken-hearted wife.' There is not one of those cards, as you call them, but records the melancholy fate of some poor victim of affection and despair. Nay, I see 'Suicide' written plainly on half the pack." "You are quite right," said my conductor; "and if you look at the players, you will find they are playing for ropes, daggers, vials, pistols, chains, and gibbets; and that they score with death's heads and bones." Oh! what a scowling set of visages were there; what gnashing of their teeth, and beating of their brows, along with such horrid exultation. Surely Dante and Milton must have drawn their appalling images of hell's inmates from some such scene as this. "These sports of old Club-foot," continued Asmodeus, "have become so fashionable among us high-born demons, as to drive love, laughter, and harmless gallantry, to the vulgar, low-bred imps, who too frequently pervert them into lust and brutality; but our most potent, grave, and reverend seniors, have no other excitement but these same games of skulls and tomb-stones." * * * * "Yes," said I, "I was shocked with that last scene of havoc; and to divert myself, I have turned to the Opera-house, which a grotesque devil has turned upside-down, and is peeping into from the pit." "'Tis he of the magic-lanterns," quoth Asmodeus, "called Drama. Look into his phantasmagoria. It presents, from this side, rows of variegated light and splendour equalling the colours of the prism." "Now I look the other way," interrupted I, "what beautiful dancing dolls I behold; how supple in their movements, and how ærial in their attire." "Dolls!" ejaculated he; "those are the Ysoldes, the Armidas, and the Dulcineas of our great Lords and renowned Paladins. Drama has a number of show-boxes, where they come constantly to take a survey, and where each may select his Sylphs and Syrens at all prices; but the usual price is now a coronet, a gold or silver ball, or an ingot of bullion." * * * "Now look at that other box of his, on which a prodigious lobster-looking devil sits chewing beet radishes and carrots, the refuse of Covent Garden."—"I recognise Zamiel," said I; "how poor he must be to feed on such fare." "So much the better," rejoined this patron of farce and comedy; "Drama lent him his box some time ago, and he joined with other Fairies, Punchinellos, and Farrago-devils to exclude my masks; but he is turned out himself by Oberon and his fairy band, and so, in revenge, he sits on the outside of the box, interrupting the music within, by still singing out his hunting chorus. Not far off you may descry another show-box of the great Drama's, lent likewise for a season to a brother, friend Mephistophiles; there he sits cross-legged, with his thread-bare coat and soiled buskins. I am told by On-dits that he has been laid up in Limbo lately, and has been trying a number of dirty tricks to outvie his neighbour, but all to no purpose. I will now show you a favourite little box of Drama's which I patronize in the Haymarket; I but clapt a comical phiz on a bantling of my own, and sending him down under the title of his maternal ancestor, Paulus Priapus, he made rare fun for all the devils, big and little." "I see another motley fellow," said I, "who has clapt seven

or eight exhibition-rooms together, and is whirling them about at a fine rate." "That is Rama," quoth Asmodeus, "Drama's younger brother; he has constructed a kaleidoscope, and if you look in you will see the pictures revolving like bits of stained glass, and other trumpery, from one compartment to another, good and bad mixed together, without discrimination, forming, nevertheless, a pleasing medley, ever varying, yet still the same." "Is that the Diorama now raised to his eye?" "It is," replied he, "that is his Camera lucida, on the invention of which he very justly prides himself; he lays it down and takes up other varieties of optical machines." "I see in his hands Panoramas of all sorts," said I; "but what is that immense round cylinder in Regent's Park, which he is polishing up?" "That," answered Asmodeus, "is a new pocket-telescope, which will enable us to see invisible objects twenty miles round about at one glance!" "Well!" cried I, "Rama seems to be a good-natured, ingenious devil in his way. I should like to see all his sights, if not too dear." "We have no time to lose," said the Devil on two Sticks; "so turn your face in the contrary direction, and look towards the Mayoralty House and Guildhall." "Who is he," cried I, "that is whirling and shuffling them backwards and forwards in that manner?" "That is Grandgousier, the demon of gluttony," answered Asmodeus; "those are nothing more than his *mace*-box and nutmeg-grater, in which he grinds his spices and other groceries; he is preparing his seasoning for a feast. Observe, he has enclosed a large patch of the River from Westminster to Blackfriars for a tureen, besides the London Docks and several smaller basins, for sauce-bowls and side dishes. Now remark, in goes the gilt ladle with the seasoning, along with innumerable little butter-boats and wooden spoons." "What!" cried I, "you do not mean the barges filled with the city regalia, the launches, sculls, and funnies of our once gay Thames?" "Yes but I do, though," cried Asmodeus, "and if you attend you may see Grandgousier has scooped up a large ladle full of turtles, oysters, sprats, mackarel, and white-bait from the bottom of the River, and is going to swallow them all at one mouthful." "Heavens!" exclaimed I, "what a paunch! it is as large as the Egyptian Hall, the scum actually runs over on both sides his mouth, disfiguring his fine scarlet robes." "I cannot stay," said my guide, "to point out to you the sweepings of Smithfield, that go into Grandgousier's porringer; but just peep into that richly ornamented tea-caddy, in Leadenhall Street." "I see it," returned I; "but it smells more like Pandora's box than a canister of genuine aromatic tea." "No wonder," rejoined my informant, "since that long-armed fellow there, Great Co, old Monopoly's biggest son, is cramming in thistles as fast as he can at home, while his servants abroad send him home little else but jungle, stockade, and the decayed vegetables of cholera morbus, which are but bad produce for making good tea. You see the large China slop-bowls, in which his tough old tea-stalks float?" "You mean the East India Docks?" "I do; Gigantic Co will one day have to drain up all that slush instead of the strong Hyson he now drinks; and not one of those floating fragments but he will be glad to chew and mash up piecemeal for food, after which he may sell his China bowl for more useful purposes, or go begging in it till it breaks, for what I or any other honest devil cares."

"I am looking," cried I, "at that huge Ogre, a thousand cubits high at least, and every cubit marked with an A.D.; his lower members being well defined, but the upper bearing the appearance of a mummy with hieroglyphics and illegible characters." "That," explained my instructor, "is the great monster Press, one of the surviving sons of old Time, who escaped smothering; every limb of his is a giant in itself, and he is composed of portents, hydras, serpents, and dragons, severally called, in human dialect, tradition, history, poetry, and romance. He does the work of all factions, and it is a pity, for he is a useful Hercules to the oppressed. Watch him now." At this moment the prodigy seized Waterloo Bridge in one hand, and laying the Monument across it, like a bow and arrow, let fly at the ball and cross upon St. Paul's. The bolt passed by the dome, but came clattering down into the Common-council Room in Guildhall, tearing down much of the moulding and the decorations of that splendid chamber. "Faith," said I, "they cannot do better than Macadamize it for their bridges, now that it is in their way, and tumbled from its base! but that is a formidable sharp-shooter to take them so unawares." "That is a signal for general confusion," observed Asmodeus. "The opposite party are incensed at this outrage against the Metropolitan church and Town-hall. They assail him with all kinds of weapons, but chiefly with steeples; you may see by this time fifty of them sticking in his envelopments, like so many bodkins; many of which cannot be pulled out again by their wielders." "He has no feeling then," said I; why do they not attack him in the legs?" "Because he kicks so furiously and indiscriminately," answered Asmodeus; "for every steeple raised against him, he has crushed with his hob-nails an aisle, a nave, or a set of *knaves* about the church or vestry. The major devils themselves have suspended awhile their chess-men, toy-shows, their dice, and their cards, to join in the fray. Old Doubtcellor, girding himself round about with woolsacks more impenetrable than the stoutest armour, is pelting his adversary on one side with huge rolls of statutes and reports, enough to half smother him. But Press, lifting up several large ink-stands in the Strand, is bespattering him sadly with ink and sand. Pantagruel, rising with an oath, endeavours to shield his friend, by interposing his flag, and like Pinnador in the bull fight, to scare the unruly monster, by waving it in view; but he only maddens Press the more, and receives some of the black vitriol upon his finery. Munchausen mounted upon his half-horse in a side-saddle, is cannonading him in the rear with six-act pounders, out of his long-barrelled blower; but old Press's doe-skins are proof against his puny efforts; with a single back-cast he has jerked so much sand into Munchausen's mouth, that he has no mind to open it again for a while." Such a scene of demolition now took place as is scarce conceivable; most edifices, public or private, received a shock from one or other of Press's contending legs; several of them coming smash down at once from the concussion. Many of the great Diavolos received knocks and bangs from the huge monster, which caused great laughter and delight among the little imps, who enjoyed the sport like boys at a scramble, few of them failing to pick up some of the tags and shreds, which fell from their superiors. I was curious to know what Gargantua, their ruler, was doing during all this dire turmoil, and I could not forbear asking Asmodeus. "He is doing nothing at

this moment," answered Asmodeus, "only keeping out of the way of both parties, whom he equally fears; but here is a small prospective telescope, by which a partial glimpse of the future may be had, but I warn you, we must descend from our present elevation, and so shorten our excursion, if you wish to see Gargantua's minute occupations." "No matter," said I, "only let me see him at work." We accordingly dropt down to a quiet corner, midway between St. James's and Hyde Park, away from the bustle of the contending powers, and on looking through the opera-glass, I saw, as large as life, several architects turning steeples and pinnacles topsy turvy, or piling them one upon another; forming a new order with domes reversed, and stuck like hour-glasses together; surrounded by innumerable vases, candlesticks, and extinguishers, made out of cupolas, towers, and belfries; such a jumble was never seen, and I could not help exclaiming, "Gramercy! they will not have enough of materials to build new churches, or to repair the old ones." As I looked farther on, I saw old Time coming to repair the mischief his children had done; with one fell sweep of his scythe, he levelled all these architectural buildings to the ground. As the sand in his glass was very nearly out, I saw him lift several rows of new houses, and scrape off their cement to replenish it. *****

———— I know not, but for myself, I am conscious of having fallen from a great height, and of having reached the ground with a start, that made me look about me; figure to yourself my surprise on finding myself lying on the floor beside my arm chair. ————— * * * *

V.

DICTIONARIES OF QUOTATIONS.*

WE have long been of Swift's opinion, that a book is governed and turned by its index, as a fish is by its tail; and we have consequently been in the habit of regarding the index-makers with the kindest and most grateful feelings, reverencing the very scissars which they wield in their manual occupation. But although an "Index verborum" is abundantly sufficient to make us acquainted with any given author, still, for the general purposes of quotation, every one must have felt its defectiveness. For, unless you happen to know that a particular writer has said something fine upon a particular subject, you may pore yourself blind over a score of indexes, and be after all obliged to content yourself with the barren aridity of your own thoughts, and your own language. Unspeakably great, therefore, is our gratitude to Mr. Macdonnel, and to the "Author of the Peerage and Baronetage Charts," and we do not scruple to assert that no individuals have deserved so well of the literary world, since the time of that walking dictionary of proverbs, the illustrious Sancho Panza.

The chief imperfection of Mr. Macdonnel's work is its arrangement; with respect to which, we, to a certain extent, concur in the observation made by the "Author of the Peerage and Baronetage Charts," in his preface to the quotations from Shakspeare: "that the plan of

* 1. A Dictionary of Quotations, in most frequent use, taken chiefly from the Latin and French, but comprising many from the Greek, Spanish, and Italian languages, translated into English. By D. E. Macdonnel, Esq., of the Middle Temple.

2. A Dictionary of Quotations from the British Poets. By the Author of the Peerage and Baronetage Charts, &c. &c. &c.

placing the quotations alphabetically, according to their initial letters, which can only afford a reference to passages already known, can be of little service in a work, the object of which is to point out opposite illustrations of particular subjects, and thus to spare the reader (or writer) the trouble of research into a variety of authors." The plan adopted by the "Author, &c." of classing them under their respective heads, is unquestionably preferable. While we are on the subject of merits, we may as well remark, that Mr. Macdonnel, in his Latin quotations, has most unaccountably omitted "*Ibam forte viâ sacrâ,*" &c., which an ingenious translator happily renders

As I once walked through the churchyard of St. Paul,
And as I was thinking of nothing at all.

It is equally strange that the "Author of the Peerage and Baronetage Charts," should have excluded from his Shakspearian quotations "There's no such thing;" the conciseness, emphasis, and general utility of which can never be sufficiently admired. This latter omission is the more to be regretted, because certain unblushing persons are in the habit of appropriating the phrase as their own, and using it without the legitimate acknowledgment of a "hem" in speaking, or inverted commas in writing.

The dear, captivating, inverted commas! What would an epigram, a studiously familiar epistle, a review, or an essay be without them? How could a bel-esprit sparkle without an occasional scrap from Tully or Ovid? Who would deprive a bluestocking of Tassô, or a spouter of election-words of "the immortal bard?" The uninitiated imagine that quotations are mere embellishments, or at the most illustrations; which, occurring spontaneously at the moment, are employed to relieve the monotony of an unbroken narrative. This is a grand mistake. The quotations are the essentials; the rest is but a vehicle for them. They are the jewels: the rest is but the setting. Many a folio page has been penned for the laudable purpose of introducing a few lines of Latin;—many a conversation has been started, and pursued with toil and anxiety through all its devious windings, for the sake of one of these elaborate impromptus.

It has been well observed, that when a man wishes to be particularly impressive, he generally borrows the words of that language, of which himself and his auditors are most ignorant. There is admirable sound sense in this. A few words of Latin, or of Greek, which is better still smartly twanged off, not sneaking out like a drawling schoolboy's lesson, but pronounced with an assured poluphloisbolic tone, will gain a man more approbation, than if he had discovered the system of gravitation, or had written the "*Novum Organon.*" Those who understand, necessarily applaud, as in so doing they applaud their own intelligence;—those who do not, applaud, that they may seem to understand. Nay, even a little French may enact wonders in this way; as may be testified by all who have frequented our French Theatre, and witnessed its boisterous mirth:—the stunning peals of laughter which invariably greet the facetious "comment," "*dites-moi,*" or "*bon jour.*" And it is not merely the quoter's erudition which is admired, but his depth of observation also. If, for instance, he were to say, that death is indiscriminate in its ravages; or that it is a wise child that knows its own father; his hearers might possibly conceive that there was nothing very ingenious or profound in the remark. But let him exclaim,

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede, &c.

OR—

Οὐ γὰρ πῶ τις ἐὼν γόνυον αὐτοῦ ἀνέγνω.

and at once the dead language gives life to the sentiment.

As an auxiliary in argument a quotation is irresistible ; it is worth a score of syllogisms, a perfect sorites in itself. We cannot better illustrate this, than by a story of the celebrated B. It happened one day that the beau was in want of money. Now it occurred to his mind that Lord This, and Sir Thomas That, were frequently in the habit of saying, "I am going into the city to day," and whenever they were asked "for what?" the invariable answer was, "for money." So, he ordered his carriage, and told the coachman to drive into the city. When he arrived at the Mansion House, having ascertained that he *was* in the city, he left his carriage, and strolled about, expecting every minute that the merchants and bankers would throng around him and cram his pockets with bank-notes. While thus sauntering, he was unfortunately pushed by a coal-heaver against one of those Naiads, who make Billingsgate their chosen haunt. The nymph resented the supposed insult. She was Irish ; possessed of powerful lungs, much native eloquence, and a flow of ideas, rather remarkable for strength than delicacy ; her phraseology was adorned with the choicest flowers from the banks of the Thames. She assumed that graceful attitude, which is peculiarly recommended to female orators, vulgarly called "arms a-kimbo," and let loose upon the offender the whole torrent of her tongue ; loading him with every vituperative epithet that a rich fancy, and long rhetorical experience could suggest. The beau stood aghast ;—he felt, however, that the moment was critical. The mob, which had hitherto grinned, was on the point of booing ; and the lady seemed preparing to enforce her arguments with the contents of her fish-basket. His good genius most providentially appeared in the shape of "*Propria quæ maribus*;"—it was all the Latin he knew, and with it he assailed his foe. The effect was electrical ; "*divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo ; virorum*," came upon her like a thunder-clap ;—she stared, faltered, whimpered, cried down-right, and slunk away, swearing, "by the powers," she had not had such hard words since she sold flounders.

In the days of Swift and Steele, natural thoughts, expressed in natural language, were considered essential to good writing, and good conversation. A simple opinion prevailed, that people wrote for the purpose of communicating something new and interesting ; and conversed for the benefit of mutual information. This idea is now justly exploded. We write, to create a sensation ;—we talk, to shine. But every one is not so highly gifted as the lady in the fairy-tale, who never opened her mouth, but pearls and diamonds came pouring from it ; nor are we all endowed with the happy Johnsonian talent, of imparting to nothings the solemn dignity of oracles.

But then we can quote. No matter how homely the thought ; a quotation, like the sauce in the "*Almanach des Gourmands*," that would enable a man to eat his own proper father, will make it go down. Who need despair when he can prescribe for the hiccough from Plato ;—when, upon hearing a sneeze, he can transform the nurse's "God bless you" into the *Ζεὺς σῴζων* of the Anthology ; when he can dignify a flitch of bacon with the language of Juvenal—

Sicci terga suis, rarâ pendentia crate ;

when he has, "*Putres concresecere fungos*," from Virgil, for, a thief in the candle ; and, "As one who in his journey baits at noon," from Milton, to immortalize a feed of corn ?

What an intellectual receipt-book then is a dictionary of quotations ? How many highly-talented individuals will it relieve from the perplexing alternative, of either wading through heaps of books, without the remotest chance of understanding them, or decking their own language with inverted commas ; and thus passing off their own indigenous weeds for exotics ! It is true, that the fabrication of quotations has, in some few instances, been practised with success, more especially in deliberative assemblies. The turbulent Cardinal De Retz furnishes us, in his *Memoirs*, with a most striking instance of the kind. In one of the stormy debates, which took place in the parliament of Paris, during the heat of the "*Fronde*," the cardinal's enemies had, by a violent and well-concerted attack, almost overpowered him. His popularity, and all the ambitious projects that he built upon it, tottered ; nothing but a quotation, or something resembling one, could save him,—"*Quelque chose court mais curieux*," as he himself expresses it. But, from the embarrassment of his situation, his memory failed him, and he was obliged to coin a little Latin for the occasion, as pure and classical as the time would allow. "*Je fis un passage d'un Latin le plus pour et le plus approchant des anciens qui fût en mon pouvoir*." The passage, "*court mais curieux*," has been preserved by Guy Joli ; and, as it was tolerably correct, and pronounced with the twang of erudition, it succeeded admirably.*

But to return to Mr. Macdonnel.—We have above stated our objection to the arrangement of his work ; and we strongly recommend such a new-modelling as may bring it more within the reach of the great body of the writing and quoting public. Not that it is, by any means, useless in its present shape, to those who understand the mystery of quoting in perfection, and know that a similarity of sound may often supply the place of relevancy of sense. This nicety appears to have been fully comprehended by a late learned editor of *Blackstone's Commentaries*. For example—the commentator having laid it down as a general principle, that, in a free state, "soldiers should live intermixed with the people ; and that no separate camp, no barracks, no inland fortresses, should be allowed ;" the editor, in a note, combats so liberal a doctrine. He insists that lawless mobs

* The annals of the British Parliament afford a yet more remarkable instance of the success of this manœuvre :—"Lord Belgrave (now the Earl of Grosvenor) having clenched a speech in the House of Commons with a long Greek quotation ; Sheridan, in reply, admitted the force of the quotation so far as it went ; 'but,' said he, 'had the noble lord proceeded a little further and completed the passage, he would have seen that it applied the other way.' Sheridan then spouted something, ore rotundo, which had all the *ais, ois, ous, kou, and kos's*, that give the world assurance of a Greek quotation ; upon which Lord Belgrave, very promptly and handsomely, complimented the honourable member on his readiness of recollection, and frankly admitted, that the continuation of the passage had the tendency ascribed to it by Sheridan, and that he had overlooked it at the moment when he gave his quotation. On the breaking up of the House, Fox, who piqued himself on having some Greek, went up to Sheridan and asked him : 'Sheridan, how came you to be so ready with that passage ; it certainly is as you say, but I was not aware of it before you quoted it ?' It is unnecessary to observe, that there was no Greek at all in Sheridan's impromptu."—*Westminster Review*.—No. IX. Art. "*Moore's Life of Sheridan*."

are the "most formidable enemy which the people of England has to dread; and that care ought to be taken that soldiers may never become familiar with the people in great towns, lest they should be more inclined to join than to quell a riot." These were startling propositions, and required the authority of a great name, and a little Latin, to make them pass current. The learned professor had heard, no doubt, that Tacitus was a fine genius; so to Tacitus he had recourse; and finding a sentence containing the words "arma," and "armis," he thought he could not be wrong, and forthwith appended it to his note—"Nam neque quies gentium sine armis, neque arma sine stipendiis, neque stipendia sine tributis haberi queunt."

The quotation, it is true, would have been as applicable to a public-house, with the sign of the King's arms: but see the force of Latin! it has remained unquestioned through fifteen editions; and doubtless many an aspiring young gentleman at the bar regards Tacitus, if not as the first of historians, at least as the first of barrack-masters.

ELECTIONEERING.

THIS being the time when rival candidates make their septennial bow; and when old members render their septennial account to their constituents of the manner in which they have emptied their pockets, and request leave to be allowed to perform the same office for seven years more, we have thought it our duty to our parliamentary readers, to take into serious consideration, the cost and value of a seat in parliament; the most approved methods of procuring one; and the way to turn it to the best account.

I.—THE COST AND VALUE OF A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT.

The value of seats, like that of any other article of traffic, rises and falls according to the relative proportion between the supply and the demand. Three or four thousand pounds is, we believe, the usual price of a seat for a whole parliament; the buyer, of course, risking the length of time the parliament will last. We have heard, however, of a class of buyers who prefer certainty, and bargain for a seat at about one thousand pounds the session. A thousand a-year, then, is the value of a seat to the proprietor. Now it is evident, that no man will lay out his capital without the assurance of getting it back with interest. If the business in which the capital is vested, be disagreeable or odious; if it demand talent or trouble; the capitalist will invariably require a much greater return than the highest legal rate of interest. Will any man employ his capital in a profession that requires him to keep late hours and bad company; to be the obsequious tool of his superiors; to do every kind of dirty work; and incur the odium of every honest man; for a return upon his outlay of five per cent.? certainly not. Twenty-five per cent. is probably below the terms of the most moderate expectant. For performing the duties attached to a seat, the buyer cannot charge less than twenty-five per cent., which, with the original outlay, will amount to one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds per annum; and this sum,

multiplied by eight hundred, gives exactly one million pounds sterling.

This calculation is founded on the supposition, that the purchaser has no connexion, no interest; and merely talent sufficient to find his way through Parliament-street, and discriminate the proper side of the Speaker's chair. Such a low rate of calculation, however, would be highly derogatory to the merit of honourable gentlemen, many of whom manage to pick up a very pretty fortune in a few years; while others, in a still less period, show such shining talents, and have performed such extraordinary services, to the state, that it is impossible they can ever be adequately rewarded. Some trifling attempts are certainly made in the shape of offices, sinecures, pensions, &c. to these patriotic individuals; and their children and relatives are not always forgotten: but what is this in comparison with the services performed? A gentleman who shows a pretty talent for jobbing, (and Providence has blessed us with many such,) gets far a-head of his duller companion; cent. per cent. is his motto, and the lowest return he can conscientiously receive. Useful as jobbing may be to the possessor of that interesting art, still more useful is it to be capable of speaking any length of time on any subject; to ring, with elegant vehemence, the most novel changes upon our glorious constitution, holy religion, democratical encroachment, and revolutionary incendiaries; to pen a puff upon a potential personage, or a patriotic philippic against the lower orders. Such a man is invaluable—three hundred per cent. is hardly the extent of his conscience. But if a man possess that all-comprehensive quality, “interest,” in addition to the other qualifications, he is most invaluable, most patriotic, and his conscience, deservedly, has no bounds.

Leaving two hundred “gentlemen opposite” out of the question, who may not be holding sinecures just at present, we shall have means of correcting our calculation, which will stand thus:—

150	Gentlemen who only divide, at 1,000 <i>l.</i> and 25 per cent. interest per ann.	£ 187,500
150	ditto who job, at ditto, and 100 per cent. ditto.....	300,000
150	ditto who spout, write, and job, at 300 per cent.	600,000
150	ditto who have “interest,” and every other qualification, at } ditto, and 1,000 <i>l.</i> per cent.	1,650,000
200	ditto opposite

Total cost of the honourable House, £ 2,737,500

We shall still hazard another calculation, upon a principle different from either of the former. The expenditure of France is about twenty-four millions; the expenditure of England is about thirty millions, all charges on account of *debt*, *poor-rates*, and the *church*, being omitted. France contains twice the population of this country; therefore, one-half of its expenditure deducted from the whole expenditure of England, will leave eighteen millions in favour of the legislators of this country. Were we so avaricious as to treat our government as they do in France, we could, of course, be ruled at the rate of twelve millions per annum, as well as they; but our manly spirit is above such contemptible behaviour; we do things liberally, as is befitting the most moral, religious, and free nation; and pay for government twice as much as any continental state. Assuming two-thirds of this extra payment as the sole reward of the Collective Wisdom, 15,000*l.*, the eight hundredth part of it, will

form the average of each member; and supposing that some members do not receive anything, the shares of the rest will be proportionably increased. Desirous of sparing the modesty of true patriotism, we have considerably understated the amount received, by taking a part as the whole, and instituting a comparison with the most expensive continental government. Yet how greatly does our own shine by the comparison. The amount comes out of our pockets indeed; but we ought to esteem it an honour, that we are enabled to become the feeble instruments of rewarding a galaxy of immaculate wisdom and probity, the like of which the world has not hitherto beheld. Few persons will be bold enough to deny the unrivalled principle of the immortal Burke, that the sums paid by a people for taxation, visit them again in fertilizing showers, and diffuse plenty and happiness around. How grateful ought we to be to those who pursue such principles! how earnestly should we pray that they would double their demands!

II.—THE BEST METHOD OF PROCURING A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT.

The quietest and most comfortable method of getting into Parliament is to purchase a seat, which can be done at any time in half an hour, without any trouble beyond signing a check. This mode we should recommend to infirm elderly gentlemen, and to those who have sufficient political influence already, and require a seat for the sake of form. Gentlemen who wish to become public characters would do well to pursue a different course. In the first place we would recommend them to look out for one of those boroughs which so much abound in this happy island, and which constitute the soundest part of its constitution. These boroughs are of two kinds—the one is composed of a few dozen independent voters, the property of one person, who returns any member he chooses: the other, of as many freemen, who make a practice of selling themselves and their country at the moderate rate of 5*l.* a-head. The business having been previously concluded by a seat-broker in the usual manner, the next point is to address the electors. The following form will suit most occasions:—

To the Worthy, Enlightened, and Independent Electors of the Town of Rottenborough.

“Gentlemen,—In standing forward for the honour of representing your populous and independent borough in Parliament, I am actuated solely by a desire to promote the public welfare. Altogether independent in my principles, shackled by no interest or party, it will be the object of my most unceasing exertions to preserve untouched the venerable fabric of our ancient and glorious constitution, to preserve immaculate our holy religion, and to secure and extend the rights and privileges so long enjoyed by your independent borough. Actuated invariably by principles like these, which I am persuaded are entirely in unison with your own, I do not make the slightest doubt of being immediately returned by your unanimous suffrages.

“I have, &c.

“N.B. Mr. ——’s committee sit daily at the Fox and Goose to take measures for securing refreshments for the electors.”

The address should be circulated for some time through the newspapers. A little before the public entry a proper quantity of porter

and gin should be distributed by the candidate's committee, which may be constituted of his butler and the keeper of the public-house. Orders should then be given to the worthy electors to take off their horses and supply their place: with special instructions to bawl out constantly, — *for ever! — and liberty! — and independence!* intermingling them with exclamations of *No Popery! Constitution for ever! Down with the Catholics! Damn the Reformers!* Should the electors be too few to go through this process creditably, a few bottles of gin will readily procure a reinforcement from the mob.

When the electors have proved themselves worthy of their privilege by imitating indifferently the actions of his beasts; when their hero is deaf with their drunken bellowing, and tired of being dragged about, he ought to think of commencing his intended oration, having taken care to bespeak a sufficient quantity of *huzzas, bravos, and hear hears*, at the conclusion of every sentence of the harangue.

“Gentlemen,—Your spirited conduct on this occasion has touched me to the very heart, and I must be permitted to say that it does equal credit to your probity and understanding. Gentlemen, when I see around me so numerous, so respectable, and so independent a body of British electors, I feel the great responsibility of the situation I have just been placed in, and this feeling, believe me, will be ever on the increase, and will constantly direct my public actions. Gentlemen, after the great honour you have conferred upon me, I am sure I should not be doing justice to you or to myself if I did not at length inform you of my political sentiments. I have been, gentlemen, and will continue to be, the warm supporter of the government, the church, and the state. I have conscientiously supported his Majesty's ministers on most occasions, but never have I scrupled to oppose them when my interest and feelings prompted me to do so. Although our glorious constitution has been attacked by wicked and designing men; although wild, visionary, and speculative enthusiasts have attempted to undermine it by principles that may be true, but are utterly unsuited to the present state of society, I will stand firm as a rock upon its immutable basis, and set their radical rapacity at defiance. It shall never be said of me that I preferred the wild visions of theory to the sober maxims of prudence and experience. The philosophers and theorists may try to reason us out of the advantages attendant upon our glorious constitution; never, gentlemen, never while I am honoured with your support, shall they make their vile inroads into your noble constitution, which at present stands upon the broad basis of liberty—inroads which, if once tolerated, would, like a mountain torrent, soon join a stream which will sweep away every thing which a Protestant holds dear. Our holy religion, gentlemen,—yes, our holy religion, the offspring of so many divine and human laws, has become the object of their profane attacks; our clergy, the victims of their sacrilegious contempt. At the glorious Revolution the Protestant religion became a part of the Constitution of these realms; our laws and religion are inseparably united, and never will I permit them to be rent asunder. In conclusion, gentlemen, allow me to remark that I am proud to follow in the steps of those who stemmed the overwhelming torrent of revolution and anarchy which threatened us, who stood unappalled in the midst of the most terrific danger, and who finally triumphed over all the enemies of the country.”

A few speeches in this style will make a good commencement for a person desirous of becoming a public character: but great care must be taken that they appear in all the papers of the day. This may be easily effected by arguments of a similar nature with those which ensured the success of the election.

The faithful representative now retires from the field of victory; and the arduous duties he is entrusted with do not permit him to visit it again, till the next general election comes round; and in all probability he will see it no more, if a seat can be procured elsewhere on more reasonable terms.

III.—THE METHOD OF TURNING A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT TO THE BEST ACCOUNT.

Having purchased a seat in Parliament, the next thing to be considered is, how you may ensure the greatest return on the capital laid out. The proper side of the House of course is to be selected, and though you may not be able to say two words of common sense, you can always vote. Be unremitting in your attention and civilities to the powers that be; be punctual in answering the division bell; and, above all things, vote invariably on the right side. Your conduct will soon be noticed with approbation, and you may at last pluck up courage sufficient to observe that your eldest son Thomas is a young man of good abilities, and would willingly employ them in the service of his Majesty's administration, hinting at the same time that there is a vacancy in a particular office, for which he is certainly most peculiarly qualified. Being recognised in course of time as a thorough-going friend, it will be in your power to make yourself useful in a thousand little ways, and your merits will not assuredly be without their reward. Patronage and promotion will visit your relatives, and you will sink into some snug situation, with the satisfaction of seeing yourself and family, by the blessing of Providence, permanently provided for at the national expence. If you are also a neat hand at a job, your reward will be proportionally greater; but if in addition to this you can cut a dash in the House, vilify the Catholics, abuse the Reformers, and keep up the farce cleverly with gentlemen opposite, there is no saying how far your profits may extend. It is a speculation that has often succeeded admirably, especially with lawyers, to purchase a seat and oppose the ministry. If this opposition be conducted with boldness and talent the opponent's voice is sure to be bought for something handsome at no distant period.

A gentleman, when he has bought a seat which he desires to make the utmost advantage of, will, if prudent, act upon the principle that nothing is to be got in Parliament or elsewhere unless something be given in return. Of the different "interests" there assembled he must procure the support of as many as possible, by giving them his support, and the difficulty only lies in procuring the greatest number of supporters without incurring the loss of any on account of his being connected with the rest.

The advantages of representation in a private point of view are also very great. If you are engaged in loans, jobs, mercantile speculations, or joint stock schemes, a wide field of profit is opened in the shape of contracts, favors, and support; and the industrious member may pick

up a good deal by passing private bills of his own, or by supporting the private bills of others; not to mention the privilege of franking, and the agreeable feeling of being free from arrest.

He who has a great command of ready money cannot do better than purchase half-a-dozen seats, which he may retail to the ministry or keep in his own hands, as may seem most expedient. There are not many things that will be denied by an administration to a gentleman possessing such an argument as this. Indeed, no person can possess great means of helping himself, without he or his connexions possess this kind of influence, or without he take care to please those who do. Seats are, therefore, deservedly esteemed the summum-bonum, and those high families who possess the majority, possess, of course, the greatest power. The government is necessarily centered in these families. They generally perform the work by deputies, who are discharged from their places when their conduct does not please their masters. The masters themselves occasionally quarrel and split into parties, each desiring the government to be in its own hands. The party that outvotes the other, is the conqueror; its efforts are unremitting to make hay when the sun shines, and to keep out its rivals, who are as indefatigable in trying to get in. Sometimes, therefore, it becomes a nice point to discover which party you may most profitably attach yourself to.

Some gentlemen, who have nothing better to do with their time and money, spend both in electioneering, a species of gambling which is more entertaining, perhaps, than rouge et noir, and almost as intellectual as horse-racing. It must, no doubt, be highly inspiring to a well-educated Englishman to have the power of making election speeches to a mob ten days successively—to have bands of music in his pay—heading a mob of porter-sodden and gin-stricken adherents, also in his pay—bawling, swearing, squabbling, and fighting, in special honour of himself:—to see a whole district in an uproar, of which he is the happy cause; to make enemies of half his friends and acquaintance, to run an even chance of losing the election, with the certainty of losing much, if not the whole, of his fortune besides. Those who have thousands to throw away, may find it amusing to lend themselves to be the tools of innkeepers, who pit them against each other that they may spend freely; but the politician, who has an eye to his own interest, will not engage in a contested election, unless he be under the certainty of a profitable return. It is certainly desirable to be able to boast of "my constituents," and it is often useful to get petitions signed, and an outcry raised, for one's own ends; but all this, when managed properly, does not require many "constituents."

"SMILES AND TEARS" OF IRISH FACTION.

Dublin, June 12, 1826.

Love and unanimity make other states happy: hatred and discord constitute the genuine elements of Irish felicity. The slightest remission in the operation of these moral causes of factious enjoyment is felt throughout the country as an intolerable evil, and every person, in such cases, complains of the dullness of the times, and pines away in

the hectic of mental inactivity. Nothing, indeed, can be more hostile to that healthy concussion of the passions in which Pat so much delights as one of those unwelcome intrusions of peace; for, bred up in an arena of controversy, and accustomed to all kinds of strife, he cannot now brook the monotony of a moment's repose. Pugnacious by nature, his innate propensities to contention have been fully developed by the circumstances in which he has been placed, so that it might be fairly doubted, whether any other system than that under which he writhes, or any other food than that on which he starves, would be suited to his present temperament and condition. Both afford him the luxury of constant complaint; but their habit has rendered him really partial to the "murphys," and he finds a melancholy amusement in clanking his "chains." Born an "injured man," as he prides himself on being considered, he thinks, and with some reason, that he ought to be at arms with the world, and accordingly brandishes everlastingly his tongue or his "shillelah," against some real or imaginary foe. From the cradle to the grave, the priest and the parson contend for the possession of his soul, as the landlord and the tithe-proctor press for the fruits of his toil. Thus formed, a politician and a polemic, in his own defence he exercises the duplicity of both sciences in defeating the intentions of his instructors. His soul he will not let be saved by any man but the priest, and the tenth sheaf he will have along with the other nine if he can. Still hatred is the main spring of his actions, just as it is in most instances with his superiors. They will not let him count his "beads" or go to heaven his own way, but tease him with tracts and puzzle him with scripture, all which he as strictly resists. "You are a traitor," says one; "you are a rebel," says another; "you are an indolator," cries a third; three characters which he would sooner unite in his person than receive one word of advice from his suspected directors. They hate him for his obstinacy, and he hates them for their officiousness. Between them they produce that "*concor discordia rerum*," by which the state of Irish society may perhaps be best defined.

Within a short period, numerous instances of the manner in which these antagonizing principles of discord operate on the country, have occurred: a few only shall be selected. The Marquis Wellesley's government, from its commencement, was peculiarly adapted to elicit the symptoms of this national disease; for while it sought to conciliate the animosities of all, it satisfied the wishes of none. Too much your man of prudence, he could look upon things with both eyes open, and manipulate the scales of Justice without touching the beam. To such impartial treatment the people were strangers; and while he would preserve a balance between rival parties, each complained of being a loser in the equitable adjustment of their claims. As if, however, commiserating the melancholy state of feeling to which the wisdom of his councils had reduced his enemies, he seemed at length determined, by his marriage with Mrs. Paterson, to give them some feasible apology for indulging in a part of vituperation. The lady being a Roman Catholic, and an American, was, as a matter of course, an object of Popish respect, and of Orange contempt; feelings which are always found in proportionate intensity to each other. The violence, therefore, of faction, burst forth on the occasion,

as if it had acquired additional strength during the period of its late restraint. The drawing-room and the saloon accordingly resounded with the invective of ribald jest on his Excellency's imputed foible; and the accusations were answered on the other side, by the effusions of joy and approbation. "He is too old to marry," says the Orangeman; "he is only sixty-five," replies the Papist, "and in excellent preservation." "Yes! but his complexion is artificial," rejoins the one. "It is the natural erubescence of health," exclaims the other. "He should not unite himself to a Papist," insists the rallying votary of ascendancy. "But he has a right to please himself in a wife, you will admit," returns the triumphant vindicator of the religion of the people; "and an Irish viceroy, to preserve a balance of power, should be wedded to a Catholic consort." The gentlemen having thus expended their ammunition of defence and attack upon the sexagenary bridegroom, the ladies undertook to exercise all their little arts of lessening the reputation of one of their own sex, on the ill-starred bride. Hitherto it bore the theme of constant complaint, that the female interests were unrepresented at court; that there were no balls, no fetes, no common centre of attraction at the Castle, round which the beauties of Ireland might revolve in nightly dissipation. The brilliancy of their jewels was shed on the darkness of the casket; their finery was out of fashion before an opportunity presented for its exhibition in public; in short, the treasures of the wardrobe were mildewed for want of use; their personal charms were passing away in the dull seclusion of domestic life; nothing was going on right, and the Marquis Wellesley was consequently voted, *una voce*, as totally unfit to preside over the destinies of the country, without some fair partner to share the toils of state. But now that this deficiency was about to be supplied, discontent assumed a more formidable tone; there were enough of Erin's fair daughters, and loyal ones too, from amongst whom his Excellency might very well have selected the making of a vice-regal queen, and not to elevate a foreigner, an adventurer, and a Papist, to that honourable situation, and to the exclusion of the claims of his countrywomen. The offence was not to be forgiven; the thing was quite unpardonable; hints were broadly thrown out that it was absolutely treasonable; and that the commission of such a crime against orthodox propriety, could not be followed by any thing less than the actual recal of the matrimonial culprit from the Irish government. Accordingly, as the event approached, and the tea diffused its loquacious fragrance around our evening parties, the tide of scandal flowed in brisker measure, and conversations to the following effect might be heard circulating on every side.—"Is she young?" interrogated one of those old hornets that buz about the tea-table, with her sting ready to transfix whatever comes in her way. "A pretty question, truly, and the subject a widow!" answers a veteran spinster, secure of retaining her unenvied distinction for life. "Highly accomplished, and beautiful withall," adds another of the "Sneerwells," her manner redolent of the flippancy of the counter, and her face undulating into woeful corrugations, by the convulsive heavings of suppressed laughter, and malicious delight. "You mean to be facetious, this evening, Ma'am, on the widow bred

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up amongst republican savages," remarks one of the same school, throwing up her fan as a defence against the inspection of her faded charms. "Immensely wealthy, I'm told!" cries another, giving a new turn to the dialogue. "Oh! yes, that's the secret; *he* marries the money, and *she* the title," concludes Mrs. Smallwit, while a titter of satisfaction rewarded her successful condensation of calumny into an invidious antithesis. In fact, they all declared that they would not submit to such an insult; that they would sooner see their feathers, pearls, and diamonds, rolling down the Liffey, than they should ever grace the triumph of a Popish lady-lieutenant.

Such were the avowed determination of the wives and daughters of the shop-keeping aristocracy of our corporation, when, with all these imputed imperfections on her head, and against all the threats of a fashionable insurrection against her intended Majesty, Mrs. Paterson was married, and that too (*proh pudor!*) by a Popish Archbishop. Giving the heated imaginations of her fair calumniators time to cool, she spent the honey-moon in the strictest privacy, and, it is to be hoped, in the most perfect enjoyment of matrimonial bliss. Expectation was now raised to the highest, for her first appearance in public; and the ladies, by a sudden revolution of sentiment not uncommon to the sex, were as anxious to see her, as they were zealous in protesting against meeting her in company; but to their inexpressible mortification, when she did appear, they could not recognise a single imperfection with which they had so profusely adorned her in their moments of loyal excitement. For, if not young, she was certainly not too old to alter her condition of life; if not strictly beautiful, envy itself must admit that she was a fine woman; and on a consultation being held amongst the most experienced connoisseurs in Castle etiquette, a verdict of *ne plus ultra* was returned on the dignity of her manner, the elegance of her conversation, and though last, not least, the exquisite taste of her millinery. Amongst other things, it was discovered that her conduct was, in every respect, ruled by political propriety; that she betrayed no symptoms of the bigotry of her religion, for she had ordered her stays and tabinets indiscriminately from the professors of all creeds; and that with the colour and pattern of her six-yard train, white, ornamented with the national emblems of the shamrock, the rose, and thistle, the most sensitive partizan could not take offence. Constitutional to the very hem of her garment, in which the weaver very judiciously neutralised the shamrock by a combination with its vegetable superiors; her Excellency's dejected admirers could not find a point in her character on which they could fasten with any hopes of success. Her first appearance, therefore, but excited the farther vigilance of defeated malice, and another opportunity soon offered, which promised to release the tongue of scandal once more from its speechless bondage. A church, or rather a chapel, on which the Catholics have expended upwards of forty thousand pounds, and which will form the masterpiece of Popish architecture in Ireland, when completed, was now to be opened, and all the pomp of Romish ceremony revived. It was thought, indeed, by both parties, that the importance of such an event might have induced her Excellency to add the splendours of the Irish

Court to swell the pageantry of the superstitious fête. To the great disappointment, however, of the Popish, as well as the Orange Ultra, the curtain rose on the sacred drama; vestments of purple and gold glittered; the lights flickered as if with holy exultation; incense and Hosannas rolled along the classic roof of this beautiful Grecian temple; Doctor Doyle ascended the pulpit, and infused all the might of his powerful genius into a dedication sermon; but no Marchioness was there present to gladden the hearts of her friends, and to gratify the malignity of her enemies. Things now came to a sad pass indeed; for it was quite apparent, from her absence on this tempting occasion, to show off in her transformation from the humble Mrs. Paterson into the queen of Ireland, that she was not only accomplished, but also seasoned her other qualifications with no small share of prudence. In this emergency her opponents found a temporary consolation in asserting, that the titular archbishop of Dublin dined too frequently at the Viceroyal Lodge; that this hitherto loyal edifice was hebdomedally profaned by the celebration of mass; and it was stated, on the best authority, that her Excellency was actually in the habit of consulting with Mr. Runy, the jesuit, on the affairs of the nation.

Matters proceeded in this perplexing manner for some time, ingenuity supplying those charges which reality lacked; when the hopes of faction again rose at the prospect of seeing her placed in a critical situation. For very sufficient reasons, as may be recollected, the Marquis Wellesley had absented himself from the theatre, which was felt as a great grievance by the manufacturers of fun and head-dresses. By way of relieving the distresses of the mimics and the mantua-makers of the metropolis, (alas! poor Ireland,) a deputation from the corporation waited on his lordship, and presented an address, supplicating his patronage to the theatre, which he graciously consented to bestow, and immediately ordered a play to that effect. With the employment of a few sempstresses' needles, the trade of the city immediately revived; but this formed a small portion of the importance attached to the event. Both parties were early in the field: the Catholics expected, or perhaps wished, that the embassy was a mere stratagem to treat his lordship to another "bottle" from the gallery; and the "Evening Mail," a transcript of the "John Bull" in every respect, except the talent of making blackguardism legible, recommended its supporters to observe "a dignified silence" on the occasion, a Sybilline mandate which every person might interpret as he pleased. The greatest anxiety now prevailed for the result of the fearful experiment; the house was crowded to excess; when lo! as every eye was fixed on the viceroyal box, his Excellency enters alone, as if to encounter the danger single-handed, then stepped back and led in "his soul's far better part" hanging on his arm, but instead of another phial of Orange wrath descending on his martial front, he was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause. "What news?" said a young spark who came to witness the egress of the vast multitude in the box lobby, to his friend who had been present during the evening. "Oh! a glorious reception, only a few hisses from the hundred and sixteenth lodge, which were instantly put down by the house." "By G— that's too bad, it's all over with us," exclaims the other in a tone of the utmost despondency, while the Marchioness was

stepping into her carriage to the tune of a thousand huzzas from the mob. To account for this unlucky manifestation of good feeling towards their Excellencies, various pleas were set up;—the Orangemen were therefore too chivalrous to insult a female—the visit to the theatre was of a charitable nature—or, otherwise, the public would have expressed their disapprobation of viceregal liberality.

Notwithstanding these and many other minor sources of social discord in Ireland, we would have but miserably dull times but for the saints, the priests, and the Bible. Yes! reader, the Bible, that book of peace, of love, and of charity, is a book of hatred in Ireland. It administers more essentially to the purposes of faction than all the other causes taken together. The species of rancour, too, which it produces is of a worse character than that which springs from any other cause. But then the people are content with hating each other on the strength of chapters and verses, and it might be dangerous now to deprive them of an old gratification. This however would hardly be possible in the present state of the country, for, to such a degree of perfection has the art of theological warfare been brought, that any thing like a decisive victory is not to be contemplated. The idea, indeed, of proselyting the country is quite Quixotic. Innumerable obstacles oppose such an undertaking. Supported at his back by an infallible church, the more closely the Catholic is pressed by texts and arguments, the more obstinate he becomes in his opposition. He is not to be taken by storm, or coaxed out of his creed. Pride, the ruling passion of his heart, opposes its omnipotent influence to a surrender of his faith. No professions of friendship can obliterate from his memory the deeds of other days; nor threats subdue his hostility to the invaders of his religion and his rights. A true Gueber in principle and practice, he would sooner die on the prostrate altar of his country, than kneel at the shrine of a religion associated in his mind with bloodshed and chains. Watched over through the whole course of his chequered existence by his pastor, he rarely comes in contact with his spiritual persecutors except when they come to take, not to give away. His hours of amusement and recreation, the ecstasy of prayer, and the exhilaration of the dance, are both enjoyed under the patronage of some saint on the Romish calendar, who has gone to heaven by the same road as he treads himself. In vain is he surrounded by thirty-two Bible societies; as many more would find him impenetrable to their subtle attacks. He feels a sort of pleasure in opposing his cruel convictions to the inspired sophisms of these apostles of Cant, and smiles at every attempt to curtail his multifarious code of belief. No wonder that politics and polemics present so many charms to such a being, and exercise so powerful an influence over his mind. They are consequently ever present to his imagination—the first and last subjects which engage his attention—which not unfrequently send him into exile, or a less agreeable abode.

T. C.

DIMORPHOSIS, OR FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

PASSING though Bath last winter, I accidentally met my old play-fellow, VIVIAN GREY. I was delighted to see him, and he, on his part, met me with all the familiarity of boyhood. Though he had dashed through all the whirls of fashionable life, and was to others a *recherché*, to me he did not appear to have spoilt his excellent nature by the hackneyed *hauteur* which other minions of fashion affected. In less than half an hour we knew all about each other, our conversation being made up of delightful breaks and violations of the set rules of dialogue. In fact it was quite unstudied with any view to effect, its only art being to crowd as many ideas into the shortest space of time possible. He talked of the beau monde and its pleasures, I of the field, each rambling inquisitively into the other's subject. "GRANBY," said he, "you are going to London, the true Elysium. How sorry I am I cannot be there to direct your *entrè*, and to instruct you whom to know, and whom to avoid; your success wholly depends upon your first *abord*, and this it is difficult to make without a guide—stay, I have it; I can remain but one day longer, during which I will make up your acquaintance with TREMAINE, a very fine, fashionable exclusive, who once had Beau tacked to his name. If you take with him, you will be well received wherever you go, among the first circles. I am glad I thought of it. Come, let us go off to him now; I will form some arrangement to see him to-morrow, and in two interviews I reckon your acquaintance will be sufficiently cemented."

I eagerly embraced the offer. Vivian presented me to him in choice terms, which I half suspected him to have conned during a moment of silence on our way; for even the sprightly Vivian was not quite at home in the presence of the Man of Refinement. I was daunted, not so much from the importance I attached to a first impression, as from the cool and even slighting manner in which Tremaine received me. My instant feeling was to give up the prospect of his acquaintance as hopeless, and merely to conciliate the gentleman so far as to prevent his doing me a positive prejudice in the grand monde hereafter. He was a tall, genteel figure, without any particular sign of strength or agility; rather past the middle age, an easy dignity of mien sat upon him, but nothing like animation. When his limbs moved, it was in the most deliberate curve; the very bend of his head, though barely perceptible, was in the line of beauty. His face was thin and pale, with a skin of delicate texture, that would have adorned a woman's face; and it was set off by a head of hair arranged in the most becoming taste, without the least trace of art appearing in its glossy disorder. His dress was in the best style, suited to his complexion, and betraying deep study to those only who know the difficulty of concealing art. In short, every thing about him was ambrosial; but all this care of his person seemed thrown away upon a discontented man; he was not exhilarated by self-love; on the contrary, there was a melancholy languor about him, and his very smile partook of sadness. I should have taken him for a lover, dwelling on the past, but his increasing chat to Vivian, and his polite attention to the dialogue, showed that his mind was not absent. The conversation consisted of incidents

and critiques of persons, whose names I had often read in the *Morning Post*. It was mere small talk, carried on like the song of Menalcas and Damætas, in alternate strophes, as if victory depended upon who should first give in. Vivian's memory seemed dreadfully exercised, and I suspect he supplied heroes and heroines at random for some of his anecdotes, which might have been traced to ancient compilations; but the fellow had a good *face*, and his antagonist was much too genteel to express a doubt, or to admit that he had ever heard the trait before. I had, however, a hundred times, and made signs of impatience that could not be mistaken. But it seemed as though I was to be the victim of their intimate knowledge of the minute concerns of fashionable life. Vivian ventured sometimes to introduce my name obliquely, appealing to me about persons of whom I knew nothing. On mature reflection, I found he was raking up all the nobility, with whom my family had any connexions, and ascribing his stories to them, in order to impress Tremaine with my respectability. This diplomacy in Vivian, gave me some idea of his notions of dexterity. At length, his catalogue being exhausted, we took our leave.

"What in the world, Vivian," exclaimed I, "could induce you to consume time in such *bavardage*?"

"Ingrate," replied he, "I was working for you; I have succeeded too; he'll countenance you."

"Why! he hardly condescended to notice me; besides, to tell truth, Vivian, I do not fancy *him*."

"Not fancy him! who is

The glass of fashion and the mould of form!

Oh! my dear friend," continued he, "if you would attain the Elysium of high life, you must overcome your natural dislikes. Tremaine can do all for you; pilot you safe through the inferno and purgatorio, and what is more, replunge you into them by a simple cut."

I was persuaded, by much more that Vivian said, to cultivate this acquaintance, and again underwent the same mortifying reserve, and inexhaustible fund of talk, from which I was excluded; so that, notwithstanding Vivian's parting injunction, I gave up a pursuit of which I began to be ashamed, and departed for London without encountering the disappointment or ennui of another meeting.

A few nights after my arrival, I went to Lady B——'s rout. I was highly delighted with every thing I saw, but notwithstanding Lady B——'s attention, I found myself, after my first quadrille, sinking into neglect, and in that unenviable predicament of confining my observations to my own breast, my partner appearing inattentive to my remarks,—just then a stir was created in our immediate vicinity, as if some person of consequence were approaching and, a moment after, Tremaine advancing, bowed to me familiarly, with a "How do you do? when did you leave Bath? Is Vivian here?" This reception astonished me; I answered his queries with the best grace I could. We immediately exchanged cards at his request, and he passed on, whispering that he should be glad to see me at any time. This short address made all the alteration imaginable in my silent partner. My most trivial slip-slop was relished, and an enviable degree of communicativeness succeeded. I began to feel the force of Vivian's advice, and was determined to ingratiate myself with an acquaintance who

reflected so much lustre upon his friends. Observing him in the course of the evening, languidly reclining on a sofa, I walked up to him, and made some unimportant remark. He raised his eye-brows a semi-line or so, looked at me vacantly, and then averted his head without deigning to reply. My confusion at this palpable cut, was so great, that I lost even the presence of mind to resent it by a word. I turned about on my heel, and felt somewhat relieved by finding no one near to observe the affront, for Vivian's account of this annihilating process came across my mind. When I had got to a tolerable distance from him, it recurred to me to look back and ascertain whether there might not be a mistake; but no! it was the same pale, thin, melancholy, and effeminate countenance; the same elegant head of hair, arranged in the same beautiful negligence. I secretly cursed his caprice, and thought myself now farther off than ever from the benefits which I had anticipated in his acquaintance, for I most spiritedly determined to repay him in his own coin, should he ever give me an opportunity. I was politic enough, however, to avail myself of the favour he had obtained for me in one lady's eyes, though I judged it would be but short-lived. She continued as affable as before, and even introduced me to her sister for the next quadrille.

While we were exchanging a few passes of wit, by way of prelude, the dulcet tones of Tremaine struck me, as if immediately in our rear. I looked towards the sofa instinctively, in hopes to see it still occupied by the solitary loungeur, but it had been engaged by two fat dowagers, and a spare damsel. I felt awkward and abashed; my gaiety fled at the idea that Tremaine and I must shortly confront each other; and that I must lose the virtue that he had reflected by his notice; my very companions appeared lightly in my eyes, on account of their deference to his judgment, and I only thought of making good my retreat, when Tremaine addressed me by name, saying he came to seek me on the part of Lady B——. I had predetermined not to recognise him, but the presence of ladies whom I knew to be influenced by his notice, unhinged me for the effort, and I stammered out a reply. Tremaine appeared not to notice my confusion, but went on in an under-voice to say, that Lady B—— had requested him to introduce me to the great Mrs. Million, who was first star that night. I did not absolutely refuse so dazzling an offer, but urged my engagement with Miss Toadey. "Miss Toadey," repeated he, noticing her for the first time, "I beg pardon, but really I am so shortsighted, and have such a bad retina to my mind's eye, it never retains a likeness more than four-and-twenty hours. I would wish to impress yours on it by sight and feeling both; have you generosity enough to forego Mr. Granby, to whirl about with me in a waltz?" "My generosity is unbounded, when you appeal to it," answered she, "but I am pledged to Mr. Granby." "Oh! let that be no consideration," said I, a little piqued, "I never baulk so fine a feeling as generosity."—And thus we divorced ourselves from our engagement, *à l'aimable*, with a perfect contempt for each other. I was then introduced to Mrs. Million, by such high ushership, that I immediately became a star of some magnitude in her constellation; and received a card for her assembly on Thursday following. When I looked about for my late partner, I found that Tremaine had merely

raised her expectation, and feigned some excuse for disappointing it. Observing him speaking to Lady B——, I advanced to them, but he never noticed me, till she said obligingly, and I thought sportively: "Gentlemen, I should be happy to make you acquainted with each other;" and then indistinctly repeating our names, retired to notice other guests. Tremaine had made me a formal bow, and then—turned off before my self-composure was restored. What mortified me most, was to find myself observed by the Misses Toadey during this studied outrage; my temper was nearly worn out,—I dreamt of calling him to account for such insults; twice that night he had obtruded himself upon my notice, and twice given me the cut direct. He was an evil genius, who thrust himself into my path on my début, merely to mortify me. I determined to resent his impertinence, if ever he spoke to me again. Thus resolving, I passed by the Toadeys, who averted their eyes; and I left the house in a fretful mood. On my bed that night, I vowed vengeance against Tremaine.

When Thursday came, I reasoned myself into as courageous a hearing as possible, assisting my reasoning with a few glasses of fiery Madeira, and rehearsing to my own figure in the mirror the conduct I should observe towards this bug-bear of my pleasures. When perfect, I set off to Mrs. Million's. The crowd was excessive. On my slow ascent up the staircase, I was genteelly cut by the Toadeys; but my rising irritation was appeased by the flattering notice of Mrs. Million, who nodded to me, and tapping a viscount on the knuckles, said: "My dear lord, oblige me by making room for my new protégé." Her protégé! here was promotion! such as young dukes would have welcomed,—and to whom was I indebted for it? "My dear Mr. Granby," said she, "you are no doubt astonished at the familiar term I apply to you, but your friend Tremaine has said so much—" My friend Tremaine! Could this be? The eulogy, or rather the eulogist, brought a blush into my cheek, which she noticed, and turning to a gentleman whom I had not observed, said: "I give you credit for your discernment, Tremaine." Tremaine! within a yard of me, and his attention directed to me. What was I to do?—really this was the most awkward moment in the world for a *scène*, such as I meant to have acted; barely room besides, except to stand *à tension*, as the drill phrase is; all my courage was rapidly oozing away, and I waited with extreme anxiety to learn how *my friend* would deport himself. Nothing could be more syren-like than his voice; nothing more encouraging than his manner. "Granby," said he, "you must not wonder at Mrs. Million's partiality. She and your friend Vivian were sworn friends; but come in here out of limbo, I will usher you into Paradise." "Do Tremaine," added Mrs. Million, "present him to the Beaumonds, and the Hautons, as a favourite of mine."

This was not to be withstood. Cursing my own sneaking irresolution, I suffered myself to be led along by a being, who was exercising a sway over me, conferring favours, and then trampling on me at his caprice. He introduced me to a number of fine people, among whom I was qualified to play as mute a part as I had done on my first interview with him, for the conversation was of the same mawkish character, and merely a new version of what I had heard on that occasion. From the frequent repetition, however, I picked up some of the stories,

and finding them a kind of passport, I began to retail them à la Tremaine. There was something too so contagious in his tone, manner, and carriage, that I could not resist the attempt to modulate my own by them. They were recommended, in fact, by the imitation of all refined persons. I forced a languid smile upon my features, and tried hard at a falsetto voice. This night I encountered no rebuff, whilst I secured a good footing with a large circle of fashionables, so that I went home delighted with Tremaine and all his refinements. At home I practised the falsetto, touched up my smile, amended the sit of my cravat, and studied the air of Tremaine. I then went to make a call I had promised. I was shown up stairs; a gentleman was reclining on the sofa, waiting no doubt for the lady of the house. As soon as he raised his head I knew him, and advanced eagerly, with a stretched-out hand, saluting him with "How do you do, my dear friend?" but he remained immovable, scrutinizing me with a severe aspect. "What!" cried I, kindling at the recollection of his disdainful behaviour, "do you affect not to know me? This is absurd." "Most absurd, indeed," re-echoed he, in Tremaine's soft-flowing tone, "but I do not know you?" "Mr. Tremaine," returned I, "these reiterated affronts are insufferable." "I am not Tremaine," said he. "Not Tremaine!" repeated I, eyeing him from head to foot, and discovering nothing to distinguish him from that person: "impossible! I cannot credit you!" "As you please, sir," said he; "but allow me to decline the honour of your acquaintance, and to wish you good morning." He then hastened out of the room, as if uneasy at being alone in my company. "Insupportable coxcomb," exclaimed I, "never more will I endure his presumption to deny his identity, merely to confound and jeer me, as if it were possible to mistake his air, voice, and manner, which I imitated to perfection an hour ago; and then his figure and dress. Here, too, is his card," lifting up one with Mr. Tremaine on it, that lay upon the table. At this moment the lady of the house entered, and after the first greetings observed, "I thought your friend Tremaine had been here." I thought so too, but said not a word of our strange meeting. "He is quite an elegant," continued she, "but rather too exclusive for general society; inconstant too, I fear, in his friendships. I am never sure of him two days running; he is so apt to be offended with any little exuberance of spirits, or solecism against the reigning fashions. Pray take him to task, Mr. Granby, for his ultra-refinement." I assured her that I dared not take that liberty; but her description suggested to me the apparent reasons of Tremaine's fickleness. I must have exhibited some vulgar animation that shocked his sensitive nerves, and though not a whit the less irritated, I determined to pay greater observance to the minutiae of good breeding. I began to suspect myself of a pretty considerable dash of vulgarity.

That day I was engaged to dine at Lord Alhambra's. Tremaine was there; he appeared closely occupied in conversation with a lady when I entered, and I plunged into a tête-à-tête with some one of my new acquaintances, expressly to avoid him, and to hide from observation our rupture. At dinner time I sat conveniently to elude remark, a lady being placed between us. I could overhear all he said; indeed, my attention was almost exclusively directed, in spite of me, to his

words. They consisted of fashionable anecdotes as before, uttered in his soft, clear tone, seldom above a whisper. When the ladies had retired, we necessarily came in contact, but without exchanging any signs of recognition. I observed a haughty front, but subdued, out of respect for my host, any exhibition of ill-mannered spleen. The classical subject of wines was broached, interlarded with accounts of the pantry and cellar of this and that celebrated dinner-giver. Tremaine showed himself master of the subject, frequently appealing to me, for my opinion, without naming me or distinguishing me from a mere stranger. I was vexed at his sang-froid, but had already imbibed sufficient of his fashionable nonchalance to appear unconcerned. A party of us retired early to the Opera. Tremaine was not of the number. My spirits were no longer damped by his presence, and I made myself abundantly agreeable, laying aside the stiff lessons I had practised. Observing lady B—— in her box, I went to pay my respects to her. I was well received, and had the satisfaction of communicating a portion of my liveliness to her company. In the most exhilarating moment, the apparition of Tremaine burst upon me; he was just entering the box; I dreaded explanation and discomfiture, so bidding good night, I hastily left Lady B——, as if I had not seen him.

My next move was towards Mrs. Million's splendid lodge. It required some resolution to enter. I doubted whether she would any longer receive me as her *protégé*, whom she so much flattered on Tremaine's account. Of course he had apprized her of all, and she partook his prejudice. I might now be treated as an intruder; certainty, however, was better than suspense, and no moment could be more auspicious, as Tremaine would not be there. I was agreeably disappointed in Mrs. Million's demeanour towards me. She was more friendly than ever, and my spirits were once more fanned into a blaze, and crackled like any green-wood fire. "You are doing a great injustice all this while," said she, "in not acknowledging the gentleman in the dark corner there, your friend Tremaine." Tremaine! I actually shuddered. Had he then glided in after me to annoy and insult me? "Why Granby, how is this?" said the soft-speaking deluder, "you seem amazed to find me lying *perdu* here, a witness of your brilliancy: it is I who should feel pique and rivalry. If you think me *de trop* I retire, rather than interrupt your pleasantry." "By no means," explained Mrs. Million, "you read Granby the wrong way; he is agreeably surprised to find you here." I had not sincerity enough to reject the lame apology she made for the involuntary scowl which I had given him. Our gaiety could not be resumed, however, notwithstanding Tremaine's polite efforts to revive it. His amiable advances exasperated more than they perplexed me, but I wanted courage to tax him with his duplicity before a lady to whom such conduct must have appeared ungrateful. Once or twice a conjecture flashed across my brain, that I was deceived by a close resemblance, but I repelled it instantly; every particular point was so perfectly the same—the size, form, features, complexion, but above all, those grand distinctive qualities, the voice and manner—that similarity appeared to me a more miraculous explanation than supernatural agency; but caprice and affectation seemed fully adequate. This night again he contrived to render me some of

these services, which Vivian Gray had vaunted; taking me under the arm into the boxes of the aristocratic leaders of the ton, introducing me to some reigning beauties, the very names of whom overcame all my reluctance to his proposals. Leaving him with Mrs. Million, I returned to sup, according to appointment, at Lord Alhambra's. I had scarce sat down in a vacancy left for me, when the same, soft, measured intonations fell upon my ear. I heard them without venturing to look up, for fear of encountering Tremaine, whom I had just quitted, and whom I least expected to find here. I listened; it was his favourite topic, in fact a mere echo of what I had so often heard. He ran over Vivian Gray's stories, only substituting, with marked emphasis, the proper persons who had figured in them. This seemed done purposely to arrest my attention; he must have seen me enter; nay more, he knew whither I was repairing, from the Opera; and had never mentioned that he was to be at Lord Alhambra's: it was evident, therefore, that he meant to play his old trick upon me, and to elicit from me doubts of his identity. It all flashed on my mind at once, that he had preceded me, had secured a vacant place, and prepared the whole company to be merry at my expense. How was I to disconcert his plan, to foil the jest in the present instance, and to punish the jester afterwards? There was no time to lose, for undoubtedly I was by this time the object of general scrutiny: the best way to turn the tables on him, would be to practice a similar affectation of ignorance of his person upon him. I was not cool enough to act this part well, but I could think of no other. I accordingly conjured up a vacant smile into my face, while my heart weighed like lead, and raised my eyes to the place whence the voice came. Tremaine's look met mine; I thought there was a sneer upon his countenance, and it provoked me to smile at him sardonically, accompanying the expression with a slight snap of the fingers, an awkward habit of mine, and the exclamation, "Ha! the biter's bit!" He bit his lips, but averted his eye from my stedfast gaze; while I enjoyed the triumph of beholding a number of persons staring at us, and retiring with a look of disgust at Tremaine's defeat. He arose, and retired likewise. I was not sorry that I had thus committed myself in the eyes of the public, by insulting my persecutor; it would prevent me from being his laughing-stock hereafter; his own popularity would be affected by it, and I almost pledged myself to post him, should he take no notice of the transaction.

On strolling home that night in company with a gentleman, I was persuaded to enter one of the gambling clubs with him. The game was *Ecarté*. Among the players, to my astonishment, I recognized Tremaine, deeply interested in the game, on which large sums of money depended. His run of ill-luck was so constant, that at length he seized the cards and examined them. "I appeal to the men of honour in the room," cried he, "to support me; this is a pack with convex and concave edges." A tumult immediately ensued. Portions of the pack were handed about and proved to be what Tremaine had described them. Some gentlemen returned their winnings; others insisted that they had lost with the same cards, and that the play was as good for one as for another. The question was, who had introduced the false packs, as the character of the house was above

suspicion. We who had espoused the cheated side were firm, and insisted upon the winners refunding. A scuffle ensued among some of the intoxicated players; but, owing to our adherence, Tremaine recovered the bulk of what had been fraudulently won from him. One desperate gamester, however, dashed a candlestick at him, which struck him on the skull, and stunned him to the ground. The room was in a roar. It was no time to be ceremonious, with an insensible man, whose pockets were full, and at the mercy of a set of sharpers. I raised him up, and with my companion's assistance, bore him out of the house. We took him immediately to a surgeon's, who staunched the blood, and applied a large black plaster that covered half his forehead. He was very abundant in thanks, to me in particular, and said something about his rude misconception in the morning, when he had flung out of my presence as if I were a madman; and added, that if I would give him my address, he would call on me next morning, when his head was relieved. I gave him my card, thinking it rather odd that he should pretend ignorance of my abode; but the state he was in accounted for his absence of memory. We placed him in a coach, and parted. I revolved all that had happened that day, on which I encountered Tremaine no less than six several times, being successively hailed and repulsed by him; having given and received a serious affront, and conferred and accepted a signal service. I was convinced that he haunted me with a malicious purpose, carrying on a despicable farce; at one time, and in the presence of certain people, admitting himself to be the Tremaine whom Vivian had introduced to me; at another time, and before strangers, seeking to impose upon my credulity, by pretending to be somebody else. But for what end could he seek to dupe me? and why occasion such embarrassments to a novice, in whose favour he seemed anxious to interest his high friends? But to-morrow would explain all: with this reflection I dispersed some slight exultation at an accident, which had laid Tremaine under obligations to me; and at the worst placed a mark upon him, by which the assumption of a second personality would be rendered utterly ridiculous.

When the morning came, I waited in extreme impatience for his coming; but one, two, three o'clock struck, and no Tremaine! This was assuredly allowing length enough to the fashionable morning. I began to imagine that he must be confined by the consequences of his accident; but then he would have sent or written. I sat down, and penned a note expressive of my hope, that illness had not prevented his appointment; this I thought more becoming than a call. When I came to superscribe, the number of his lodging had escaped my memory, but I recollected, luckily, the card which I had taken up, and in my confusion retained, the preceding day—it should be in my case, for I had since put it there. On searching, no such card was to be found; and it struck me immediately that I had given Tremaine his own card instead of my address. This was a piece of confusion that could not be explained but by an interview; and though reluctant to make the first step, I considered that Tremaine might only have deferred it from his having forgotten my address: I determined therefore to wait on him.

The servant who opened the door, answered my enquiry with "Not

at home, sir." "Tell him," said I, "that Mr. Granby is below." "I assure, you, sir, he has been out since ten o'clock." "How is he?" enquired I. "Very well indeed, sir," answered the valet. But thinking this a hacknied expression, I asked "if his head had been dressed that morning." The servant stared, but civilly answered, "yes, sir; he never goes out without having it dressed." The fellow, thought I, has been enjoined silence on that matter; and giving him credit for his equivoque, I made no further attempt upon his tenacity of secrets, but went away, leaving my card.

This was the night of one of those gregarious assemblages in the West End, which render all the received definitions of a plenum inadequate, and destroy any incongruity in the Irishman's idea, that a room may not hold all who get into it. I was among the squeezed mortals which the room would not contain, in any sense but that of compression of my natural dimensions; but I had not become aware of this truism, until it was too late, and I endeavoured in vain to wedge out of it. At length I got my back against a wall that felt comparatively soft, when contrasted with the hips and elbows, which had circumscribed my legitimate solidity. As I looked upon the shuffling mass, methought I saw Tremaine at a distance. It was he: he stood like one impalpable, with a face on which no sign of *gêne* could be descried, his hair as ambrosial as ever; and what surprised me most, no visible trace of the bruise which he had received the night before. Art, I knew, could do wonders, and on a nearer approach I imagined it would be apparent to me. A nearer approach I determined to effect, without however laying aside the formal air which I had resolved to maintain towards him, until he had fully explained. I once more got into the current, and was borne towards him. As soon as he observed me, he bowed complaisantly; I returned it stiffly. "I received your card," said he, "and regret that an engagement to breakfast took me from home." "I regret it also," replied I, "as I waited at home for you till three." "For me! What could induce you to expect me?" enquired he deliberately. I threw my eyes full on him at this shameless question, but he was not disconcerted; and incredible as it seemed, there was no vestige of the mark, which I thought would detect his imposture. I cannot describe the complicated feeling that came over me, at this combined mystery and duplicity. Had he then the power of rendering his identity problematical by miraculous means? Pshaw! it was too absurd; he was playing on me.

"Such dissimulation, Mr. Tremaine," said I, "is despicable; did you not promise, last night, to be with me this morning, for the purpose of explaining many inconsistencies in your behaviour to me?" "I am not aware of any inconsistencies in my behaviour to you, Mr. Granby," retorted he; "but your own is inexplicable. As for the promise, I positively deny it." "You deny then your adventure in the gaming-house, and the cut that you received?" "What cut? what gaming-house?" demanded he, with a look of triumph that set me wild. Impostor! half-ejaculated I; he thinks to baffle me by the cunning artifice he has practised on his forehead, but I will detect it. With this I scrutinised him with the most fixed intentness. Not the slightest mark of a scar appeared, nor the most feeble discolo-

ration of his creamy brow ; no line of junction betrayed an artificial skin ; no opaque spot, or painted coat. I was now quite 'confounded ; and only prevented from assigning a preternatural cause by the fear of being laughed at, as the dupe of some artful imposition. "Here is some mistake," said Tremaine, coolly ; "but this is no place to unravel it ; I will call on you in the morning, before I leave town—at eleven, say." I know not what I muttered. My impression was that he would convict me of absurdity, in any explanation, nay, force me to disbelieve my own eyes, since he could so easily efface a scar, which I thought indelible. I lingered on the spot whence he had retired, and heard his soft tones a few paces off. I listened with strained organs ; but they only reverberated the words upset, champagne, poor fellow ! "Death and fury," muttered I, "he is furthering his devilish plot of rendering me ridiculous, by representing me as drunk." I made what effort I could to pursue him, but the crowd impeded me, and concealed him from my view. Not being in any humour to enjoy the party, I returned home as fast as I could. On my table I found a card, on which, to my amazement, I read, Mr. Tremaine. "When did this gentleman call?" enquired I, of the servant. "Not ten minutes ago," answered he ; "and he desired me to say, that he had only just found out your address ; and was sorry he could not see you for some time, as he must leave town to-morrow." What paltry mockery ! thought I. I examined the card, and knew it was the same that I had had in my possession, by a blot upon it ; on the back, in pencil, was written, Sir Charles Grandison, Richardson's Hotel. "How was he dressed?" enquired I. The man described Tremaine's dress ; and added, that he wore a large patch over his eye. Wretched contrivance said I to myself ; but I will have an explanation, notwithstanding all his evasions. I would have gone to his house that instant ; but he was never at home till two or three in the morning. I therefore retired for the night to lie down, but not to sleep, trying in vain to find some elucidation of the mystery, and its motive.

As soon as I was dressed, I repaired to Tremaine's. It was only ten, but he had left for the country. During the night it had struck me, that Sir Charles Grandison was some way implicated in the plot, or possibly he might be named as Tremaine's friend in this business, should I insist upon an investigation ; and so, to leave no clue unexplored, I walked to Richardson's. Sir Charles had likewise set off that morning for the country. This appeared a remote corroboration of Tremaine's intention to hoax. When I reached my lodging, the female servant informed me, that a gentleman in a cabriolet had called at eleven, and expressed some surprise at not finding me within. He had written a few words on a card, which she handed me. It was Tremaine's again. On it these words were pencilled :—

"Dear Granby,—I wished to have seen you, to assure you that the occurrence of last night needs not the formality of an explanation. I hope you think so. Good bye."

This phlegmatic coolness incensed me very much. I construed it ironically as a withdrawal of his acquaintance, to which I was well enough inclined. But to delude me by such a variety of expedients, some of which had a marvellous character, and then to intimate that an explanation was unnecessary, was too cool by far. It was wiser,

however, for me to overlook it in its present stage than to draw observation upon myself, and to have it spread about, through my own means, that I was Tremaine's dupe. I resumed my career of gaiety as if nothing had happened, nor did I ever mention the affair to any one till some months after, when, on my return from Italy, I met Vivian in Heidelberg. He was living like a recluse there, after having terminated his rapid course by shooting his friend, and begging his friend's family. I told him of the extraordinary conduct of Tremaine. Vivian could scarce believe it; it was so opposite to his friend's mild, gentlemanly deportment; and bordered so much on the vulgar custom of hoaxing, that it was irreconcilable to his notions of the eximious Tremaine. He thought, however, that we were bound to fathom it to the bottom, as amicably as we could; for which purpose he set off next morning for London, where the Post informed us that Tremaine was. On our arrival, Vivian waited upon his friend, and succinctly repeated the whole account of the various rencontres between him (Tremaine) and me. Tremaine was astonished, and made some assurances, which he expressed himself anxious to repeat to me. When I saw him, he positively declared, there must have been some mistake, and requested me to recapitulate the different occasions on which I had seen, or fancied that I had seen him. This I did with so much circumstantiality, and with such earnest asseverations of identity, that he could not admit the least intention of fabricating a humbug on my part, especially when he compared that portion of the narrative in which he had figured, with those scenes in which he solemnly disclaimed the least share; these were the scenes in which I described him as repulsive and insulting to me. He admitted that my conduct, on some occasions, was now accounted for; but that the whole history was most unaccountable, unless some one could be found to personate him in those parts which he had not acted, at least, not consciously acted: he was sorry that the particulars had not been sooner detailed, as most of them, though important to us, were of too frivolous a nature to be remembered by any third person; and to go about substantiating them would be infallibly to incur the ridicule of the world. The gentleman who had accompanied me to the gambling-table was gone to India in the *Enterprise*. Lady B— had had a paralytic stroke, which had destroyed her memory quite. As to Sir Charles Grandison, he was dead; but the circumstance of his name being found on a card of Tremaine's, and left by a gentleman with a patched forehead at my door, was no evidence that he was the other Tremaine. If the card could be had, the hand-writing might furnish a clue; but in its absence, surely their recollection of his figure must be conclusive of his not being the man. His eyes were several shades lighter, and his complexion darker than Tremaine's, and had the appearance of much greater age. His voice, too, was husky, compared with Tremaine's; and Vivian declared his manners to be as coarse and unrefined, as those of Tremaine's were soft and polished; besides, he wore an uncouth wig, and his figure was clumsy, and graceless. In short, Tremaine himself was horrified at the idea of a close resemblance between him and Sir Charles Grandison: and completely overturned that hypothesis by asserting that he had seen Sir Charles upon his death-bed, without a patch or scar upon his brow.

We successively raked up every supposition that could account for the mystery, the old stories of the fetches, vampires, and other superstitious fables occurred to us in turn. Tremaine became sombre, and took to reading folios on philosophy; he argued himself into disbelief of supernatural causes, but evidently his mind was inclining to religious faith in them. As for Vivian his melancholy increased, and he began to fancy that his ambitious views had been, in a great measure, frustrated by his ignorance of the biformity of certain persons. We often met and mused upon the alterations of love and hate, friendship and coolness, that must ensue where men were subject to be represented in all externals by another being. Not content with the common diagnostics of face, voice, manner, we always took care to identify the persons we met with legal accuracy, addressing them by their surnames, and enquiring, among our first salutations, were they at their old quarters still in such a street. Whenever I met Tremaine himself at evening parties, I advanced differently towards him with, "I beg pardon, Mr. Tremaine, I presume?"—and was not at ease till he had whispered—"quite right my dear Granby, have you seen my other self to-night?"

This was rather a sad way to live in the world, doubting every one's reality as the man he personified, and not knowing whether to acknowledge a familiar acquaintance for two days together. It created a degree of suspicion and repulsiveness that was odious. One night both my friends entered my room, pale and dejected. I immediately asked, had they met the false Tremaine? "No," replied the sorrowful Man of Refinement, "but I have been cut by one of the most intimate friends I had in the world, or his embodied likeness; and when I repaired to Vivian, he reported the same of his quondam patron, the Marquis of Carabas, or his corporal representative." "And will you not instantly proceed to their houses," said I, "and demand an explanation?" "Consider," replied the grave Tremaine, "to what ridicule it may expose us. If the persons who cut us were not the men we took them for, we shall be laughed at for the mistake; who will credit your *deceptio visus*, or substantial aliases? but if they are the persons, how infinitely more absurd and ill-bred to seek any information from them. Vivian protested he did not care whether it was the Marquis or not; he would cut every friend he had in the world rather than advance one step to reconcile improbabilities. He was sure others had seen a Vivian Gray that was not himself, for they had often asked him of places and persons unknown to him, and stories had been circulated of him in which he was never an actor. He vowed he was glad to have found out the *denouement*, as in case he should ever mingle in politics again, it would give him many advantages over others in superinducing a recklessness of maintaining any consistency. What was the utility of doing so, when another was habited in our semblance, and could sport under it what opinions he pleased? I could not agree with them in withholding the discovery from the world, but consented not to expose it until they had retreated from society, which they both seemed inclined to do. It was almost time. Daily were they stared at by old acquaintances, who affected not to recognize them, and they, in revenge, cut every friend in London. It was melancholy to see them sauntering singly through crowds, carrying an air of disdain that but feebly cloaked the bitter disappointment of their souls. Before the season was over, they

left town perfect misanthropes. The Atheist to study theology in monastic piles, and the Humanist to mystify his few notions of the Deity amid the Hartz mountains. For my part, being neither a sceptic nor a splenetic, I continued in London, seldom encountering a repulse from a friend, and never taking it in high dudgeon if I did. I thought it ridiculous to quarrel with A. for an offence committed by B. I ventured incidentally to remind some persons that they had passed me by in public, but they universally assured me that they had not seen me; begged pardon; it was quite unintentional if they had. I knew *they* had not, but it was confirmatory of my discovery to enquire. I kept my word of secrecy to Tremaine and Vivian, until I knew that the first was married and converted; and that the other had committed suicide, as it was suspected, by throwing himself headlong down the Teufel's Sprung. I then put together these facts, which may serve to elucidate many occurrences which are unaccountable to those who have not learnt the doctrine of the binality of forms, and I hope its circulation may be productive of many reconciliations among separated friends.

GRANBY.

DYING GAME.

How oft, when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry?—*Shakspeare.*

LET laughter reign with life's last breath

I see no cause—not I—

Since men must die,

Why we should make a fuss

Of letting life make game of death,

Which makes such game of us!

There Dashon lay; a-going—going—going—

Or, as the nurse was saying, "all but gone."

His fair *soi-disant* spouse wept o'er him, knowing

When beauty is no longer in the dawn,

How difficult it is to flash and shine

And keep up those appearances of dress,

Balls, parties, gaming, and expensiveness;

The boast and pride of "ladies in her line."

His steward, too, had also hurried there;

To take a last adieu,

Or any other thing that met his view;

Thinking he had as good a right to share,

Since Dashon had nor relative, nor heir,

The little nic-nacs which might lay about,

When he himself, poor fellow! was—laid out.

In brief—

To his apartment in their grief

(Forgetting even their accustom'd cup)

The household seem'd instinctively to ramble;

Waiting, like school-boys, at a breaking-up

Till Death should give the signal for the scramble.

JULY, 1826.

2 C

The doctor now arriv'd—it was too late;
 He felt his pulse, and gave the fatal shake,
 The peremptory nod and wink to fate,
 Which had made any heart but Dashon's quake:
 But his was of a diff'rent form and make
 To ordinary stuff—his life, confess'd,
 To him was only one continued jest.

"Well; how d'ye feel?" demanded Doctor Fine,

"After, sir, taking the two draughts I sent!"

"Worse, Doctor, worse; and far more discontent,
 Than you would after taking two of mine;
 'Tis no use Doctor—it is due to night;
 Curse on Death's drafts; they must be paid at sight!"

"Why my good sir, I must confess, your case—"

"Enough, Doctor; 'tis written in your face."

"Death," cried the Doctor, "'s one of nature's laws;
 We all must bow to its supreme control."

"Ah! true; exceeding true, upon my soul;

I'm very sorry—for my creditors!"

He here laugh'd out—"I cannot hide my sorrow;
 It just then struck me Doctor, how forlorn,
 When Snip presents the bill that's due to-morrow,
 He'll look, to be inform'd that I am—gone."

The doctor now began to think he might,
 Without much wounding his acuter feelings,
 Remind his patient of his worldly dealings:

"I would advise, you, sir," he said, "to night,
 For Death may come upon us unawares,
 To set about and settle your affairs."

"To settle my affairs?—egad, that's good;
 One night? it is put off too late—

O, Doctor! they're in such a state,
 If you'd insure me twenty years—I would;
 But I must candidly confess,
 I could not promise it a fortnight less!"

"You've made your will?"—"O, yes, ten years ago,
 But where 'tis now, I positively know

No more, you may believe,
 Than where the very property may be,
 I took, God help me, so much pains to leave.
 It has, I know, sir, long ago—left me."

"Well, then, there's but one thing remaining,
 Which, sir, my duty bids me call

Your thoughts to—let it not appal
 Your feelings—but—it must be—it were vain in
 Such a case to hide th' approach of death—
 Your conscience, sir?"—"Enough—enough!—

Thou art a grievous sinner, Tom, it saith;
 'Tis charg'd I own it, with—that perilous stuff
 'That weighs upon the heart.'"

" Well, sir,—a clergyman—he might—"

" True, Doctor, true, but then, sir, he might not—

You may be right,

And yet, tho' I must own I've been
A sad offender in my time, believe me,
I want no aid to wheedle and deceive me

Quite to my rectitude again ;—

It may not be—'tis past—

My race is run ;—my die, I feel, is cast ;

" My good deeds—yes ;—the worst must have a few—

Must do their best ;

I've been a very retribution—pest—

To that vile race of sons

Of tailors—tipstiffs—duns !—

But, since all hope, you say, is flown,

Pray, doctor, give me leave, and take—your own."

Now, gentlemen of his gentility

Can take one hint, they never wait for more.

* * * * *

His old friend Dick, to ev'ry jockey known,

Had hasten'd off to Tom—reported dying ;

And, with a face that scarcely seem'd his own,

Approach'd the bed on which his friend was lying.

He took his hand ;—and then began,

Casting a look of solitary hue,

" Well, my friend Dashon, how dost do ?"

" How do I do ?—why, Dick, I'm almost done !

You've just popt in in time. Ah ! Dick,

'Tis the last rubber,—hand, and deal, and trick.

I'm in his ferry-boat ;—the sails unfurl'd ;

Any commands, my friend, for t'other world ?"

" Pshaw, Dashon ! don't despair. Why, Tom, your face is
As long as 'twas at our last Derby races !"

" Talking of that," cried Dashon, " can you tell
How stands the betting-book near Piccadilly ?"

" Why, very full indeed !"—" Damme, that's well ;

Fifty to ten on Lord Duncannon's Filly !"

But here poor Dashon, quite down-hearted look'd,

" Nay, Dick, it is no use,—to-night I'm book'd."

" Pshaw, Tom, all stuff ! you'll last, I'd swear, an age."

" You'd swear it, Dick, would you ? Nay, that won't do !

To try at once if what you say be true,

What do you wage ?"

There was a slight demur upon his face.

" Ah, Dick, I have you there, I see ;

A wager tends to simplify the case.

Yes ; before twelve it will be up with me."

“What?—before twelve?—I’ll bet you two to one
Of that?”—“Will you, Dick?—well, then, done.”—“Done!”
“Done!”

Just at this moment death’s last pang begun.

E’en in his parting struggle Dashon cried,
Exulting in despair,—“Dick!—Dick!—I’ve—won!”
And died.

ANGEL-HUNTING.

IN the summer of 18—, when in consequence of the approaching *triennial* commemoration, Oxford presented an unusual appearance of life and gaiety, leaning on the arm of a college friend, who in common with myself possessed an unfortunate taste for bright eyes, auburn tresses, and rosy cheeks, which he ever affirmed to be far more interesting objects than all the daughters of the Nine, together with their devotees, friend Pindar, and the other worthies, “*ejusdem generis*,”—we were amusing ourselves with catching the stray glances of each passing fair, and endeavouring from them to read the thoughts that lurked within,—when suddenly my friend’s attention became rivetted to one spot, by the attractive powers of a countenance, which he instantly pronounced, and that in no very low tone of voice, to be “*as beautiful as an angel’s*,” appealing at the same time to me for a confirmation. I could not indulge myself with a second glance at this fair piece of Nature’s workmanship, without admitting that there certainly was a *touch* of divinity about *her eyes*.—“And if,” cried he, in an extacy of delight, “if it beam thus from the eyes, from whence can it emanate but *from the soul within*?” Having well learnt from past experience, that there is is not a surer nor readier method to have the sincerity of your friendship called in question, and yourself in the end set down for an arrant senseless coxcomb, than by presuming to differ in opinion with a man in love on the merits of his mistress, I nodded assent to this rhapsody, and we then proceeded to watch the motions of the fair stranger, for the purpose of ascertaining her point of destination, which, without much difficulty, we soon found was in—but I must not commit myself—we will even call it “*Blank, Blank*” street—and farther, that she was to leave on the day after the commemoration, which was to be on the morrow. Our plan was soon laid to watch their motions, mark the road, and follow them on horseback. On the morning of the day, ten minutes before the time when we had been informed they were to leave, we appeared at our posts: these minutes however passed, and as many succeeded, and still no vehicle of any description was to be seen. My friend began to show strong symptoms of uneasiness, and I to think it a *hoax*. At last we deemed it best to make another enquiry; when, to our dismay, we found that they had left an hour before our arrival. What’s to be done *now*? was, of course, the first question. “*Done*,” exclaimed he, striking his forehead with all the vehemence of a lover’s frenzy,—“*done*, why follow, to be sure;” but “where, where?” “Anywhere, to the Antipodes, if you like it—but no

time is to be lost; let us follow, at any rate." Suspecting our last source of information, we agreed to direct some farther enquiries elsewhere, when we were informed that a *carriage* had been seen to pass about an hour, or rather more, previously. "The colour?" asked my friend; "*Green,*" was the reply.—"*Livery?*" "Blue."—"Passengers?" "did not exactly know, but *thought they*—" "*Thought,*" exclaimed he, interrupting them with a sneer, "*thought* indeed; as if there were any doubt upon the subject;" then turning to me, added, "Who can doubt it? it must be them; so come, follow. "But stop," said I, "*the road,* we must know *that.*" "True, true, that had quite escaped me." This being ascertained, off we set, and on a chace as wild as ever mortal put foot in stirrup to follow; to wit—*angel hunting*. Innumerable were the objects which were again and again most gravely asserted to be the green chariot, with the blue livery; and the ludicrous disquisitions upon the various marks of carriage-wheels, and the horses' hoofs, upon the road, would, I think, have almost provoked the smile of Heraclitus himself. We had now advanced about fifteen miles, bipeds and quadrupeds rather warm, when upon quitting the summit of a hill, we discerned, about two miles a-head of us, what by the assistance of a glass we ascertained to be at any rate a *chariot*, and which we hoped would prove the one we were in pursuit of. Animated by this thought, we pushed onwards, and succeeded at last in getting near enough to discern it entering the court-yard of an elegant mansion, which stood at the entrance of the town of ———. Of course our point was gained.

To the inn we proceeded, rang the bell violently.—Waiter appeared—"Fellow," said my friend, "Tom or Jack, or whatever you call *yourself*," raising his voice, and at the same time laying his hand upon his horsewhip, as if about to proceed forthwith to the *argumentum ad hominem*,—"do you know whether there are any ladies in this town of"—he would have added, *the name of*—but here his voice failed him from positive exhaustion, and he made signs to me to proceed, which I did by asking him concerning a large house at the entrance of the town, which we had been given to understand was to be let. "*Let!*" said the man in astonishment, "impossible—for Colonel ——— and family have not been in it a fortnight." Farther interrogating was needless, since we had gained the name, which was the very same as that of the fair incognito. While we were engaged in discussing the merits of the landlord's claret, I ventured to remonstrate with my companion, who seemed determined at all events to visit the house, upon the great impropriety of so doing, being a perfect stranger, and endeavoured to set before his eyes the dire consequences of a rencontre with the Colonel himself. All remonstrance was, however, to no purpose; he vowed that if a dozen Colonels and the whole regiment of the 10th were quartered there, he would not flinch;—for, said he, "*faint heart*—you know the rest—so here goes." Dreading his imprudence, I at last prevailed upon him to allow me to take a survey of the ground, promising to return immediately, and report progress. This being settled, and leaving him to commence a fresh bottle, with the assurance at any rate to be in at the death, with heavy steps, and heart not much lighter, I proceeded to the house. Having

no definite plan of action laid down, I deemed it best to summon up all the powers of impudence and effrontery to befriend me—and with this, having gained the gate, made a most alarming appeal to the knocker, which was instantly answered—“Colonel —, I presume”—“Yes.”—“At home?”—“No.”—Laconic truly, said I to myself, but nevertheless good, inasmuch as we shall stand less chance of a drubbing for our impudence.—“Perhaps the ladies”—“Arrived this morning.”—A fact to my cost, thought I. I was forthwith introduced, and ushered into a very elegant apartment, when of course, “Your name, sir?” was the next question. “It would be of no use,” replied I, “since I am only known to the Colonel; but you may mention my being from Oxford.”—“Of the same college as the Colonel’s son?”—lucky hit, thought I—“No, not of the same, although a most intimate friend of mine.” He closed the door, and left me to my cogitations, which were queer enough, I promise you. A dead silence reigned around, which was at last interrupted by some distant sounds, which upon their approaching nearer I found to be footsteps. The handle of the door was touched, moved again, turned round, door opened, and displayed to my astonished optics—not the fair form of the Angel that had made such an impression upon my poor friend’s brain at Oxford, but two ladies of a “certain age,” of port most solemn, and on whose heads no less than five-and-thirty or perhaps forty summers had lavished all their bounties. I was beginning to hammer out something of an apology, but was interrupted by one of them addressing me with—“Sir, although we have not the pleasure of personally knowing you, yet we could not allow a friend of our brother’s and father’s to leave without waiting upon him.” With this introduction the conversation which I found myself obliged to sustain commenced, and we discussed the various beauties of Oxford, &c. &c. When in the midst of it, I found, to my astonishment and dismay, that their brother was *Fellow* of my college, and the very identical gentleman, who in his capacity as Dean, had occasionally favoured me with some of those vulgar ungentlemanly restraints upon youthful effervescences, called *impositions*. Here the gate bell rung violently. “Should not be surprised,” exclaimed one, “if this were dear *Edward*; he is only gone out to make some calls, and we expect him in every minute: how happy he would be to see you.” “Egad, (thought I) there’s somewhat of a doubt hangs upon that subject.” Hereupon we all rose simultaneously to the window, they earnestly hoping that it might be dear *Edward*, and I as earnestly praying inwardly that it might not, when who should make his appearance but my friend, whose patience I suppose had been almost exhausted. Glad to seize any pretext to get out of the sad dilemma in which I found myself, I hastened to inform them that it was a most intimate acquaintance, who had accompanied me, and whom, with several others, I was engaged to meet at dinner that day at Oxford; and that consequently I must deny myself the pleasure of meeting their brother. They expostulated strongly, painted in vivid colours the bitter disappointment he would feel: but ’twas all in vain; dear *Edward*’s well-known figure appeared to my disordered brain even now entering the court-yard, with all the sundry appurtenances of horse, horsewhip, &c. &c. thereto belonging; and therefore, with a very long face, which I found no difficulty in assuming, and with count-

less apologies and regrets, I made my exit. Scarcely was the door closed, when I met my friend ascending the stair-case with manful strides, booted and spurred, all ready for the fray. Seizing him by the arm, I checked his advance, and whispering him that it was a dead take-in, and moreover, unless we made a speedy retreat, was likely to prove something far worse, induced him, though with reluctant steps, to follow mine. We proceeded to our inn, mounted our horses, and having rode full speed till we were some considerable distance from the town, I then gave him a full eclaireissement of the affair; and, although much chagrined at his disappointment, he could not help laughing heartily at my expense, in which merriment, having had such a lucky escape, I joined with all my heart, and have since frequently amused myself and others with this account of our adventures while "*Angel-hunting*."

OXONIENSIS.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE.

May 25th.—I don't at all understand the word "*fascinating*," as used in the newspapers. I have lived to an immense age; till I am a grief to all my friends; who despair of there being any end to me. I have seen many generations; and have passed an active life in great cities; but I have not, in the whole course of my days, met with six people to whom the word "*fascinating*" could be applied. But the newspaper reporters see them every day. In fact, all the folks who are taken to police-offices, with decent clothes on their backs, are "*fascinating*." Well do I know, from experience, that "*fascination*" is coming when I read the inventory of a pick-pocket's wardrobe, to this effect—"He was fashionably dressed in a bottle-green frock-coat, with mother-of-pearl buttons, a striped waistcoat, plum-coloured inexpressibles, and high-low shoes tied in very genteel leather bows; on the top of his head he wore a white hat, and round his neck a Belcher handkerchief: altogether his appearance was vastly prepossessing, and his manners were *fascinating* in the extreme." I read the other day, that a pork-butcher's wife had been tricked out of half-a-pound of sausages, by a youth of *fascinating manners*, with whom she had conversed for the twentieth part of a minute, on the subject of the high price of fat terriers! The French make as prodigal a use of their *genteel*. Every body knows the story of the French valet, who on being asked what manner of man had left a particular parcel for his master, answered, "to be sure, de hair of his head came out of de crown of his hat; and de dail of his shirt came out of de hole in his breeches; but—he was very genteel for all dat!" But this is by no means so absurd; because gentility is a common quality; and many a genteel person may be clad in rags. *Fascination*, on the other hand, is a very rare quality; unless indeed we suppose, that there are persons who really are *fascinated* by the address of every man who wears a

coat whole at the elbows, and knows better than to pick his nose; and by every woman who wears an acre of straw in her bonnet, makes a courtesy, and does not *blast* eyes. These are the fascinating ladies and *gemmen* of the newspapers. But when we travel out of the world, as it is in newspapers, and look round the United Kingdoms, we find that there are, perhaps, about fifty fascinating women in Great Britain: as for the men, it makes me spit to hear the term profaned by application to them at all—men are all coarse beasts. Nor can I pretend to decide, arithmetically, that there are fifty fascinating women, properly speaking, such as Lady Wallscourt was, for example, the other day, when I could see her—my eyes are now so bad that I dare not venture to look at her; but I do remember when I used to sit under the large box in the pit tier at the opera, and spend the night in looking at her long eye-lashes and laughing eyes, and the rich brown locks that clustered and danced about her finely-turned temples. Oh, she was a sunny being! but the people said, that it was a shame for such a blear-eyed old monster as myself, to exhaust my small remaining sight in gazing on her; and H—warned me that I must either discontinue the practice, or make up my mind to write no more libels. The boys tell me, however, that she is as beautiful as ever; and that there is a good picture of her in the Exhibition. If it is like, a stranger to the original, when first he sees it, cries how *odd*; but the words are scarcely out of his mouth, before he feels how *lovely*. It should be arch; and of an archness with an indefinable dash of rusticity in it—I mean the *freshness* of rusticity, (that is, the richness of nature,) not any portion of its *gaucherie*; and the smile should not be of the mouth, but the expression of the whole face should be one sweet, deep smile. This is indeed *fascinating*; but such are not the beings on whom the newspapers bestow this word. Every young *tidy* lady is fascinating with them. For example, in my paper of to-day I see a description of Miss Turner. Miss Turner, I make no doubt, is a very nice, smart, school-girl; she is, the report says, tall, pale, with two piercing eyes,* and a finely-shaped mouth. This is all *very well*; but the scribe, who had only seen the lady for a few minutes during the examination of Mr. Wakefield, and who has taken this rather homely inventory of her charms, goes on, in the true newspaper style, to say—"She spoke in the most collected manner; and, altogether, *there is something so fascinating about her, that a most favourable impression seemed to have been made upon all present.*"

I suppose that speaking in a collected manner, not hesitating, stammering, slurring, floundering, gabbering, is, as times go, a point of *fascination*—but then, by this scribe's own showing, trying him by his own words, how poor a thing *fascination*, in the newspaper sense of the word, must be—"There was something so fascinating about her that *a most favourable impression seemed to have been made on all present.*" What a cold consequence! A *favourable impression seemed to have been made by fascination!* Did the

* I don't like that phrase, piercing eyes, applied to eyes feminine. It always reminds me of the old joke about *piercing eyes* and *gimblet-eyes*. "Her eyes, sir, would pierce a deal board!" "Then, by the Lord," says the respondent, "it must be a *gimblet-eye*."

old justice forget the gout? did the clerk forget his fee? did the reporter forget his note-book? did Mr. Wakefield forget the threatened mittimus? These things must all have happened had there been *fascination* in the lady—but a *favourable impression*! Oh, the bathos!

— There has been a row at Philadelphia between an American manager and an English player named Wemyss. The manager insisted that Mr. Wemyss should omit the words, in his part, “die like a brave Englishman;” because, as he contended, during the war it had become the usage to omit these words; it being, doubtless, a great comfort and satisfaction to gallant Americans, to think that there were no brave men among their enemies. Little Isaac, if I remember right, argues, that there is, to a bashful lover, something consoling in a mistress’s ugliness; and I can easily believe, that there is something to belligerents very encouraging in the belief of a foe’s cowardice. A belief in the enemy’s proneness to running, must be exceedingly comforting in an advance. During the earlier stages of our war with France, we delighted to represent the French as a very small, puny race of men, with long, lean legs, and of extremely fugacious propensities. We raised our courage by incessant jokes, said and sung, laying the prowess of the *Monsieurs* in their heels. We know, however, how to despise the Americans, when we hear that they refused to tolerate the supposition of “brave Englishmen,” when we were at war with them. But we are all alike absurd in this particular, as in most others. The French are as ridiculous in their fanfaronnade as ourselves, or the Americans. They rejoiced in imagining that John Bull could not fight, by reason of the bigness of his belly; and in their caricature shops they used to thrash us up hill and down dale. I recollect, in particular, a print by Verney representing a battalion of English infantry in the act of charging a single French soldier, who, sword in hand, is protecting a fallen comrade. Dismay is painted in the faces of the British troops, who are evidently appalled at the danger of the encounter with this soldier. A John Bull went into the shop where the print was published, and simply objected to the improbability of the design. “To give an air of probability,” said he, “you should put at least double the number of Englishmen into the picture: the force described here would never have ventured to charge a soldier of the imperial guard!”

— Our great philosophers, and profound observers, often blunder strangely in little things, from their ignorance of the manners and customs of the world. They live in books, and seem to have no eyes for the changes which have taken place in the habits of society since the days of Queen Anne. I make no doubt that B—and H—imagine that people parade *the Mall* at this hour; the men in bag-wig, sword, and ruffles, and the women in hoops. Nay, in an ingenious leading article in the *Morning Chronicle* a few months ago, a pleasant illustration turned on the impossibility of a fashionable Englishman’s making his appearance in Paris before he was provided with a *Paris suit*. The writer had read of such things in Smollet’s novels, and religiously believed that the same etiquette still prevailed. Most of the London shop-boys, however, know that Englishmen now set the

Paris male fashions ; a great revolution in dress having taken place, which has altogether escaped the observation of our politicians. Mr. Hazlitt, in his last clever book, the *Plain Speaker*, tells this story:—

“ A nobleman of high rank, sense, and merit, who had accepted an order of knighthood, on being challenged for so doing, by a friend, as a thing rather degrading to him than otherwise, made answer—‘ What you say, may be very true ; but I am a little man, and am sometimes jostled, and treated with very little ceremony in walking along the streets ; now the advantage of this new honour will be, that when people see the star at my breast, they will every one make way for me with the greatest respect.’ ”—*Plain Speaker*. Vol. ii.

Now, if Mr. Hazlitt had taken any cognizance of the customs of the world, he would have seen that this story could not be true ; as noblemen, or decorated persons in possession of their senses, never do walk about the streets with their orders on their breasts. Such an apparition as he has supposed is never seen ; and if it were to be seen, the small boys in the street would hoot it, and the knight would soon be placed under the tender care of his *prochain ami*. Great geniuses perhaps, consider a knowledge of these little things as beneath them ; but it strikes me, that it can do no harm just to use one’s eyes ; and that it may prevent one from stumbling occasionally, and affording laughter to the world of fools. Every thing is worth knowing ; and every nonsense worth an allusion at all, is worth a correct allusion.

A morning paper, distinguished for the uniform honesty, general ability, and various knowledge displayed by its editor in his *leading* articles, is unfortunately peculiarly unhappy in its speculations on foreign politics, as it seems to me, owing to too easy a credence—too amiably implicit a faith in the *well-vouched facts* of all comers. On the 3rd of May this journal took a most melancholy view of our affairs in every quarter of the globe. At home, it found good promise of a national bankruptcy ; from home it travelled to India, where it discovered that we durst not trust the native regiments with arms, at least *not at bed-time* : their arms, it is said, were taken away, like children’s play things, at bed-time, and returned to them the next morning when they got up ! “ This state of things,” says the writer, “ may well inspire alarm.” I think so too, and wonder what *man* has the strength to disarm the mutinous regiments at night, and the courage to arm them again in the morning. He ought to be a vigorous fellow. From India, the Chronicle takes a circuit through Turkey and Russia, and here it finds “ *that a war between Russia and the Porte, within one month, is considered inevitable in quarters possessed of the best political information.* ” It now returns homeward by the way of France, which it discovers to be *manœuvring*, but rather comforts us by taking a passing glance at Austria, which has an army on the frontiers in fighting order, and which wishes us well. Having now got home again after this little tour, it finds that things have not at all improved during its travels—“ internal convulsions and colonial and foreign war, at a moment when we are threatened with a national bankruptcy ! ” sighs the writer, as he pulls off his seven-league boots, and throws himself back in the editorial chair. This was all very terrible, but, somehow or other, I thought that there would be no war

within a month, (provided, of course, the arms of the native troops in India are carefully locked up at bed-time,) and in the Chronicle of this day, (May 23rd,) I see this beautifully cool notification, setting all things at rest again in two lines:—

“The Courier states positively, that the Porte has acceded to the Russian demands. THE ANTICIPATED WAR, THEN, BETWEEN RUSSIA AND THE PORTE WILL NOT TAKE PLACE!”

While I am on the subject of politics, I must express my regret that none of the managers of our theatres have thought of reviving Murphy's amusing old farce “*The Upholsterer*,” the best quiz on the *gobe-mouches* class that ever was conceived. As being old and shelved it is not generally known, I shall here transcribe two or three scenes of it as specimens of its humour and pleasantry. Mr. Hume will observe, that nothing *personal* is meant by the opening calculations of Quidnunc, as Murphy wrote before the member for Aberdeen was born, and could have had no idea of any particular application of his satire. Besides, Quidnunc is obviously on the side of politics exactly opposite to that which Mr. Hume has so ably and usefully supported.

SCENE III.—Discovers QUIDNUNC at a table, with newspapers, pamphlets, &c. all around him.

Quid. Six and three is nine—seven and four is eleven, and carry one—let me see, 126 million—199 thousand 328—and all this with about—where, where's the amount of the specie? Here, here—with about 15 million in specie, all this great circulation! good, good—Why then, how are we ruined? how are we ruined? What says the land-tax at 4 shillings in the pound? two million: now where's my new assessment?—here—here—the 5th part of twenty; 5 in 2, I can't, but 5 in 20 [*Pauses.*] right, 4 times—why then, upon my new assessments there's 4 million—how are we ruined?—What says malt, cyder, and mum?—eleven and carry 1, nought and go 2—good, good; malt, hops, cyder, and mum. Then there's the wine licence; and the gin-act is no bad article—if the people will shoot fire down their throats, why, in a Christian country, they should pay as much as possible for suicide—Salt, good—sugar, very good—Window-lights—good again!—Stamp-duty, that's not so well—it will have a bad effect upon the newspapers, and we shan't have enough of politics—But there's the lottery—where's my new scheme for a lottery?—here it is—Now for the amount of the whole—how are we ruined? 7 and carry nought—nought and carry 1—

Enter TERMAGANT.

Ter. Sir, sir—

Quid. Hold your tongue, you baggage! you'll put me out—Nought and carry 1.

Ter. Counsellor Codicil will be with you presently—

Quid. Pr'ythee be quiet, woman—How are we ruined?

Ter. Ay, I'm confidous as how you may thank yourself for your own ruination.

Quid. Ruin the nation!—hold your tongue, you jade! I'm raising the supplies within the year—How many did I carry?

Ter. Yes, you have carried your pigs to a fine market.—

Quid. Get out of the room, hussy—you trollop, get out of the room!—

[Turning her out.]

Enter RAZOR, with suds on his head, &c.

Friend Razor, I'm glad to see thee—Well, hast got any news?

Raz. A budget! I left a gentleman half-shaved in my shop over the way; it came into my head of a sudden, so I could not be at ease till I told you—

Quid. That's kind, that's kind, Friend Razor—never mind the gentleman; he can wait.

Raz. Yes, so he can; he can wait.

Quid. Come, now let's hear, what is't?

Raz. I shaved a great man's butler to-day.—

Quid. Did ye?

Raz. I did.

Quid. Aye!

Raz. Very true.

[Both shake their heads.

Quid. What did he say?

Raz. Nothing.

Quid. Hum—How did he look?

Raz. Full of thought.

Quid. Aye! full of thought—what can that mean?

Raz. It must mean something.

[Staring at each other.

Quid. Mayhap somebody may be going out of place?

Raz. Like enough—there's something at the bottom when a great man's butler looks grave; things can't hold out in this manner, Master Quidnunc!—Kingdoms rise and fall!—Luxury will be the ruin of us; it will indeed!

[Stares at him.

Quid. Pray, now, friend Razor, do you find business as current now as before the war?

Raz. No, no; I have not made a wig the Lord knows when; I can't mind it for thinking of my poor country.

Quid. That is generous, friend Razor.

Raz. Yes, I can't gi' my mind to any thing for thinking of my country; and when I was in Bedlam, it was the same: I could think of nothing else in Bedlam, but poor old England, and so they said as how I was incurable for it.

Quid. S'bodikins! they might as well say the same of me.

Raz. So they might—Well, your servant, Mr. Quidnunc. I'll now go and shave the rest of the gentleman's face—Poor Old England!

[Sighs and shakes his head. Going.

Quid. But hark ye, friend Razor, ask the gentleman if he has got any news?

Raz. I will, I will.

Quid. And, d'ye hear, come and tell me, if he has.

Raz. I will, I will—poor Old England! [Going, returns.]—O, Mr. Quidnunc, I want to ask you—pray now—

Enter TERMAGANT.

Ter. Gemini! gemini! How can a man have so little difference for his customers—

Quid. I tell you, Mrs. Malapert—

Ter. And I tell you, the gentleman keeps such a bawling yonder—for shame, Mr. Razor! you will be a bankrupter like my master, with such a houseful of children as you have, pretty little things—that's what you will.

Raz. I'm a-c-coming, I'm a-coming, Mrs. Termagant—I say, Mr. Quidnunc, I can't sleep in my bed for thinking what will come of the protestants, if the papists should get the better in the present war—

Quid. I'll tell you—the geographer of our coffee-house was saying the other day, that there is an huge tract of land about the pole, where the protestants may retire; and that the papists will never be able to beat them thence, if the northern powers hold together, and the Grand Turk make a diversion in their favour.

Raz. [Laughs.] That makes me easy—I'm glad the protestants will know where to go, if the papists should get the better. [Going, returns.] Oh! Mr. Quidnunc, hark ye! India bonds are risen.

Quid. Are they! how much?

Raz. A Jew pedlar said in my shop, as how they are risen three sixteenths.

Quid. Why, then, that makes some amends for the price of corn.

Raz. So it does, so it does—Good-bye Mr. Quidnunc—I'm so glad the poor protestants know where to go to; I shall than have a night's rest mayhap.

[Exit. Razor, laughing.

Quid. I shall never be rightly easy till those careening wharfs at Gibraltar are repaired—

Ter. Fiddle for your dwarfs! impair your ruined fortune, do that.

Quid. If only one ship can heave down at a time, there will be no end of it—and then, why should watering be so tedious there?

* * * * *

Enter PAMPHLET, in a surtout coat, &c.

Quid. Mr. Pamphlet, I am heartily glad to see you.

Pam. Mr. Quidnunc, your servant; I'm come from a place of great importance.

Quid. Look ye there, now!—Well, where, where?

Pam. Are we alone?

Quid. Stay, stay, till I shut the door—Now, now, where do you come from?

Pam. From the Court of Requests.

[Laying aside his surtout coat.

Quid. The Court of Requests! [*Whispers.*] Are they up?

Pam. Hot work.

Quid. Debates arising, may be?

Pam. Yes, and like to sit late.

Quid. What are they upon?

Pam. Can't say.

Quid. What carried you thither?

Pam. I went in hopes of being taken up.

Quid. Look ye there now.

[*Shaking his head.*]

Pam. I've been aiming at it these three years.

Quid. Indeed!

[*Staring at him.*]

Pam. Indeed!—Sedition is the only thing an author can live by now—Time has been I could turn a penny by an earthquake, or live upon a jail-distemper, or dine upon a bloody murder!—but now that's all over—nothing will do now but roasting a minister, or telling the people that they are ruined—The people of England are never so happy as when you tell them they are ruined.

Quid. Yes, but they an't ruined—I have a scheme for paying off the national debt.

Pam. Let us see, let us see. [*Puts on his spectacles.*] Well enough! well imagined!—a new thought this! I must make this my own. [*Aside.*] Silly, futile, absurd, abominable; this will never do—I'll put it in my pocket, and read it over in the morning for you—Now, look you here; I'll show you a scheme. [*Rummaging his pockets.*] No, that's not it; that's my conduct of the ministry, by a country gentleman; I proved the nation undone here: this sold hugely; and here now, here's my answer to it by a noble lord—this did not move among the trade.

Quid. What, do you write on both sides?

Pam. Yes, both sides; I have two hands, Mr. Quidnunc; always impartial, *ambo dexter*. Now, here, here's my dedication to a great man; touched twenty for this; and here, here's my libel upon him—

Quid. What, after being obliged to him?

Pam. Yes, for that reason—It excites curiosity—White-wash and blacking-ball, Mr. Quidnunc! *in utrumque paratus*—no thriving without it.

Quid. What have you here in this pocket?

[*Prying eagerly.*]

Pam. That's my account with Jacob Zorobabel the broker, for writing paragraphs to raise or tumble the stocks, or the price of lottery tickets, according to his purposes.

Quid. Ay! how do you do that?

Pam. As thus—To-day the protestant interest declines, Madras is taken, and England is undone; then, all the long faces in the Alley look as dismal as a blank; and so Jacob buys away, and thrives upon our ruin. Then, to-morrow we are all alive and merry again; Pondicherry's taken; a certain northern potentate will shortly strike a blow to astonish all Europe: and, then, every true-born Englishman is willing to buy a lottery-ticket for twenty or thirty shillings more than its worth; so Jacob sells away, and reaps the fruit of our success.

Quid. What! will the people believe that now?

Pam. Believe it! believe any thing—No swallow like a true-born Englishman's—A man in a quart bottle, or a victory, 'tis all one to them—they give a gulph—and down it goes—glib, glib—

Quid. Yes; but they an't at the bottom of things.

Pam. No, not they; they dabble a little, but can't dive—

Quid. Pray now, Mr. Pamphlet, what do you think of our situation?

Pam. Bad, sir, bad—And how can it be better? the people in power never send to me—never consult me; it must be bad; now, here, here—[*Goes to his loose coat.*] here is a manuscript! this will do the business, a master-piece! I shall be taken up for this—

Quid. Shall ye?

Pam. As sure as a gun, I shall; I know the bookseller's a rogue, and will give me up.

Quid. But, pray now, what shall you get by being taken up?

Pam. I'll tell you—[*Whispers.*] in order to make me hold my tongue.

Quid. Ay, but you won't hold your tongue for all that.

Pam. Poh, poh! not a jot of that—abuse them the next day.

Quid. Well, well, I wish you success—But do you hear no news? have you seen the Gazette?

Pam. Yes, I have seen that—Great news, Mr. Quidnunc—But, hark ye—[*Whispers.*] and kiss hands next week.

Quid. Aye!

Raz. Very true.

[Both shake their heads.

Quid. What did he say?

Raz. Nothing.

Quid. Hum—How did he look?

Raz. Full of thought.

Quid. Aye! full of thought—what can that mean?

Raz. It must mean something.

[Staring at each other.

Quid. Mayhap somebody may be going out of place?

Raz. Like enough—there's something at the bottom when a great man's butler looks grave; things can't hold out in this manner, Master Quidnunc!—Kingdoms rise and fall!—Luxury will be the ruin of us; it will indeed!

[Stares at him.

Quid. Pray, now, friend Razor, do you find business as current now as before the war?

Raz. No, no; I have not made a wig the Lord knows when; I can't mind it for thinking of my poor country.

Quid. That is generous, friend Razor.

Raz. Yes, I can't gi' my mind to any thing for thinking of my country; and when I was in Bedlam, it was the same: I could think of nothing else in Bedlam, but poor old England, and so they said as how I was incurable for it.

Quid. S'bodikins! they might as well say the same of me.

Raz. So they might—Well, your servant, Mr. Quidnunc. I'll now go and shave the rest of the gentleman's face—Poor Old England!

[Sighs and shakes his head. Going.

Quid. But hark ye, friend Razor, ask the gentleman if he has got any news?

Raz. I will, I will.

Quid. And, d'ye hear, come and tell me, if he has.

Raz. I will, I will—poor Old England! [Going, returns.]—O, Mr. Quidnunc, I want to ask you—pray now—

Enter TERMAGANT.

Ter. Gemini! gemini! How can a man have so little difference for his customers—

Quid. I tell you, Mrs. Malapert—

Ter. And I tell you, the gentleman keeps such a bawling yonder—for shame, Mr. Razor! you will be a bankrupter like my master, with such a houseful of children as you have, pretty little things—that's what you will.

Raz. I'm a-c-coming, I'm a-c-coming, Mrs. Termagant—I say, Mr. Quidnunc, I can't sleep in my bed for thinking what will come of the protestants, if the papists should get the better in the present war—

Quid. I'll tell you—the geographer of our coffee-house was saying the other day, that there is an huge tract of land about the pole, where the protestants may retire; and that the papists will never be able to beat them thence, if the northern powers hold together, and the Grand Turk make a diversion in their favour.

Raz. [Laughs.] That makes me easy—I'm glad the protestants will know where to go, if the papists should get the better. [Going, returns.] Oh! Mr. Quidnunc, hark ye! India bonds are risen.

Quid. Are they! how much?

Raz. A Jew pedlar said in my shop, as how they are risen three sixteenths.

Quid. Why, then, that makes some amends for the price of corn.

Raz. So it does, so it does—Good-bye Mr. Quidnunc—I'm so glad the poor protestants know where to go to; I shall than have a night's rest mayhap.

[Exit. Razor, laughing.

Quid. I shall never be rightly easy till those careening wharfs at Gibraltar are repaired—

Ter. Fiddle for your dwarfs! impair your ruined fortune, do that.

Quid. If only one ship can heave down at a time, there will be no end of it—and then, why should watering be so tedious there?

* * * * *

Enter PAMPHLET, in a surtout coat, &c.

Quid. Mr. Pamphlet, I am heartily glad to see you.

Pam. Mr. Quidnunc, your servant; I'm come from a place of great importance.

Quid. Look ye there, now!—Well, where, where?

Pam. Are we alone?

Quid. Stay, stay, till I shut the door—Now, now, where do you come from?

Pam. From the Court of Requests.

[Laying aside his surtout coat.

Quid. The Court of Requests! [*Whispers.*] Are they up?

Pam. Hot work.

Quid. Debates arising, may be?

Pam. Yes, and like to sit late.

Quid. What are they upon?

Pam. Can't say.

Quid. What carried you thither?

Pam. I went in hopes of being taken up.

Quid. Look ye there now.

[*Shaking his head.*]

Pam. I've been aiming at it these three years.

Quid. Indeed!

[*Staring at him.*]

Pam. Indeed!—Sedition is the only thing an author can live by now—Time has been I could turn a penny by an earthquake, or live upon a jail-distemper, or dine upon a bloody murder!—but now that's all over—nothing will do now but roasting a minister, or telling the people that they are ruined—The people of England are never so happy as when you tell them they are ruined.

Quid. Yes, but they an't ruined—I have a scheme for paying off the national debt.

Pam. Let us see, let us see. [*Puts on his spectacles.*] Well enough! well imagined!—a new thought this! I must make this my own. [*Aside.*] Silly, futile, absurd, abominable; this will never do—I'll put it in my pocket, and read it over in the morning for you—Now, look you here; I'll show you a scheme. [*Rummaging his pockets.*] No, that's not it; that's my conduct of the ministry, by a country gentleman; I proved the nation undone here: this sold hugely; and here now, here's my answer to it by a noble lord—this did not move among the trade.

Quid. What, do you write on both sides?

Pam. Yes, both sides; I have two hands, Mr. Quidnunc; always impartial, *ambo dexter*. Now, here, here's my dedication to a great man; touched twenty for this; and here, here's my libel upon him—

Quid. What, after being obliged to him?

Pam. Yes, for that reason—It excites curiosity—White-wash and blacking-ball, Mr. Quidnunc! *in utrumque paratus*—no thriving without it.

Quid. What have you here in this pocket?

[*Prying eagerly.*]

Pam. That's my account with Jacob Zorobabel the broker, for writing paragraphs to raise or tumble the stocks, or the price of lottery tickets, according to his purposes.

Quid. Ay! how do you do that?

Pam. As thus—To-day the protestant interest declines, Madras is taken, and England is undone; then, all the long faces in the Alley look as dismal as a blank; and so Jacob buys away, and thrives upon our ruin. Then, to-morrow we are all alive and merry again; Pondicherry's taken; a certain northern potentate will shortly strike a blow to astonish all Europe: and, then, every true-born Englishman is willing to buy a lottery-ticket for twenty or thirty shillings more than its worth; so Jacob sells away, and reaps the fruit of our success.

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Quid. Pray now, Mr. Pamphlet, what do you think of our situation?

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Quid. But, pray now, what shall you get by being taken up?

Pam. I'll tell you—[*Whispers.*] in order to make me hold my tongue.

Quid. Ay, but you won't hold your tongue for all that.

Pam. Poh, poh! not a jot of that—abuse them the next day.

Quid. Well, well, I wish you success—But do you hear no news? have you seen the Gazette?

Pam. Yes, I have seen that—Great news, Mr. Quidnunc—But, hark ye—[*Whispers.*] and kiss hands next week.

Quid. Aye!

Pam. Certain.

Quid. Nothing permanent in this world.

Pam. All is vanity——

Quid. Ups and downs——

Pam. Ins and outs——

Quid. Wheels within wheels——

Pam. No smoke without fire.

Quid. All's well that ends well.

Pam. It will last our time.

Quid. Whoever lives to see it, will know more of the matter.

Pam. Time will tell all.

Quid. Ay, we must leave all to the determination of time, Mr. Pamphlet, I'm heartily obliged to you for this visit—I love you better than any man in England.

Pam. And, for my part, Mr. Quidnunc—I love you better than I do England itself.

Quid. That's kind, that's kind—there's nothing I would not do, Mr. Pamphlet, to serve you.

Pam. Mr. Quidnunc, I know you are a man of integrity and honour—I know you are—and now since we have opened our hearts, there is a thing, Mr. Quidnunc, in which you can serve me—You know, sir, this is the fullness of our hearts—you know you have my note for a trifle; hard dealings with assignees. Now, could not you, to serve a friend——could not you throw that note into the fire?

Quid. Hey! but would that be honest?

Pam. Leave that to me; a refined stroke of policy—Papers have been destroyed in all governments.

Quid. So they have; it shall be done; it will be political; it will, indeed. Pray, now, Mr. Pamphlet, what do you take to be the true political balance of power?

Pam. What do I take to be the balance of power?

Quid. Ay, the balance of power?

Pam. The balance of power! what do I take to be the balance of power? the balance of power! [*Shuts his eyes.*] what do I take to be the balance of power?

Quid. The balance of power I take to be, when the court of aldermen sits.

Pam. No, no——

Quid. Yes, yes——

Pam. No, no; the balance of power is when the foundations of government and the superstructures are natural.

Quid. How d'y'e mean natural?

Pam. Pr'ythee be quiet, man. This is the language—The balance of power is——when superstructures are reduced to proper balances, or when the balances are not reduced to unnatural superstructures.

Quid. Poh, poh! I tell you it is when the fortifications of Dunkirk are demolished.

Pam. But, I tell you, Mr. Quidnunc——

Quid. I say Mr. Pamphlet——

Pam. Hear me, Mr. Quidnunc——

Quid. Give me leave, Mr. Pamphlet——

Pam. I must observe, sir——

Quid. I am convinced, sir——

Pam. That the balance of power——

Quid. That the fortifications of Dunkirk——

Pam. Depends upon the balances and superstructures——

Quid. Constitutes the true political equilibrium——

Pam. Nor will I converse with a man——

Quid. And, sir, I never desire to see your face——

Pam. Of such anti-constitutional principles——

Quid. Nor the face of any man who is such a Frenchman in his heart, and has such notions of the balance of power.

[*In deep thought, without looking at each other.*]

[*Both in a passion.*]

* * * * *

SCENE III.—*The Street. Enter QUIDNUNC with a dark lanthorn.*

Quid. If the Grand Turk should actually commence open hostility, and the House-bug Tartars make a diversion upon the frontiers, why, then, 'tis my opinion—time will discover to us a great deal more of the matter.

Watch. [*Without.*] Past eleven o'clock, a cloudy night,

Quid. Hey! past eleven o'clock—'Sbodikins, my brother Feeble will be gone to bed; but he shan't sleep till I have some chat with him.—Hark ye, watchman, watchman!

Enter Watchman.

Watch. Call, master?

Quid. Ay, step hither, step hither; have you heard any news?

Watch. News, master?

Quid. Ay, about the Prussians, or the Russians?

Watch. Russians, master?

Quid. Yes; or the movements in Pomerania?

Watch. La, master, I know nothing. Poor gentleman! [*Pointing to his head.*] Good night to you, master. Past eleven o'clock. [*Exit. Watchman.*]

Quid. That man, now, has a place under the government, and he won't speak. But I am losing time. [*Knocks at the door.*] Hazy weather! [*Looking up.*] The wind is fixt in that quarter, and we shan't have any mails this week to come. Come about, good wind, do, come about.

Enter a Servant Maid.

Maid. La, sir, is it you?

Quid. Is your master at home, child?

Maid. Gone to bed, sir.

Quid. Well, well, I'll step up to him.

Maid. Must not disturb him for the world, sir——

Quid. Business of the utmost importance.

Maid. Pray, consider, sir, my master an't well.

Quid. Pr'ythee be quiet, woman; I must see him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A room in FEEBLE's house. *Enter FEEBLE, in his night-gown.*

Feeb. I was just stepping into my bed. Bless my heart! what can this man want? I know his voice. I hope no new misfortune brings him at this hour!

Quid. [*Without.*] Hold your tongue, you foolish hussy; he'll be glad to see me. Brother Feeble, brother Feeble!

Enter QUIDNUNC.

Brother Feeble, I give you joy; the nabob's demolished. [*Sings.*]

Britons strike home, revenge, &c.

Feeb. Lack-a-day, Mr. Quidnunc, how can you serve me thus?

Quid. Suraja Dowla is no more!

Feeb. Poor man! he's stark staring mad.

Quid. Our men diverted themselves with killing their bullocks and their camels, till they dislodged the enemy from the octagon, and the counterscarp, and the bung-lo——

Feeb. I'll hear the rest to-morrow morning—Oh! I'm ready to die!

Quid. Odsheart man, be of good cheer—the new nabob, Jaffier Ally Cawn, has acceded to a treaty; and the English Company have got all their rights in the Phiemand and the Hushbulhoorums.

Feeb. But dear heart, Mr. Quidnunc, why am I to be disturbed for this?

Quid. We had but two seapoys killed, three chokeys, four gaul-walls, and two zemidars.—[*Sings.*] "*Britons never shall be slaves!*"

Feeb. Would not to-morrow morning do as well for this?

Quid. Light up your windows, man; light up your windows. Chandernagore is taken!

Feeb. Well, well, I'm glad of it—Good night. [*Going.*]

Quid. Here; here's the Gazette!——

Feeb. Oh! I shall certainly faint!

[*Sits down.*]

Quid. Ay, ay, sit down, and I'll read it to you. [*Reads.*] Nay, don't run away—I've more news to tell you!—there's an account from Williamsburgh in America—The superintendant of Indian affairs——

Feeb. Dear sir, dear sir——

Quid. He has settled matters with the Cherokees——

[*Avoiding him.*]

Feeb. Enough, enough——

[*Following him.*]

Quid. In the same manner he did before with the Catabaws.

[*From him.*]

Feeb. Well, well, your servant——

[*After him.*]

Quid. So that the back inhabitants——

[*From him.*]

Feeb. I wish you would let me be a quiet inhabitant in my own house——

[*After him.*]

Quid. So that the back inhabitants will now be secured by the Cherokees and Catabaws——

Feeb. You'd better go home, and think of appearing before the Commissioners——

Quid. Go home! no, no; I'll go and talk the matter over at our coffee-house——

Feeb. Do so, do so.

Quid. [Returning.] Mr. Feeble—I had a dispute about the balance of power—pray now, can you tell——

Feeb. I know nothing of the matter——

Quid. Well, another time will do for that—I have a great deal to say about that—

[Going, returns.] Right, I had like to have forgot; there's an erratum in the last Gazette——

Feeb. With all my heart——

Quid. Page 3, line 1st, col. 1st. and 3d, for *bombs* read *booms*.

Feeb. Read what you will——

Quid. Nay, but that alters the sense, you know—Well, now your servant. If I hear any more news, I'll come, and tell you.

Feeb. For Heaven's sake, no more——

Quid. I'll be with you before you're out of your first sleep——

Feeb. Good-night, good-night——

Quid. I forgot to tell you—the Emperor of Morocco is dead. [Bawling after him.] So—now I've made him happy—I'll go and knock up my friend Razor, and make him happy too——and then I'll go and see if any body is up at the coffee-houses——and make them all happy there, too. [Exit Quidnunc.

[Runs off.

[Exit Quidnunc.

Conceive Liston in the character of Quidnunc! Could anything be more delightful?

30th.—It is reported that Mr. Charles Kemble is about to retire from the management of Covent Garden Theatre. Considering Mr. Charles Kemble in his private character, we must regret this, or any other event that may be displeasing to him, for he has many qualities which engage a friendly interest in his behalf. He is a very polished gentleman, and an elegant scholar, his manners are singularly urbane, and his conversation, when he is disposed to converse, which is not always the case, is full of good sense and nice taste, and occasionally enlivened with a pleasant and easy humour. In a word, there are not many men in this country possessed of personal qualities so calculated to conciliate esteem as those which distinguish Charles Kemble, and when we hear that he is about to withdraw from the management of his theatre, we regret the event as it may concern him individually, but at the same time we are free to confess that, considering it with a view to the administration of theatrical affairs, we regard it as a matter of no sort of importance to the public. In Mr. Harris's time no one raised his voice more loudly against the quackery and puppet-show management of the theatre than Mr. Charles Kemble; no one wished more fervently for the restoration of the *legitimate* drama, (a vague phrase enough by the way.) But when Mr. Harris went out, and he came in, things went on just in the old train, or if any difference was observable, it was by no means creditable to the new management. The quackeries and puppet-show exhibitions being, if possible, more frequent and more tawdry than ever. Punch, too, was for the first time played at Covent Garden in Mr. Charles Kemble's dictatorship. When we consider these things, we care not (except as it may concern the individual) who manages the theatre; we know that it is in such a train that it cannot be well managed, and it matters not a straw who administers the quackeries, and plays the part of prime minister in the government of dulness. All that we are anxious about is to keep out of the house. The bills satisfy our curiosity. Mr. Harris will necessarily, in resuming his old courses, continue the system of his predecessor. These two gentlemen being, like Whig and Tory,

great railers against abuses when *out*, and very much alike when *in*. Charles Kemble will now once more sigh for the legitimate drama, and Mr. Harris will play Punch with, perhaps, the addition of Judy.

— Our Cockney scribes in the newspapers make strange discoveries every now and then. A Peter Pastoral in the Morning Chronicle of this day has found a beautiful mare's nest; he has discovered that people do not go to Vauxhall for the lights, or the company, or the fire-works, or the music, or for all these things united, but that they go to Vauxhall *for the pleasure of the delightful drive of some two or three miles*, on an evening when the air at that distance from town breaths *perfume*! Think of that, reader! The delightful drive to Vauxhall, and the *perfume* on the way! Call to mind the delicious road to Marsh Gate, and the beautiful prospect which opens to you when you turn down to the right by Walworth—the gardens before the doors—the holeyhocks—the sweet sun-flowers, and the poplars so dusty and tall! Oh, Peter Pastoral, this indeed is *rural*! It is on the Vauxhall Road that we taste the joys of the country, it is somewhere about Walworth that we inhale the sweet breath of nature, which bountifully fans down our grateful throats a cart-load of road-sand “without leave of the surveyors.” Oh! Peter, if there is joy upon earth, man, it is this! if there is pleasure in the world it is to be found in a delightful drive on the Vauxhall Road, the air breathing *perfume*!

“It is not the music which draws thousands to its enchantment, for in this musical age, few if any, may not command its pleasure elsewhere, *without encountering so much hazard*—nor is it the dancing—nor the illuminated walks—nor even the society of our friends—it is not any of these singly or united which could have the effect of inducing us to perambulate in a damp and foggy atmosphere, even if it were possible to cover the whole area with a parapluie. *No; it is the pleasure of a delightful drive of some two or three miles, on an evening when the air, even at that slight distance from town, breathes perfume.*”

4th.—The Greek proverb says, Βαρος τι τοδ' εστιν, αινεσθαι λιαν, which may be thus translated: “It is a grievous thing, Toadey, to be too much praised.” Having shown what the Greek proverb says, I will now show what Blackwood says:—

“CANNING'S WIT.—Canning's wit is infallible. It is never out of time or place, and is finely proportioned to its object. Has he a good-natured, gentlemanly, well-educated blockhead—say of the landed interest—to make ridiculous, he does it so pleasingly, that the esquire joins in the general smile. Is it a coarse calculating dunce of the mercantile school, he suddenly hits him such a heavy blow on the organ of number, that the stunned economist is unable to sum up the total of the whole. Would some pert prig of the profession be facetious overmuch, Canning ventures to the very borders of vulgarity, and discomfits him with an old Joe. Doth some mouthing member of mediocrity sport orator, and make use of a dead tongue, then the classical Secretary runs him through and through with apt quotations, and before the member feels himself wounded, the whole House sees that he is a dead man.”—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

JULY, 1826.

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Canning is undoubtedly a wit of the first water, but there is this peculiarity about Canning's wit, that nobody knows any thing about it, though we all nevertheless religiously believe in it. Zadig, when among the believers in griffins, nearly got broiled for doubting whether there were such things as griffins in the world; and his friend alone extricated him from his difficulty, by assuring the believers in griffins that Zadig not only believed in griffins, but that he kept two of them in his court-yard, and always treated them with the greatest kindness. I am not going to do so silly a thing as Zadig; I know better than to inquire whether Canning has wit, nay, I believe in his wit, and treat it with every respect; but having made this confession of faith, I think that I am at liberty to observe on this curious circumstance, that nobody when asked can give any very clear account of this wit, (that is to say of his *spoken*, his *Parliamentary* wit,) or remember any specimens of it. It must be, as Erskine said of his own eloquence, "Like the fragrance of the rose—lost as soon as shed." The memory of every man of Sheridan's day is stored with apt examples of Sheridan's wit; Lord North's contemporaries too have handed down to us abundant specimens of his wit, wit that was always good-natured, a rare and admirable quality in wit—but none of Canning's admirers can give us any examples of his wit. Ask them, "What has he *said* that you would instance as witty?" and you gravel them at once. We do not ask what he has written, because we see that in the *Anti-Jacobin*, and excellent it is; but men witty on paper only are not generally called wits, and it is the fashion to say that Canning is very witty in the House; the *Parliamentary Reports*, however, do not confirm the story. Some old Joe Millars indeed they have recorded in the Foreign Secretary's speeches, but the wit of them belongs of course to Mr. Millar and not to Mr. Canning. As for the happiness of Mr. Canning's quotations, I think the Blackwood writer is particularly unlucky in having touched on this point. Canning's quotations, with grief I speak it, are always culled from the examples in the *Syntax* of the *Eton Grammar*, the sort of *Repertorium* whence Partridge supplied himself with erudition. I almost wonder indeed that he does not relapse into the old school-boy practice of quoting the rules as well as the examples, and surely, *Verbum personale concordat cum nominativo* would do as well for the country gentlemen as *Vir bonus est quis*, &c. or that standing favourite of the honourable gentleman (which is to us about as agreeable as the taste of the horse-pond at her door was to Mrs. Hardcastle:)

Os homini sublimè dedit : coelumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

There is no sort of doubt that Mr. Canning is an accomplished scholar, I therefore ascribe the peculiar style of his classical quotations to his desire to cite that which the country gentlemen may possibly understand. It doubtless puts them in extreme good humour with themselves, to throw out a quotation to them which they can comprehend. The rules and examples of the syntax are of course more likely to have been impressed on the memories of these gentlemen than other parts of their educations, Canning, therefore, very discreetly

applies himself to this source when he would give them some Latin to their minds. He has a sufficient reason for dealing in trite quotations, and we quarrel only with those injudicious friends who would convert a politic puerility into matter of positive praise. They must have it that Canning's quotations are apt in themselves, when in fact they are not apt or happy, but well adapted to the hearers; they are not made for the credit of the maker, but for the market. The partizan of Wilks found beauty in his squint, and with like ridiculous prodigality of admiration, the Blackwood writer would discover beauty in the little necessary blemishes of Mr. Canning's oratory. Again I repeat, that it is a grievous thing to be extravagantly praised. The share of praise which is fairly and honourably Mr. Canning's due, would satisfy the covetings of the most ambitious of men of applause. If he has not the ready and sparkling wit of Sheridan or Lord North, he has much higher qualities. He is a man not only of brilliant talents, but, in many points, of what we regard infinitely more, sound principles, and generally of an enlightened mind. That he may make a worthy use of these capacities for accomplishing good is our most earnest wish. No men in office ever stood higher with the country (the intelligent part of it) than Canning, Huskisson, and Peel, and a proud career is open to them. The last has got a twist in a few things, but his reforms of the law atone for it ten thousand times over. Men of this stamp, however, will be blown upon by adulators, and if in endeavouring to drive the fly away, we chance to give what appears to be a rude pat, they must take the will for the deed. Our care is to preserve their fair reputation from the unwholesome taint of flattery and falsehood.

4th. Mr. Mathews is reported to have made this speech on the closing of the entertainment for the season.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—The same feelings must be expressed in the same terms—that feeling I have often experienced—those words I have often employed. I will not now repeat the latter, though I must always be sensible of the former. My lasting gratitude is due for all past and present favours. You may value me, *but I cannot value them too highly.*

There is obviously a mis-print in the last clause. It evidently should be read—"You may value me, but I cannot value *myself* too highly."

5th.—The very newspapers which said the other day that Mr. Charles Kemble was about to quit office, now as confidently protest that there was not a syllable of truth in the report—*tant mieux—pour lui*, that is to say. It is thus that journals kill children at Waterford to fill up a column, and then contradict the same. And then, to think of the beautiful paragraph I have written about it! Well, well, it must stand. My rule is never to erase—mine is a *veritable* diary.

—I have been immoderately diverted with an article in the last Blackwood, on Megg Dodd's Cookery Book. The writer's instructions for taking a place at dinner opposite some gracious dish, remind me of a story illustrative at once of the gallantry and gourmandism of a German diplomatist. The Count —, having had the honour of handing Lady Castlereagh down to dinner at her own house, was motioned by her ladyship to take the chair at her right hand, but the gallant German said, with a loud voice, in his broad English, "No—Milady

Castlereagh; No—I—shall—not—sid—dare,—I—shall—go—and—sid—my—self—down—opposite—that—great—poy.” And he was as good as his word: he did go and sit down opposite a great French pie, besieged it in form, stormed, sacked, and pillaged it in a most complete and soldierly manner.

10th.—The papers this day announce the return of Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Hobhouse for Westminster! The influence of names is astonishing. I make no question that the good people of Westminster firmly believe, that in electing Sir Francis Burdett they have elected a fast friend of the popular cause. Such he once indisputably was, but nothing remains of the Burdett of former years but the name. He is now scarcely distinguishable from Sir Thomas Lethbridge: he has identified himself with the landholders, the corn-monopolists, and in pursuing the interests of his class, he has deserted the dearest interests of the community—but still he is with the multitude *the* Sir Francis Burdett, the friend of the people! So blind are the million to change in things while names remain the same! The Living Skeleton that was over here, grew so fat with good living during the period of his exhibition, that the showman was obliged to discharge him and send him home to France, where, by this time, he is being shown about the fairs as the French Dan Lambert. While he was waxing lustier and lustier every day, people continued to visit him, and to wonder at him still as the Living Skeleton, till in an unlucky hour a matter-of-fact, mathematical kind of man dropped in, and asked, “Is that the Living Skeleton! Why, he seems to my eyes rather a corpulent gentleman.” Upon this the showman, perceiving for the first time the aggrandisement of his prodigy’s person, cried, “Lord, Sir, so he is! Well, I can’t think what can have come over him, but he certainly is not the skeleton he was.” And so the Skeleton was discharged. Had it not been, however, for the hint of our matter-of-fact man, he would have remained the Living Skeleton till he had arrived at that pass of fatness at which a man forfeits the privilege of crossing his legs. A similar process of change has taken place with regard to Burdett’s political character, but the discovery has not yet been made by the million, and though he has grown a complete squire, the many still gaze and wonder at him as the staunch friend of the people. Whenever they discover the change he may pass over to the Tories, as the Skeleton passed over to France, and exhibit in the character opposite to that which earned him his fame, that of a prize Tory. I grieve at the metamorphosis, but I cannot be blind to it. Melton Mowbray, stinking foxes, and evil communication, have deprived the people of the advocacy of one of the ablest and boldest public men in this country.

While on this subject I must do justice to some excellent observations on the conduct of Burdett, and other distinguished politicians, which appeared the other day in the *Morning Herald*. The *Herald* argued, unanswerably, that these are not the men to serve the public cause, as they reserve themselves for great oratorical occasions, and feel above that which is really, in every sense of the word, *the business* of the country. In a former Diary I was wrath with the *Herald*, and pronounced, perhaps, too sweeping a censure on it. It has its faults, its weak places; but good articles appear in it; and it has

of late done excellent service by its papers on the subject of imprisonment for debt.

11th.—The king's wish to raise Sir Henry Halford to the peerage, has been met by the objection, that a peer could not, consistently with his dignity, practice as a physician; and also, that he would lose his business, as people would not send for his lordship, when they had, or fancied they had, any little nonsense the matter with them. His majesty observed, that he saw nothing at all in the last objection, for *all his friends would go to the Lord Harry*. It was then proposed to give the coronet to Lady Halford, and to leave Sir Henry at liberty to take the fees; but this arrangement did not exactly please his majesty, whose wish is to obey the injunction of scripture, and "to honour his physician;" he therefore asked, whether it would not be the same thing if Lady Halford were to be made the physician, and Sir Henry the peer? I believe it would—to the patients.

12th.—It is amusing to observe, how the laboured ill-nature of Murray's Representative is neutralised by its constitutional silliness. It says its would-be bitter things with such an air of *niaiserie*, that one feels inclined rather to laugh at its folly, than to be angry at its malignant purpose. Nevertheless, such an evil disposition ought to be corrected; and I have some thoughts of again showing this paper up in my Diary; if I do, by Jupiter I will divert myself with it—aye, and my readers too. We will have a famous month's sport. This dainty concern has, of late, been making some blackguard attacks on Sir Robert Wilson. Among other stuff (in the Abigail style of malice) it alleges, that he has no right to call himself *Sir*; and questions his gallantry as a soldier. An evening paper (the Globe, I suppose) has condescended to notice its little nonsense; and in reply, the Representative *leaves the decision of the dispute to the Duke of Wellington*. This is no quiz of mine, reader. The man's words are, "*We leave it to the Duke of Wellington to decide.*" And he goes on to say, "*In the mean time, while waiting for his Grace's decision,*" &c. This beats the thought that sparkles with our champagne; and our opera-box; and our standing close to Russia when we heard the famous piece of history touching Constantine's marriage. This is all surpassed by the last stroke—We leave the dispute to our friend Wellington. "Wellington, my good fellow, come and decide between us and the Globe—is Wilson a soldier?"

I have had some fun with this same Representative before, and a few more such touches as these will tempt me to have some fun with it again. How ———, of the Globe, must have enjoyed that reference to his Grace of Wellington, for the settlement of the controversy. I envy him his chuckle. "*We leave it to the Duke of Wellington to decide!*" Oh, what an air was there! As Liston says, that is, indeed, "*coming it Captain Grand over us.*" I shall send off instantly to enquire how the Globe is after its laugh.

17th.—All the world is rejoicing at the discomfiture of Saint But-terworth, at Dover. A most ridiculous circumstance, which happened before the election commenced, must have given this worthy a fore-taste of his richly-merited defeat. He convened a meeting of his friends at the City of London Tavern, to concert measures for securing

his return. A considerable number of persons assembled on this occasion; but instead of proposing Mr. Butterworth, who had paid for the room in which they met, and who had called them together, they, after a very little consideration, of one accord, nominated one of the other candidates. Butterworth thought it rather queer usage, that his friends should propose another before him, when they were especially convened to promote his election; but of course he calculated on being named next. A friend then got up, and proposed him, but the meeting *unanimously negatived the motion*, and put a third party in nomination! The Saint was as mad as the Devil.

— The most magnanimous of God's creatures, Mr. Bankes, has been beaten at Cambridge. It was a worthy competition between him and Goulburn; but Goulburn, with all his faults, is worth a million Bankeses. Bankes's affair with Mr. Buckingham is a thing not to be matched; it has stamped him a being of superlative littleness; and on this ground he may set all rivalry at defiance. However, it was good fun to see these two maggots running their creeping race one against the other, amidst the contemptuous jeers of the honest, and the execrations even of the lovers of all littleness. The No Popery party held that one maggot would be *secure of coming in*; but they saw that a brace of maggots would divide the strength of sympathising souls; and that between the two toad-stools, intolerance would fall to the ground. Accordingly, the friends of Bankes reviled Goulburn, and the friends of Goulburn reviled Bankes; and the rest of the world laughed, and agreed that there was much truth in what either party urged against the other. The maggots, however, were as obstinate as pigs; the nut was before them; and the jeers of the multitude only acted like salt on their tails, to stimulate their activity: away they crept, emulously striving for the precedence of a barley-corn's length; and never seeing that the other racers, the generous steed Copley, and the hack Lord Palmerston, were already at the goal. The maggots had miscalculated the thing. They judged well in thinking that maggots would meet with the support of many kindred, creeping things, at Cambridge; that *quoad* maggots—there was no sort of objection to them; but they did not consider, that when superior natures entered into competition, carrying the weight of higher office, the ardent love of Cambridge for office would prevail over its wonted predilection for littleness. Cambridge said, "I love a maggot, like my Bankes, well; but I love to oblige a man who, like the attorney, has good things in his gift better." The maggot-interest has been furiously angry with Lord Palmerston for defeating their creepers. It is curious and amusing to see how certain men are abused just now in the John Bull, Representative, and papers of that stamp, for any solitary act of political virtue with which they are chargeable. Snake, in the School for Scandal, when he does a good action, begs that it may not be divulged; as, if known, it would ruin his reputation. The Palmerstons, and some others, labour under the misfortune which Snake apprehended. They have done a good action in politics, and grievously do they suffer for it in their reputations. The single act of virtue imputable to them is made their single reproach. A man may have toiled through all the work of the most profligate of

administrations; he may have been the tool of Castlereagh, and his hands may have been lent to the dirtiest jobs; but if with all these foul claims to regard, he cannot show a heart filled with bigotry, "out, thou accursed!" is the cry; and he is held unworthy to be one of the elect. The children in Africa scream when they see a white man; and our children of darkness here, howl in like manner, when they see one of their own species wanting, in any degree, the unrelieved blackness of their caste. Political profligacy is not enough for them—to be *teres atque rotundus*, a fit foot-ball for their game, he must add to it the rancorous spirit of religious intolerance.

18th.—*John Bull* has long been waxing wickedly dull; his smartness has disappeared, his gaiety is spent, and he has now come to supplying the place of these qualities with ancient Joes served up as new. Witness this example in the *John Bull* of to-day:—"Our friend from Ascott is wrong—Mr. Samuel Rogers was not at the races; it was Lord Fife who made the joke. Mr. Thornhill asked Lord Sefton if he had come from Stoke? Lord Sefton said, 'No! I came straight from town.' Lord Fife, in a whisper to Lord Graves, said, 'If he did, he has got deucedly warped on the journey.'"

I don't believe that there is a much more ancient joke than this on record. The *John Bull* is like Lady Morgan, who gave all the facetiæ of Hierocles to her footman, and swore she heard him make them on the proper occasions *impromptu*, "*the other day*."

—"On Friday, in the midst of its judicial business, the Consistory Court was somewhat startled by one of the fair foreigners that hawk brooms about the metropolis, who popped her head into the hall (whilst solemn silence reigned) and in a loud, shrill, and peculiar tone, cried, 'Buy a broom!'"—*Examiner*.

Startled, indeed! I wonder they were not frightened out of their small wits; there is nothing these ancient spiders of the law dread like a broom: their cobwebs shake at the very sound. I wish the No Popery people would sweep away those noxious old rags of Papistry, the Ecclesiastical Courts. They could not be better employed. I have Lord Thurlow's authority for denouncing them as nuisances.

21st.—A Mr. W. G. Elliston, who is not a player-man, has taken unto himself a benefit at Drury Lane. *The Morning Puff* observes upon this circumstance in the following felicitous terms: "Mr. W. G. Elliston's claims upon public patronage may be less ostensible [less *ostensible!* they are *invisible*] than those of individuals who come *more* [he never comes at all] before the public, but they are *certainly* not less forcible, and *on many accounts* they may be considered *stronger*." This is a beautiful specimen of the virtue of obscurity. By keeping the specific nature of Mr. W. G. Elliston's claims out of sight, Mr. Puff is enabled to raise them to an indefinite height. We know nothing at all about Mr. W. G. Elliston, but it is contended that his claims on us "are *certainly* not less forcible" for that reason, "and on many accounts they may [or may not] be considered stronger." Pursuing the argument the other way, we may arrive at the conclusion, that if we did know any thing of Mr. W. G. Elliston, he would have no claims at all on public patronage, seeing that the less we are acquainted with them the higher they rise.

— A short time ago, Mr. ——— was ballotted for at the ——— Club. When the box was examined, the black balls were found to exceed the number of the members present by one. This led to some enquiry, when one of the waiters came forward, and very frankly said: "Gentlemen, to tell you the truth, *I* put in that black ball, being apprehensive that, but for this precaution, Mr. ——— might possibly be elected." The club pronounced the man *a prudent servant*.

LIVES OF THE FORTY.*

CERTAIN bad poets and obscure men of letters, used to meet together, in 1634, at the house of a secretary of the king, Louis XIII., in Rue St. Denis, in order to inflict upon one another their respective productions. They one day invited to the honours of a session the Abbé Boisrobert, a buffoon of Cardinal Richelieu, who was in ecstasies with them, and called the attention of his master to this meritorious society. The Cardinal proclaimed himself its patron, and granted letters patent, by which it was erected into the French Academy, and the number of its members limited to forty. After the death of Richelieu, the Chancellor Seguier became the second father of the Orphan Society, and gave it an asylum in his hôtel. Afterwards Louis XIV. having assumed the title of Protector of the Society, gave it a hall in the Louvre for a place of meeting, where it continued to assemble till 1795, when the *Institute* of France was organised.

In the constitution of the year 3, which was promulgated on the 1st of Vendémiaire, in the year 4, the following resolution occurs:—"There shall be for the whole Republic, one National Institute, charged with the duty of collecting discoveries, of perfecting the arts and sciences."

In 1803, Bonaparte divided the Institute into four classes; the first class took the physical and mathematical sciences, and was composed of sixty-three members.

The second had for its object, the language and literature of France, and was composed of forty members.

The third, that of literature and ancient history, was composed of forty members; eight associate members, and sixty correspondents.

The fourth class, of the fine arts, had twenty members; eight associated foreigners, and thirty-six correspondents.

When the Bourbons were restored in 1815, the name of Institute was preserved; but their old denominations were given to the four classes. The first class was, *Académie des Sciences*; the second, *Académie Française*; the third, *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*; and the fourth, *Académie de Peinture et de Sculpture*.

It is a point liable to much disputation, whether, under any circumstances, these official academies ever produce a beneficial result.

* Biographie des Quarante de l'Académie Française. A Paris chez les Marchands de Nouveautés. 1826.

If they ever do, it is certainly in the infancy of the science or art they may cultivate. It is possible that they may foster the exotic into strength, which, without artificial aid, would have fallen under the blight of an inhospitable climate. Societies which confer degrees, or certificates of proficiency in departments of useful and practical science, where the public cannot judge, may be beneficial. But to introduce degrees or certificates of excellence into matters where the public not only can judge, but where it is the sole judge, is the height of folly. If the decrees of the Academy are in accordance with the dictates of the public opinion, they are unnecessary; if they are at variance with it, they are ridiculous. It thus generally happens in affairs of which the public are arbitrators, that academies of literature, not of science, become wholly insignificant, or wholly contemptible. Either they sink into total nothingness, like the Royal Society of Literature in London, which indeed never rose, or they become the eternal subject of epigrams, like the *Académie Française* at Paris. On literature they can produce no effect, for the public pronounces its irresistible decrees; but by mixing up among their more obscure members the names of men of real genius, and by calling to their aid the artificial succour of courtly honour, and the more substantial assistance of courtly patronage, they may erect themselves into a body of sufficient consequence to make it desirable for noblemen of dilettante acquirements, and of small literary ambition, to become members of the corps. A little pseudo-importance is thus obtained; and though the body never arrives at any influence, it yet reaches the honour of pointing epigrams, forming the burden of songs, and sometimes of whetting the anger of the more earnest satirist.

This is the middle state of the French Academy, which, it must be observed, is that division of the *Institute* much the most talked of in France; partly because in reality it touches upon the privileges of the public, who are familiar with the subject of its proceedings, and partly because, as literature is a very vague thing, and as it is very difficult to find out whether one has it or not, it is precisely that sort of academical distinction which may be pretended to by every man who has a library, a cook, and a cellar. Hence it is an object with both the public and the nobility. There is in London a Literary Club called the Athenæum, avowedly for the purpose of uniting in one body the literary men of the metropolis. In other clubs the qualification is clear. Are you a field officer in the army or a commander in the navy? Have you travelled a thousand miles from London? Have you taken a degree at either university? All these questions are susceptible of a very brief and a very positive answer. Not so with the Literary Club. There you are eligible—because you are a nobleman, and have occasionally literary men at your table; or you are rich, and buy books; or you are a lawyer, and the law is a learned profession; or a physician, and the medical profession is remarkable for its acquaintance with polite literature; or you are a clergyman, and are clearly literary by your M.A. or B.A. degree, or for any other reason. It is so with the French Academy; any body may be a member who could neither decompose a gas, decypher a Greek inscription, nor do a piece of sculpture or a piece of painting. For these and sundry other reasons it may be easily conceived that a biography of each of the members of the French Academy will form a very curious collection. Living biography is

usually a piquant species of literature, and the lives of such a society as this in the hands of a man of talent may be easily supposed to prove agreeable reading.

The political changes in the history of France during the last five-and-thirty years, which embrace the active part of the lives of most of the academicians, have been violent, so as to represent most of them, playing many different parts; and, as in such instances as that of Waller in our own history, playing them with that peculiar baseness which appears to belong to the literary character. This point in the history of his subjects is by no means forgotten by the satirical biographer, (or biographers), who hit off with much force the inconsistent and vacillating conduct of these heroes of the Academy.

It is time, however, that we should turn to some account of the work before us. It is not a Dictionary of the Academy, but a Dictionary of the Academicians; for here, in alphabetical order, is the birth, parentage, education, life, and works of all the living members of this Society. The circumstances of their lives appear to be detailed with exactness, although the pen of the satirist may be clearly discerned in the colouring which is given to the sketch. It would be impossible for us, in a small compass, to comprise, even in an abridged form, the biography of each academician; neither if we were to do so, could we at the same time in an abridgement convey the spirit and character of the writer. We prefer to pick out and translate as a specimen one entire *biographie*, which may as well be that of the illustrious academician, M. Auger, as any other.

AUGER.

(SIMON-LOUIS.)

Sur Pegase et Molière un jour il s'est jeté,
Et galope avec eux vers l'immortalité—

M. Auger is a man of extremely common-place mind; although somewhat stiff and formal, he yet possesses taste, tact, and acquirements; indeed, all that is necessary for shining in a drawing-room, in the society of ladies, half-pay officers, bankers, members of parliament, retainers of the ministry, and manufacturers. If then it be asked by what magical process M. Auger has been installed in the chair of the immortals, I shall answer, with all the world, and M. Auger himself, "I do not know." However this may be, M. Auger is an academician, and sits by the side of my lords the bishops of Paris and Hermopolis; and has over his two brethren the advantage of revealing his academical existence, by periodically declaring himself perpetual president. He is the Ravez of the Academy. Is M. Villemain present, M. Auger addresses the new member. Is he absent—still M. Auger assumes the office of congratulator. If it is a priest who is elected, M. Auger comments on his sermons. A dramatic author, M. Auger comments on his profane works. It is impossible to take a single step in literary history without encountering M. Auger. To avoid his name, it is necessary to betake one's-self to the libraries of people of taste, who read Molière without the notes of M. Auger.

M. Auger, (born at Paris the 29th of December, 1772,) commenced his literary career in 1793, by soliciting a place in the commissariat department; an employ which introduced him into the office of the Minister of the Interior, where he remained till 1812.

At this epoch M. Auger perceived himself driven by an irresistible impulse towards literature: in order to consecrate himself to it exclusively, he retired from office, and shut himself up in his study to meditate his future creations; he meditated a long time, and created nothing. The political troubles—the restorations and reactions of 1814 and 1815 found M. Auger immovable. From the time that the Bourbons were firmly established, M. Auger resorted to his first plan of soliciting, and was fortunate enough to obtain the place of royal censor, which he filled with honourable distinction. In the month of February, 1816, M. Auger received a pension from the king, and was named a member of the Academy the following April. Established in the chair of learning, M. Auger conceived the design of making himself worthy of it. His ancient titles and literary celebrity reducing themselves to certain damned farces and low comedies, he desired to produce something of more importance, and being persuaded that the surest means of handing a name down to posterity, is to place it by the side of that of a great man, he proclaimed himself the hero of preface and commentary, and stuffed with prefaces, notes, and commentations the most famous pieces of the French stage. This rage for commentation cost him one day a pretty severe lesson, inflicted upon him however without the slightest malicious intention. One evening he found himself seated by the side of a Russian nobleman, ignorant as Russian noblemen are, but gifted with a certain natural good taste. M. Auger, who has a weakness for Russians, like so many other Frenchmen, loaded his neighbour with politeness and erudition, lost no opportunity of offering his services, and put the finishing stroke to his attentions by promising to send the Russian next day a copy of his works. M. Auger kept his word, but he sent the nobleman neither his unsuccessful farce of the “Fair of Senlis,” nor his damned vaudeville of Harlequin Odalisque, but he dispatched by his footman, “The Works of MOLIERE, with Notes, by M. Auger.” Some days after he received from the noble Tartar the following letter:—

“Mister Molière,—I thank you for sending your works: I am ashamed to confess that I did not know them: they are admirable: there never were in the world better comedies than yours: how comic! what gaiety! what knowledge of the human heart! I never cease to read, and re-read your *Femmes Savantes* and your *Tartufe*, your *Ecole des Femmes*, and even your ballets, though I do not remember to have seen any of them danced at the opera. Now, permit me to make one little observation, with all the respect which I have for your fine genius: Why have you permitted a certain M. Auger to explain by his notes passages as clear as the sun, and to disclose beauties to the world which all the world could very well perceive without him? These notes blind me, when I wish to read your verses; they annoy and force me, I may say, to abandon in every page, one of your fine passages for a piece of dulness which destroys the effect of the scene. If you will permit me to give you a word of advice, I would beg of you to suppress in your second edition, these impertinent notes, which stop the reader at every instant, and cool all his enthusiasm.

“Accept, Sir, &c. &c.

“ALEXISOFF.”

It is said that M. Auger returned no answer. Exiled from the bookseller's shops, the theatres, and the drawing-room, M. Auger's spirit of literature took refuge under the dome of the Four Nations. It is from the president's chair of the Academy that M. Auger, the pope of literature, lances against the heretical romantic school his bulls of excommunication; that he admonishes the novices of the Academy whose orthodoxy is disputed, that he proclaims his decrees in favour of the classic religion of literature, out of the pale of which there is neither salvation nor medals.

Unfortunately for M. Auger the thunders of the Institute are as little apprehended as those of the Vatican: the age advances: new ideas are formed, and new wants are everywhere perceived: with the age, literature advances also, leaving in the mud the Academy, M. Auger, and its other pedants. So that the day is not far distant, when this society, finding itself placed quite out of the field of literature, will be guilty of a *felo de se*, and the men of talent, who may by accident be found in it, will make as many efforts to get out of it, as they did to get in. The favour of the public is sure to abandon the men who labour rather to please M. Auger, and his thirty-nine colleagues, than France itself, who reads, pays, and applauds. We have already heard a celebrated publisher, who understands his business well, and who knows to a farthing the value of a reputation, say, on the election of a certain person, "Now that he is an academicien, we must only print five hundred copies of his next work."

The memoir goes on to give an account of M. Auger's speech, on the reception of M. de la Vigne, and of his writings, &c. We have, however, translated enough to give a good idea of the *Biographie* and here we leave it, with the character of being very entertaining, and very instructive.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FREDERICK REYNOLDS.*

GOLDONI'S Memoirs have been pronounced by Gibbon to be more dramatic than his comedies. Of all the dramas, composed by the author under review, "The Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds," is certainly the most comic. We have laughed "loud laughter three" in the perusal of it, an excess which we cannot charge ourselves with having been guilty of when engaged with the "Dramatist." Within the compass of these two volumes lies the embryo of many a plot, which duly developed might have been expanded into three acts, or have attained even unto five. It appears almost as if Mr. Reynolds, having taken his leave of the theatre, and having no further occasion for the comic incidents and ideas which floated in the regions of his imagination, or lived in his portfolio, had emptied them promiscuously and with unwonted profusion into this his last dramatic work. We could not insinuate that the adventures it relates are absolute fictions—gratitude forbid. We are three laughs in the author's debt; and one hearty explosion is well worth a whole day's ordinary existence. But allowing a germ of truth to each, Mr. Reynolds has made the most of that germ; has cultivated it with care—fostered it in his fancy—till it has shot up into

* The Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds, written by himself. 2 vols. London: Colburn, 1826.

a comedy or a farce. Habit is powerful, and the habits of the dramatist would almost necessarily interfere with the duties of the historian. The adventures may be true substantially, but he has dramatized them; and in the heat of composition may have sometimes forgotten that he was writing a life and not a play. As Papillion says, in a piece of Foote's, the name of which we care not to mention:

Papillion.—You will pardon my presumption, but you have, my good master, one little foible, that I could wish you to correct.

Young Wild.—What is it?

Papillion.—And yet it is a pity, too, you do it so very well.

Young Wild.—Prythee be plain.

Papillion.—You have, Sir, a lively imagination, with a most happy turn for invention.

It is not long before we observe the author's fancy at work, adorning the bare facts of his story. When but a child he was taken to see Mrs. Barry, the great Mrs. Barry; and had the honour of being invited by her to sup and sleep at her house. During the ride home in the carriage, he kept enquiring whether she was really the identical Desdemona that had just been smothered, and could not refrain from touching her, to ascertain what he calls the "corporeity of her existence." This familiarity she checked once or twice with a good-humoured smile and a slight blush, observing to her husband: "Barry, what an extraordinary boy this is!" They found supper on the table, and according to Barry's invariable custom after acting, a boiled fowl. Mrs. Barry was so unlucky as to place the liver wing on the wrong plate. By signs and winks her husband endeavoured to attract her attention; but in vain. Barry's visage approached the hue it had worn in Othello, and he quarrelled with his wife in real earnest. She rose and quitted the room, leaving a kiss upon our author's lips, which made a deep impression upon his boyish mind. This is all sufficiently natural, and may be true; but he is never easy unless he improves upon the truth. Let the following testify:

Next day, I returned to school, and my tasks were required of me as usual; but I was an altered being; I had seen Mrs. Barry, the great Mrs. Barry! Mrs. Barry was never out of my head; she was in my cup at breakfast, my plate at dinner, and my bed at night. I called the gawky house-maid, Mrs. Barry; and when the master asked me to translate "*Improbe amor*," I answered, "*Cruel Mrs. Barry*." The consequence was, I was at length flogged; under the birchen influence my mists vanished as fogs under the sun's, and my sight was restored. Thus I bore Mrs. Barry's impression on more parts than my lips.

Is it to fancy or to memory that we are indebted for the following incidents among the occurrences of his boyish days?

At Petworth, when viewing the Statute Gallery, I saw a plaster bust of Democritus, moulded from the antique. So much struck was I, with the laughing physiognomy of the philosopher, that, unable to keep my hands off him, I gave him a familiar slap on the face; in return, he nodded, then tottered, fell, and scarcely left "a wreck behind." Lord Egremont's servants could scarcely keep their hands off me, while my aunt, as usual, exclaimed—"What a funny boy Fred is!"

In the gradual progress of the family westward, (a direction in which the desires of the female portion of it invariably pointed,) our author's father took a house in the Adelphi. The mere mention of this name sets his imagination instantly at work; and in a trice we have a carpenter evoked, whose name is Terence. "This led to a curious equivoque; for Wilkes, (John Wilkes, who happened to meet him and his father together,) turning suddenly towards me, said, in his usual urbane manner:

"Well, my boy, how far have you got?" I, whose mind was wholly occupied by our late removal from Salisbury-square, replied, "As far as the Adelphi, sir."

"Upon my word," rejoined Wilkes, "your son, Reynolds, is very forward for his age."

"Forward, indeed!" cried my father, smiling; "Why Fred, you young rogue, you know nothing of Terence?"

"Don't I," replied I, rather snappishly, "why you yourself saw me with him this very day, and I heard him tell you, that your upper story was in a very bad condition."

"Ho, ho!" said my father, laughing heartily; I understand the matter now; he means Terence, the foreman to the three Adams, who built the Adelphi."

"I see," Wilkes replied, joining my father in the laugh; then added, "If his blunders be always as amusing as the present, the more frequently Miss Wilkes and I see our young friend the better."*

But fancy has hitherto been only fluttering her pinions; it shortly takes a bolder flight; and as the author is yet of an age unripe for strange adventures, an elder brother is put forward as the hero of the story. It would form the ground-work of an excellent afterpiece in three acts. Possibly it may already exist in that shape; it is certain that many a drama has been concocted out of slenderer materials; and in the hopes of drawing the attention of some ingenious play-wright to its capabilities, we shall briefly state the principal incidents. "Hot with Tuscan grape, and high in blood," Mr. Richard Reynolds one night at the opera is smitten with the charms of a lady, extremely handsome, the wife of Sir Charles ———, a Baronet of fashion and fortune. He gazes so intently and sighs so deeply, that his admiration becomes obvious, not to the lady only but to the lady's husband. Scene II. represents the crush room of the opera, and here by one of those golden chances which favour dramatic heroes, the lady, by the pressure of the crowd, is separated from her party. Richard advances, proffers his services, hands the lady to her carriage, and being "hot with the Tuscan grape," as aforesaid, puts his own foot on the step, with the intention of accompanying her. At this moment the "green eyed monster," Sir Charles ——— darts forward, grasps our hero by the arm, high words ensue, and cards are exchanged. The scene shifts and discovers Richard wandering under the influence of the same Tuscan grape in St. James's-square; after a while he seats himself under a portico and falls asleep. To him enter an Irish watchman, and shortly after two Irish chairmen, with a sedan. The body of Richard is, after a parley, deposited in the sedan, and the chairmen are departing with their burden, when *Phalim* recollects that it is necessary to learn first whither they are to go: the pockets of Richard are searched, and a card is found, which Paddy, the watchman, reads aloud by the light of his lantern: "Sir Charles ———, Lower Grosvenor-street."

The next scene discovers the front of Sir Charles's house, Lower Grosvenor-street: enter a sedan; chairman knocks; servant appears at the door; the Paddies tell their story and show the card; and the servant, fearing to disturb his master, causes the sedan-chair to be conveyed, unopened, into the library. Scene now changes and represents the interior of a library, with a sedan-chair *solus*. After a pause up rises the lid of the sedan, and Richard, awakened from his nap, makes his appearance. His astonishment at finding himself in a

* A member of the House of Commons, not long deceased, whenever he quoted Latin, used to translate the passage "for the benefit of the country gentlemen"—so for their benefit, and that of their ladies, allow me to state that Terence (not the above-mentioned carpenter) but the Carthaginian, wrote a comedy called the *Adelphi*.

strange apartment, is great—"Who am I;" (a good gesticulator would here set the house in an uproar) when, as he is about to ring for explanation, the door opens, and in rushes the identical fair one of the opera. Deceived by the imperfect light of a single wax taper, and blinded by her agitation, she rushes into the arms of her supposed husband, which, "*nothing loth*," are opening to receive her, when lo! the *real husband* enters. All stand aghast, the lady confounded, takes her husband by the hand and weeps in silence; Richard completely sobered, stammers out an explanation, and pit and galleries loudly applaud. The naiveté which Richard discovers in the relation of his story, and the corroborating testimony of the two Paddies are beginning to work conviction in the Baronet, when the latter suddenly breaks forth into a new passion, and exclaims, "This is not the only provocation I have received from you to-night. Do you know a Captain Smith, Sir?" But here we bethink us, that we have inadvertently omitted a part of the drama necessary to the right understanding of the remainder.

After the exit of Richard in the sedan-chair, the scene shifts from St. James's-square to St. James's-street, and discovers a gang of pick-pockets hustling a gentleman. To them enter Sir Charles, who succeeds in rescuing the stranger. Stranger returns thanks, and asks the name and address of his deliverer. Sir Charles gives him, as he imagines, his own address; but it proves to be the card of Mr. Reynolds. The stranger, Captain Smith, as he is styled in the *dramatis personæ*, no sooner casts his eye over the inscription, "Mr. Richard Reynolds," than he cries, "So, sir, I have found you at last," and proceeds to vent a torrent of abuse. After many loud invectives, the mistake is cleared up by a mutual friend, who drops in upon them—from the clouds. (The author must not here be censured for a dramatic impropriety; the knot was a most intricate one, and in every respect *dignus vindice*. The moment is critical—Captain Smith is evidently proceeding to extremities.) We may now go on with the library scene. Sir Charles. "But for this friend, sir, *there* I should have been as much indebted to Mr. Richard Reynolds for the loan of his name and character, as I am *here* for the unexpected pleasure of his company." Richard professes his regret, but can offer no elucidation of this second misadventure; pledges his honour, however, to give the Baronet satisfaction, one way or other; and proposes to defer all further discussion till the morrow. Baronet consents, and scene closes. The parties go to bed, and the violins play an interlude.—Act III., Scene last, represents an apartment in the Bedford; present, Mr. Richard Reynolds, Captain Smith, and Sir Charles. Parties mutually explain; whence it appears that Captain Smith had been traduced by a Mr. Richard Reynolds, who was not our Mr. Richard Reynolds, but some other Mr. Richard Reynolds; hence his wrath at the sight of the card presented him by the Baronet. Our hero stands acquitted; instead of exchanging shots, the parties exchange apologies; curtain falls amidst the shaking of hands; and "The Mistakes of a Night," is announced for repetition without a dissenting voice.

The next recommendable subject from the dramatic portfolio of Mr. Reynolds, is the ground-work of a piece, in one act, to be entitled, "Jack and the Highwayman," and performed at Sadler's Wells with unbounded applause. The hero is another of the adventurous family of the Reynoldses. Scene I. shews Jack in his gig, menaced

by a highwayman, who presents a pistol, and *furiously* demands his money. Jack's horse takes fright, as well as his rider, and gallops off at full speed. Highwayman has his foot struck by the wheel, and is unhorsed. Highwayman's horse mechanically follows the gig.—Scene II. discovers Jack driving in great haste towards a town, followed by Highwayman's horse, which Jack, who has not cast one look behind him all the while, supposes to be Highwayman himself, mounted, and in pursuit. On reaching the inn, Jack discovers his mistake, seizes the horse, advertises it to be sold by auction, "to defray expenses," and nobody appearing to claim it, actually disposes of it for thirty pounds; and this Jack calls, "robbing a highwayman." The author, in the conception of this piece, has fallen into an involuntary plagiarism. The flight of Jack, followed by the horse, which he supposes to be the highwayman mounted, is an idea evidently derived from the adventures of Father Francis, the Italian story versified by Colman. But plagiarism is now so much the law of dramatic composition, that this slight instance of "importation," may well be overlooked:—"*hanc veniam*, may the play-wrights say, *petimusque damusque vicissim*."

The subject we have next to recommend, will require the playwright to gird up his loins, for it can hardly be digested in anything short of five acts. It is a serious comedy, called "Olivia Garcias; or, The Will." The story, for we cannot enter into particulars, is briefly this:—Mr. B—, an English gentleman, falls in love with a fair Portuguese, in Lisbon, the ward of our author's uncle, by name Olivia Garcias. When the guardian is for bringing the gentleman to terms, Mr. B— hesitates, and is embarrassed; and when guardian proposes marriage, Mr. B— looks as though the word had been a bullet shot at him from the mouth of a musket. "He was already married!" A very charming scene ensues, by the Tagus, on which Mr. B— suddenly appears in his yacht, and surprises Olivia, reading on the bank. Finding her obstinately virtuous, he sails for England, whither some chance or other shortly after brings Olivia; and where, by a chance equally fortunate, they encounter each other at the house of Mr. Reynolds, our author's father. This is a scene of "deep and powerful interest;" and is followed up by much love, much distraction, much perplexity, and much despair. The difficulty is, how to dispose of the superfluous wife; a knot requiring some pains and thought to unravel. Mr. Reynolds the elder proposes a *divorce*; but this mode of solution, though it might appear satisfactory enough to the attorney, squares not at all with the ideas of the dramatist. The plot is wound up in a much more masterly style. The denouement is so *truly dramatic*, that it deserves to be communicated at length.

One evening, after dinner, Osborne (the proprietor of the hotel opposite us) was introduced on business; when he informed my father, one of his inmates, a lady, (who a few days previously had arrived from France in a weak state of health), found herself so rapidly decaying, that she was most anxious to have her worldly affairs immediately settled by a legal adviser. As soon as he had made this communication, Osborne retired, urging my father to follow him instantly.

Instantly being a common sense, and not a common law, term, my father paused and said, "Probably she speaks only French—in that case you had better go, Jack, as I am afraid I have forgotten all mine."—"I will," replied Jack, (the hero of "Jack and the Highwayman,") "after the next glass;" and then, the conversation recurring with redoubled ardour to Olivia and the divorce, the new client was awhile totally forgotten.

Another visit from Osborne reminded them of their neglect; and he frankly avowed, that if my father could not instantly attend the lady, application must be made for other professional assistance.

Jack then rose, and after one more glass, departed. In about half an hour he returned, much shocked and affected by the interview. He said, that when in health, the unfortunate stranger must have been a woman of considerable personal attractions, and though now evidently in a dying state, she dictated her last intentions with a feeling and firmness that at once excited his pity and admiration. He brought with him a rough draught of the will for my father's perusal and revision.

"Short and sweet, I vow," said my father. "She has left blanks, I see, for the name of the principal devisee, and for that of the executor. These, I presume, she intends to fill up herself?"

"She does," replied my brother; and she wished also that her own servants should be the witnesses to her signature, instead of me, or any of your clerks. And she added, that when the will shall be signed, to prevent accidents, she would send you a counterpart."

A will was completed on that evening, and immediately despatched by my father to Osborne's. On the same night he received the promised counterpart, with positive directions not to open it until after the decease of the testatrix; and in an accompanying envelope a ten pound bank note, as a remuneration for his trouble.

On inquiry the following morning, the unfortunate lady was found to be considerably worse, and in the evening she expired. My father then opened the will; and in the presence of Olivia, her lover, and the whole family, commenced reading it, but not aloud. Our curiosity having been already considerably excited by the mystery attached to the stranger, we all anxiously observed my father's countenance, which, to our surprise, suddenly displayed strong emotion and agitation. Before however we could ask the cause, raising his eyes from the document, and fixing them on Olivia, he exclaimed, in a hurried, faltering tone,

"Olivia! to whom do you suppose this ill-fated person bequeaths her whole property?"

He then read aloud as follows:—

"Give—devise—bequeath—that freehold estate, called ———, and all other property I die possessed of, to my *wronged husband*, Edward B——, now residing in London, and whom I implore, as the last request of a misled, though attached *wife*, to follow to the grave his once loved Eleanor; and there to bury with her all his just resentment."

Thus terminated the divorce. In a few days the youthful widower attended the unfortunate Eleanor to the grave; and within the following half-year, the happy Olivia to the altar.

We cannot afford to exhibit any more of the author's dramatic schemes, although there are many others equally worthy of notice. Among these may be specified the story of the monk and his capacious cloak; the dialogue at cross purposes, starting with "*J'ai vu votre paire*;" the scene at Lord Grandison's, in which the dramatis personæ are, a French viscount, an English lawyer, a German notary, and our author, an English attorney, assembled together apparently for no other purpose than getting up a scene; Dr. Franklin, for the first time, "bought and sold;" an interview with the Attorney-general, Sir Pepper Arden, on the subject of a patent for a balloon of novel construction, that by artificial wind, "counteracting the effects of the natural wind," was to sail like a ship; *et cæ-te-ra, et cæ-te-ra, et cæ-te-ra*, as Blanchard says.

The pains taken by the author to dramatize the history of his life, and to enrich it with additional particulars from the realms of imagination, have arisen from the very mistaken idea that the simple truth is what Mr. Reynolds would call an *unendurable*; and that a narrative can only recommend itself by eccentricities and oddities, and by strange incidents told in as strange a manner. Mr. Reynolds is eternally beset with the fear of being *dull*; and in his attempts to avoid the imputation

becomes actually so. Instead of making us cry out, "mad author, mad composition," the summit of his ambition—he is but *lively* dull, or, to make free with the name of Mr. H. T.'s *double* in *Vivian Grey*, let him be called "Vivacity Dull;" an appellation he but too often deserves. He is in fact *endurable* only when he is neither eccentric nor witty; for his wit is dulness and his eccentricity common-place. There are portions of this *Life*, which to re-peruse, would be as intolerable an infliction as to read an act of any of what he calls his "half damned or whole damned plays." On the other hand, there are good things in the *Life*, so good as to leave the reader nothing to wish for, but that they were more numerous, and were set off to more advantage by the surrounding matter. To recompense the reader for having confined his attention so long to the dross of these volumes, we propose to string together a few bits of sterling.

In the chapter of infancy is a dutiful mention of the author's grandfather, summed up with the following sentence:

These are all my recollections of him: that they are not more extensive is no fault of his; he gave us time to stamp his image on our minds, for he lived till he was one hundred years old.

His father was a member of the "Society for supporting the Bill of Rights," and was on intimate terms with Wilkes, Blake Delaval, Horne Tooke, &c.

The very first words I was taught to lisp by my nurse were "Wilkes and Liberty!" Frequently for this purpose was my little personage placed on the table with the dessert, to intermingle my "hurrahs" for freedom with the diligent mastication of all the fruits and cakes that lay within my reach. This epicurean intrepidity, however, soon terminated the exhibition;—the tiny, chubby hands were approximated to the region of the stomach; then followed a face of anguish; and at last the forebodings of the parent hurried the little disgraced patriot from the theatre of his display into the nursery.

Barry, commemorated above, is described as acting Othello in "a full suit of gold-laced scarlet, a small cocked hat, knee-breeches, and silk stockings, conspicuously displaying a pair of gouty legs."

I recollect, that after the performance of Othello, I was much surprised by seeing a person put his head through the hole in the green curtain, and facetiously say to the audience, "*Remember me to-morrow*;" on which immediately followed a loud laugh.—This person, Mrs. Barry informed me, was Shuter, the comedian, whose benefit was to take place on the following evening.

What Pope says of Dryden, our author observes he may say of Johnson, "*Virgilium tantum vidi*." The Doctor happened to call upon the elder Mr. Reynolds on some law business, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where were the author and his three brothers, eager to have a sight of the leviathan. Brother Jack, (a name of bad omen, but nevertheless there is a genuine touch of Johnson,) bolder than his brethren, seated himself by the Doctor, and began:

"Any news in the literary world, sir?"

"Sir!" cried the Doctor.

"Any thing new, Doctor, I say, in the literary world?" continued the unhesitating poet.

"Young man, talk to me of Ranelagh and Vauxhall; of what you *may* understand; but not a word on literature."

They tease him about a poem, which one of them had written, and which another declared he had heard so often that he could repeat it with as much facility as its author.

"*Facilis descensus Averni*," muttered the Doctor, and then added, in an authoritative tone, "Ring the bell, one of you, ring the bell," and the servant was ordered

to summon my father, on whose appearance the Doctor formally arose, and said—
 “When next I call here, sir, shew me where there is *civilization*—not into your *menagerie*.”

The author was a Westminster school-boy, and the story of his introduction there and manner of life, though garnished with a few fictitious to rescue it from the imputation of common-place, is tolerably faithful.

Westminster was then what it is now; not only in its fashion, but in its system of education. Latin, Latin—Greek, Greek, and the measurement of verses, were our sole themes, morning, noon, and night. Every other thing has changed, either for the better or worse; but this (both building and principles) remains in statu quo. If Queen Elizabeth were to raise her head from the tomb, and, with astonished eyes, search for an old acquaintance, she would recognize but one, I think, and that would be Westminster School.

His debut is characteristic of the place. He found them busily engaged in the rehearsal of a farce:

Pleased and unobserved I stood listening, until suddenly catching their eyes, with a loud halloo, and a cry of “New boy, new boy!” they surrounded and seized me.—Then mounting me on the table, they all at once exclaimed, “Which of us will you fight?” I, supposing they jested, replied, “Any of you.”

“Oh, oh! you will, will you?” cried a little tiger-faced brat about my own size; then here goes!”

Off went his coat in an instant; not so mine. I paused, hesitated, and begged every body’s pardon—in vain.

Among his school-fellows was the late Duke of Bedford. They were in the same class, and of nearly the same age.

On the half holidays, we used to stroll together to his estates, either in Covent Garden, or Bloomsbury Square, and then, with boyish exultation, he would exclaim, “All this is mine!” Then, we would enter Stacie’s Hotel, in the former place, and call, in a swaggering tone of half real, half mock authority, for the master, who (well knowing his young landlord,) would immediately set before us soups, venison, and all “the fat of the land.”

Our author sat in the pit the night on which Garrick took leave of the stage; an occasion signalized by a riot and struggle for places almost unprecedented.

Though a side box close to where we sat, was completely filled, we beheld the door burst open, and an Irish gentleman attempt to make entry, *vi et armis*. “Shut the door, box-keeper!” loudly cried some of the party. “There’s room by the pow’rs!” cried the Irishman, and persisted in advancing. On this, a gentleman in the second row, rose, and exclaimed, “Turn out that blackguard!” “Oh, and is that your mode, honey?” coolly retorted the Irishman; “come, come out, my dear, and give me satisfaction, or I’ll pull your nose, faith, you coward, and *shillaly* you through the lobby!”

This public insult left the tenant in possession no alternative; so he rushed out to accept the challenge; when, to the pit’s general amusement, the Irishman jumped into his place, and having deliberately seated and adjusted himself, he turned round, and cried,

“I’ll talk to you after the play is over!”

We are tempted to add another specimen of Irish character. Our author’s father accompanied Lord Grandison to Ireland, and took Frederick, who was the pet of the family, along with him.

Our voyage ended the following evening, when we landed at Waterford, where we were much struck by the beauty of the Quay, the Custom-house, and the Cathedral; but my attention was soon withdrawn by “metal more attractive,” a lamp post with a play-bill on it, stating in large letters that “Hamlet” was that evening to be performed for the benefit of a Mr. Randall, a supposed *London star*.

We took a hurried dinner, and after it, went to the theatre, which was so nearly empty, (though for a favourite’s benefit,) that the hero of the night, on his entrance, suddenly receded, with a start of horror; then again advanced, and bursting with rage, exclaimed,

"Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, ought ye not to be ashamed of yourself? and is this the way you support sterling talent?"

"By the powers," replied a spectator near the orchestra; "I only know the *whole pit here*—that is myself, my son Lary, and Donaghadoo, my mother's son,—paid to support you---and is this your gratitude, Jewel?"

"Feeth, and that's just our way of thinking," cried a voice from the gallery; "so, go it, my pippins! Three cheers for the *present* company, and three groans for the *absent*!"

Among the constant visitors at his father's house, was the Hon. Thomas Erskine, who had but lately left the army, and was beginning to study law.

Little did I then think, that this young student, who resided in small lodgings at Hampstead, and openly avowed that he lived on cow beef, because he could not afford to purchase any of a superior quality,—dressed shabbily, expressed the greatest gratitude to Mr. Harris for occasional free-admissions, and used boastingly to exclaim to my father, "Thank fortune, out of my own family I don't know a lord,"—little did I then think, that I should ever live to see this distressed personage in possession of a peerage, the seals, and the annual receipt of above fifteen thousand pounds.

One of his first clients was Admiral Kepple, who, being brought to a court martial by Sir Hugh Pallister, and acquitted, presented his successful young advocate with a bank-note of one thousand pounds. Mr. Erskine shewed us this novel sight, and exclaimed, "*Voila, the nonsuit of cow beef, my good friends!*"

In the first volume are the journals of one or two excursions on the Continent; but whether penned at seventeen or seventy, we are unable to decide. Certainly they are not without marks of having been written at no very remote period. If they *do* belong to our author's nonage, it is curious to remark how exactly the youth of twenty resembled the youth of seventy. Style and turn of thought, or, more properly speaking, the absence of it, are precisely the same at both periods. There is little in them that will gratify the reader. At Paris he observed the evident discontent of the people, (this was in the year 1782,) and saw many caricatures of the Royal Family.

In one of these caricatures, fishes were seen flying in the air, while birds were drowning in the sea; a court of justice was inverted; the king, in his robes, stood attempting to water some drooping plants, but the water flew upwards. By his side, on its hinker legs, stood a large female wolf, to whom an immense pocket was attached, into which several courtiers of the Austrian faction were seen rapidly pouring gold; while in the wolf's paw was a large flambeau, whose long flame descending perpendicularly, fired their wigs.

On the *wolf's head*, which bore a most ridiculous resemblance to the Queen, were immense plumes of feathers; alluding to the *feather mania*, with which Marie Antoinette had infected the court, at a period when they were only worn on the heads of horses. Never had fashion a greater rage; every week an additional, a handsomer, or a larger feather was attached; until, at length, the queen, her suite, and her horses, at a short distance from the beholder, were lost in one waving, undulating forest of feathers.

We ought not to forget to enumerate among the author's Parisian adventures, the story of the "*right man, Newell*." Assuredly circumstances conspired to make a dramatist of our author; for every thing that befell him seemed to belong more properly to the stage of the theatre than the stage of the world.

We have no room for the history of the author's numerous family of dramas, whether damned or successful. He does not appear to be very sensitive on the subject of his dramatic fame, but records the various rubs he received, with great good humour. At Bristol he went to the theatre to enjoy the triumph of his first-born, Werter, but was driven away before the close of the second act, by the following gentle criticism of a stranger: "Wretched sad stuff, sir, and if you will begin to hiss, I will join you with all my heart."

The profits that accrued to him from the two eldest of his dramatic family, were not very splendid. "See," said he to Macklin, "I have but exactly *eight pounds* by two tragedies."

"And very good pay too, sir," gruffly replied my orthodox patriarch. "So go home, and write two more tragedies, and if you gain four pounds by each of them, why, young man, the author of *Paradise Lost*, will be a *fool* to you."

The performance of his opera, which he called the *Crusade* and which somebody nicknamed the *Cascade*, was distinguished by a laughable incident, that somewhat relieved the dulness of the evening's entertainment.

But, our misfortunes did not stop here; for, during Mrs. Billington's *bravura*, in the last act, Mr. Billington, her husband, who was seated in the orchestra, conceiving that the trumpeter did not accompany her with sufficient force, frequently called to him in a subdued tone, "Louder, louder!"

The leader of the band, being of a similar opinion, repeated the same command, so often, that, at length, the indignant German, in an agony of passion and exhaustion, threw down his trumpet, and turning towards the audience, violently exclaimed,

"It be very easy to cry louder! louder!—but by gar!—vere is de *vind*?"

The *Crusade* is commemorated as the last piece in which Edwin performed. From the following passage it would seem that performers had even then fallen into the habit of laughing at and playing tricks upon one another. But worse than this is what we see practised at the Haymarket in our day; where your second-rate performer effects to be convulsed with laughter at the sight of the irresistible comedian, whom he has seen play the same part, in the same manner, for a matter of a hundred nights. In his description of Edwin's acting, there is a touch that reminds us of Liston.

Many performers before, and since the days of Edwin, have acquired the power, by private winks, irrelevant buffoonery, and dialogue, to make their fellow-players laugh; and thus confound the audience, and mar the scene;—Edwin, disdaining this confined and distracting system, established a sort of *entre-nous-ship*, (if I may venture to use the expression) with the audience, and made them his confidants; and, though wrong in his principle, yet so neatly and skilfully did he execute it, that, instead of injuring the business of the stage, he frequently enriched it—the only possible excuse for "your clown speaking more than is set down for him."

Perhaps the best anecdote in the book is the following: and with it we conclude.

"To me, one of the most amusing persons present was John Kemble. This great actor, with all his good sense and good taste, was like Gay,

"In simplicity a child."

Certainly, no man was further from proving a dull, commonplace *Unendurable*, than Kemble; as probably the two following short anecdotes will evince.

Whilst Parsons told a rich comic story, at which all laughed, Kemble preserved a fixed, grave, classical countenance—but, when Dodd afterwards sung a pathetic ballad which excited general interest, Kemble, in the middle of it, burst into an odd fit of laughter, and in a tone tremulous from excessive gaiety, said—

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I have just taken Parson's joke—ha, ha!—and it is really—very good!"

—And "very good" are many other jokes recorded in this merry jest-book; of which the reader will find some in the *Table Talk*. We wish we could afford space for an exhibition of the author's two friends, Miles Peter Andrews and Major Topham. In his anecdotes of these two persons, there is more than *fun*;—there is character. And, upon the whole, when the author's qualities are put in contrast with those of some recent historians of the stage, as, for example, the pompous dulness of Boaden, and the twaddling servility of Kelly, there is abundant reason to be contented. But once more we repeat, that the author would have been farther removed from an "*unendurable*," had he been less afraid of being thought one.

TABLE TALK.

YOUNG NAPOLEON AT VIENNA IN THE SUMMER OF 1825.—We sallied forth, and first bent our steps towards the Dom Kirche or Cathedral of St. Stephen, whose ample aisles we found crowded almost to suffocation by people of all ranks and descriptions, anxious to hear the Mass about to be celebrated by the Archbishop in full state. Having obtained a seat in the musician's gallery, over the great entrance, I had a good view of this crowded assembly, and never (but once before at Rome, when the Pope gave his benediction "Urbi et Orbi," and to the vast multitude crowded together before the balcony of the most magnificent temple in the world) did I behold so imposing or awful a sight;—awful is a term I may well make use of here, for few sights raise such sublime ideas, are so awful to behold, as a large and dense mass of uncovered heads, generally so animated and restless, now still as death, awaiting the moment when the flourish of trumpets from the gallery would announce to them the commencement of the ceremonies of the day. The church music of Vienna, and indeed of Germany in general, is far superior in effect to that of Italy: in the latter country the composition of the bands is not so perfect, the Italians introduce too many violins into the orchestra: this instrument is well adapted for the execution of the quick passages and dying cadences of Opera music, but is not calculated to express the long and swelling notes which are the characteristics of that composed for the church; in order to give these notes their full effect, the Germans employ more wind instruments in the formation of their orchestra, and in the use of them are more perfect than the Italians. As the best singers had been engaged for the chapel of the burg or palace, we quitted the cathedral before the service was ended, and made haste to the former place, wretchedly small, and without any pretensions to beauty of architecture or decorations, but yet from the splendid appearance of the company, (for they were all in full dress) and the excellence of the music, the effect of the ceremony was brilliant and imposing. The places of the Emperor and Empress (who were in Italy) were filled by the Archduke Charles and his lady; the Archduke Antony and the Duke of Reichstadt (Napoleon's son) were also in the Imperial tribune. I was much pleased to have had so good an opportunity for seeing the latter, as in my visit to Schonbrun (where he then resided) some days before, I had not succeeded in meeting him. In the upper part of his face, namely, his nose, eyes, and forehead, he is extremely like his father; his jaws, mouth, &c. &c. are truly Austrian, i. e. large and full: his complexion is light, and his forehead is higher than Napoleon's, which was remarkably low. He was of an idle disposition, they told me, and that it was very difficult to make him apply himself, except to mathematics, the only branch of study to which he showed inclination.—When younger, his great amusements were mischievous, practical jokes, many of which he played off on his august grandfather, (with whom he is a great favourite,) such as filling his boots with gravel, tying the skirt of his coat to his chair, &c. The Archduke Charles is much attached to him, and indeed with every person he seems to be a favourite.—*Reisende. Original.*

EXTRAORDINARY SANG-FROID.—In one of the very bloody battles of the Vendean war, two French noblemen were left wounded in the field among the dead. One complained loudly of his pains, the other, after long silence, thus offered him consolation:—"My friend, whomsoever you are, remember that our God died on the cross, our king on the scaffold;—and if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are shot away."—*W. Bailey's Records of Patriotism.*

A LADY OF LABRADOR.—Major Cartwright used to relate many curious particulars of this woman; among others, that on being shown the interior of St. Paul's, she was so struck with astonishment and awe, that her knees shook under her, and she leaned for support on the person who stood next her. After a pause of some moments, she exclaimed in a low and tremulous voice, "Did man make it, or was it found here?" When the gentleman who had the care of her, informed her that they must now return to her country, as the money appropriated for their support was exhausted, she asked why they could not go into the woods and kill venison. The gentleman replied, that he would be hung if he attempted to kill venison in England; on which the Esquimaux woman, after bursting into a loud laugh, exclaimed, in a tone of the greatest contempt: "Hanged for killing venison? oh, you fool!"—*Major Cartwright's Life.*

RESTAURATEURS AT VIENNA.—Although the good people of Vienna yield not to those of any other city in their love for good eating and drinking, it is not in their public establishments for these purposes you will perceive it: their Restaurateurs are far inferior to those of the French. Like the English, they are well inclined to eat, drink, and make merry together in their own houses, but dislike to do so in a public room, and therefore 'tis strangers alone who support the Restaurateurs of Vienna. The establishment of Widman, although the best, is of poor description: the approach to his rooms is by a dark and dirty staircase, upon which the kitchens pour out all their odour, both good and bad; this leads to a suite of rooms furnished pretty well, but the attendants who wait in them are dirty and inattentive, and the dishes they serve oily, ill-dressed, and cold. The Hungarian wines are the only good things you can find there: what is sold as Tokay is not the best; it is inferior to the Ofaer or Erlaner; these wines resemble those of Burgundy in flavour, but in quality are yet more heating and inflammatory.—*Reisende. Original.*

HORNE TOOKE'S ACQUITTAL.—On the words "Not Guilty," the air was rent with joyful shouts, and Felix trembled. As soon as the shouting subsided, Tooke addressed the Court, in a very few words, thanking them for their conduct on the trial; and then said: "I hope, Mr. Attorney-General, that this verdict will be a warning to you not to attempt to shed mens' blood upon loose suspicions and doubtful inferences," or words to that effect. He then turned round to the Jury and thanked them for his life. Every man of them shed tears. This brought tears to the eyes of Tooke, who, during a six days' battle, while the advocates of power were thirsting for his life, stood as dauntless as a lion, giving a stroke to one and a grip to another, as if he were at play. The Jury were only out about five minutes, which were barely sufficient to reach the room assigned them and return. The panel, on first forming the Jury on Monday, bore such evident marks of management and partiality, that Erskine said to Tooke, "By G— they are murdering you." Tooke started up and disputed with the Court upon their proceedings, when the Attorney-General gave up the three last challenges. Besides these three, there was but one man thought at all favourable towards Tooke; judge then what they thought of the trial, when they all shed tears on his thanking them for his life. I supped with Mr. Tooke at his surgeon's, Mr. Cline. About twenty in company. You may imagine the joy in every bosom. I would not but have been an evidence on this trial for the world.—*Major Cartwright's Life.*

A MODERN BRUTUS—POINT OF HONOUR.—During the month of March, in the ensuing year, 1783, a disastrous duel occurred between Captain Riddell of the Horse Grenadiers, and Captain Cunningham of the Scotch Greys, which, owing to its peculiar circumstances, excited the greatest interest; and the account of it I received from Riddell's second, Topham. The quarrel had been of long duration; but owing to their separation for some years, their friends hoped that it had at length naturally died away. Unfortunately however, encountering each other one morning at their agent's, Mr. Christie, high words ensued, and on the evening of that same day, Captain Cunningham wrote, demanding satisfaction. The note arriving while the wafer was yet wet, at the house of the Captain's father, Sir James Riddell, he, not observing the superscription, and conceiving it to be intended for himself, opened it. Such however was the high honour of this Roman baronet, that though thus suddenly placed in possession of the fact of his son's intended rencontre, instead of interfering to prevent it, he calmly closed the letter, and re-stamped the wafer; acting no further on his knowledge of its contents, than to procure the secret attendance of two surgeons of first-rate abilities. The meeting took place on the appointed day; Riddell attended by Capt. Topham; and Cunningham by his cousin, Capt. Cunningham. Eight paces were measured by the seconds, and they tossed up for the first fire, which being won by Riddell, he fired, and shot his antagonist. The moment Capt. Cunningham received the wound, he staggered, but did not fall. He opened his waistcoat, and appeared to be mortally wounded. All this time Captain Riddell remained on his ground, when, after a pause of about two minutes, Captain Cunningham declared that he would not be removed till he had fired. Cunningham then presented his pistol, and shot Captain Riddell in the groin. He immediately fell, and was carried to Captain Topham's house, in Bryanstone-street, where, on the following day, he died. Captain Cunningham, after a long and dangerous illness, recovering, voluntarily surrendered himself to the judgment of the law. He was tried, and acquitted.—*Reynolds's Life and Times.*

MODERN FALSTAFF.—Colonel Lee has stated that Doctor Skinner had a dire objection to the field of battle, yet in private society was always ready for a quarrel. It might be truly asserted, that it required infinite circumspection not to come to points with him, since he really appeared to consider tilting as a pleasant pastime. In his regiment and among his intimates, he was regarded as a privileged man, and allowed to throw the shafts of his wit with impunity. When first Skinner appeared in the lower country, he wore a long beard and huge fur cap, the last through necessity, the first from some superstitious notion, into the meaning of which it was impossible to penetrate. An officer who really esteemed him, asked, "Why he suffered his beard to grow to such an unequal length?" He tartly replied, "It is a secret, sir, betwixt my God and myself, that human impertinence shall never penetrate." On a night alarm at ninety-six, as Colonel Lee was hastening forward to ascertain the cause, he met Skinner in full retreat, and stopping him, said, "What is the matter, Doctor? whither so fast? not frightened, I hope?" "No, Colonel, no," he replied, "not absolutely frightened; but, I candidly confess, most damnably alarmed." His strong resemblance to the character of Falstaff, which Colonel Lee has also noticed, was very remarkable. "He was witty himself, and the cause of wit in others." Like the fat Knight, too, in the calculation of chances, not over scrupulous in distinction between *meum* and *tuum*; and I should decidedly say, in his narration of broils and battles, too much under the influence of Shrewsbury clock. Falstaff maintained that it was proper for every man "to labour in his own vocation:" Skinner asserted that every man had his sphere of action, beyond the limits of which he ought never to emerge. "Mine," said he, "amongst the tumults of war, the conflict of battle, is in the rear. There I am always to be found. I am firm at my post." Arriving near the bank of the river on the night of the contemplated attack upon John's island, he was asked whether he intended to pass the ford? "By no means," he replied, "I am not fond of romantic enterprise, and will not seek for perilous achievements, where the elements, more than the enemy, are to be dreaded. The river is too deep, and my spirits are not buoyant; I should sink to a certainty, and meet a watery grave. Death by water-drinking! I shudder at the thought of it. I will remain and take care of the baggage; and as many of you as can boast a change, may be sure to meet at your return the comforts of clean linen, and the most cordial welcome that I can give you."—*W. Bailey's Records of Patriotism.—An American Work.*

RELIGION AND ROUGE.—On taking the vows, the fair novice yielded her flowing hair to the scissors; the Princess d'Harcourt signalized her religious conversion by leaving off *rouge*. Afterwards she was made *Dame de Palais*. "Bets," says Madame Sévigné, "are offered that Princess d'Harcourt, now she is *Dame de Palais*, will not be *dévôte* this year; and that she will wear *rouge* again; for this *rouge* (adds she) is the law of the prophets; upon *rouge* all Christianity turns." The princess, in fact, signified her willingness to resume it, provided the king or her husband enjoined her to do so.—Another lady of this class, upon the servant's offering her a glass of *liqueur*, turned to her neighbour and said: "What does he offer it me for? Does not he know I am *dévôte*!"—*See Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe.*

YANKEE VALOUR.—At the battle of Etaw, after the British line had been broken, and the Old Buffs, a regiment that had boasted of the extraordinary feats they were to perform, were running from the field, Lieutenant Manning sprang forward in pursuit, directing the platoon which he commanded to follow him. He did not cast an eye behind him until he found the British men on all sides of him, and not an American soldier nearer than one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards. He did not hesitate a moment, but springing at an officer who was near him, seized him by the collar, and exclaiming in a harsh tone, "Damn you, sir, you are my prisoner," wrested his sword from his grasp, dragged him from the house into which Cruger and his York volunteers had thrown themselves, and, keeping his body as a shield of defence from the heavy fire from the windows, carried him off without sustaining any injury. Manning has often related, that at the moment when he suspected his prisoner would have made an effort for liberty, he with great solemnity commenced an enumeration of his titles:—"I am, sir, Henry Barry, Deputy-Adjutant-General of the British army, Captain in the 32d regiment, Secretary to the Commandant of Charleston:"—"Enough, enough, sir, you are just the man I was looking for; fear nothing for your life, you shall screen me from danger, and I will take special care of you."—Manning was of inferior size, but strong, and remarkably well formed. This probably led Barry, who could not have wished the particulars of his capture to be commented on, to reply, when asked by his brother officers how he came to be taken? "I was overpowered by a huge Virginian."—*W. Bailey's Records of Patriotism.*

DR. WILLIS'S EYE.—Dr. Willis, (then simply a country practitioner,) speedily became a principal actor in the drama. He had an “eye like Mars, to threaten or command.” *Threaten*, in every sense of the word; for his numerous patients stood as much in awe of this formidable weapon, as of bars, chains, or straight-waistcoats. After a few weeks attendance, allowing his Majesty a razor to shave himself, and a penknife to cut his nails, Dr. Warren, Dr. Reynolds, and the other physicians, openly attacked Dr. Willis, with a charge of rashness and imprudence, one evening before a committee of the House of Commons. Burke also was very severe on this point, and authoritatively and loudly demanded to know, “If the Royal patient had become outrageous at the moment, what power the Doctor possessed of instantaneously terrifying him into obedience?”

“Place the candles between us, Mr. Burke,” replied the Doctor, in an equally authoritative tone—“and I’ll give you an answer. There, Sir! by the EYE! I should have looked at him *thus*, sir,—*thus*!”

Burke instantaneously averted his head, and making no reply, evidently acknowledged this basilisk authority.—*Reynolds's Life and Times*.

THE DEVIL TURNED PLEADER.—It happened in the Mark, that a certain soldier having a sum of money by him, entrusted it to the care of his host. When leaving his house, he requested to have it returned, but the landlord then denied having received any such money. The soldier, justly incensed, urged many bold oaths, and set the house in a storm; while the other contented himself with sending for the police, and threatened to have him well chastised for disturbing the peace and credit of his house. Here was a fine opportunity, and the Devil visited the soldier in his prison, and said to him, “to-morrow they will take you before the judge; and they will undoubtedly have your head for defamation of the host, and assaulting him as you did, breaking the peace, and hurting the credit of his house. In this dilemma, if you will consent to be mine, body and soul, I will rescue you from danger.” But the soldier would not consent. “Then,” said the Devil, “do this: when you shall be brought up for trial, and they begin to press you hard, and call upon you to defend yourself, give out that you are no speaker; say not a word, and they will grant you a pleader to state your case. Then look round, and you will see me standing in a blue bonnet and white feather, and I will manage the affair.” Now all this occurred; and when the landlord stoutly denied the soldier’s accusation before all the court, his counsel in the blue bonnet stepped forth, “My good host,” he cried, “how can you stick to that lie? the money is now lying under the bolster of your bed. Let the judge and sheriffs order search to be made, and they will even find it to be so.”

Then the landlord swore an oath, and exclaimed, “If I ever meddled with the money, may the Devil carry me in a whirlwind away!” But soon, when the money was found, and brought into court, the counsel with blue bonnet and white feather, said: “I knew well enough I should have one of them; either the host or his guest.” With which words he twisted the landlord’s neck out, and disappeared with him through the air.—*The Brothers Grimm, Roscoe's German Novelists*.

EVENING SCENE IN INDIA.—I have found myself sometimes in India towards the end of a day’s journey, in a green lane festooned with jasmine and overshadowed with tamarind-trees, at the end of which was the village, with its white pagoda glittering in the setting sun, and peopled with groupes of such figures as are seen in antique marbles;—where the evening air was almost oppressive with perfume, and the rudest sound that broke upon the stillness was the sweet note of the wood-pigeon, or the sudden flight of a flock of green parrots;—where the doves were pecking at my feet, and the squirrels and monkeys shaking the feathery leaves of the tamarinds above my head; ‘and all was odorous scent and harmony, and gladness of the heart, nerve, ear, and sight.’ It is poetry to recollect such a scene. No pen nor pencil could surpass its loveliness.—*MS. Letters from India*.

EFFECT OF GARRICK’S ACTING UPON A SPECTATOR.—Mr. Harris continued, “that a few nights ago, whilst waiting for him at the stage door, till he had concluded the closet scene in Hamlet, I was so awe-struck by the splendour of his talent, that, though from long intimacy, Garrick and I always addressed each other by our Christian names, on this occasion, when he quitted the stage, and advanced to shake hands with me, I found myself involuntarily receding—calling him, *Sir*!—and bowing with reverence. He stared, and expressing a doubt of my sanity, I explained; on which, he acknowledged, with a smile of gratification, “that next to Patridge’s description of him in *Tom Jones*, this was the most genuine compliment he had ever received.”—*Reynolds's Life and Times*.

FROM THE PERSIAN.—I have travelled in the far countries of the West, and climbed the snowy mountains of the North; I have viewed the riches and splendour of Hindostan, the power and arts of Europe; I have been where the blessed Nile distributes along the vale of Egypt the gifts of the Most High, and have seen the minarets of Kahira the Victorious rise from the midst of the golden clusters of the cassia-trees. I have prayed at the birth-place of the Prophet; I have performed my ablutions in the marble baths of Istambol; I have wandered in the shades of Benares, and filled my cup in the sacred waters of the Ganges;—yet have my eyes beheld nothing so pleasant as the rose-gardens of Shiraz. Why does content meet me only there, yet dwell with the Arab when he gathers his harvest of yellow dates, and with the remote inhabitant of countries the sun delays to look upon? The rose blooms in other lands, and the nightingale sings in other bowers, and the voice of music is wakened by damsels fair as the forms which glittered in the visions of Hafiz when he drank the liquid amber of Kishme in the gardens of delight; but the exile has no pleasure in their beauty.—Wherever the Most High has caused his creatures to arise, there he has ordained content to dwell with them. It is this which sends her to the Arab in his deserts, and to me under the shade of a spreading vine by the fountain of Roknabad.—*Original.*

MAJOR TOPHAM'S JOKE UPON IRREGULAR MEASURES IN VERSE.—During the run of this comedy, some very bad congratulatory verses, written in very irregular measure, having been inserted in the newspapers, Topham said, "Reynolds, your friend seems determined to go all lengths to serve you."—*Reynolds's Life and Times.*

REBUNDUS IN THE CATHEDRAL AT LUBECK.—Whenever, in old times, a reverend canon of Lubeck was about to exchange worlds, satisfied with the good things of this, he was sure that morning of finding a white rose under the cushion of his chair in the choir. Hence it was very naturally the practice of the said ecclesiastic, to turn it over the first thing he did, to see whether this grave symbol of his departure was lying there or not in the morning. Now it so happened that one of these canons, named Rebundus, turning over the cushion of his chair, was shocked to see the fatal signal—it was worse than a bed of thorns; and instead of sitting down upon it, he took the rose, and dexterously stuck it under the cushion of a brother canon, who, however, had already satisfied himself that it was not under his chair. Rebundus then enquired, with a careless air, whether he had looked under his chair; to which the other replied that he had. "But," continued Rebundus, "are you sure you have examined it well? for, if I am not deceived, there is something white just appearing under where you sit!" Upon this the other canon threw up his cushion, to convince him he was wrong, when there lay the rose. Yet he stoutly maintained that it could not belong to him, for just before he had looked sharp enough to have found it if it had been there. Saying this, he took and stuck it again under Rebundus's cushion; but he swore vehemently that he had no right to it; he would have nothing to do with it; and threw it back. In this way bitterly reviling each other, it passed from hand to hand. They were waxing still more wrath, as the chapel bell wrung for matins; while Rebundus still continued to asseverate, in the strongest manner, that the rose was none of his. Exasperated beyond all patience, the other cried out, "May the Lord of heaven grant, that he who is in the wrong may from this time forth himself be made the signal, instead of this rose, and make such a clatter in his grave to the very last day, that our canons may always know when they are going to die!" But Rebundus, considering all this as mere rant, said, in a laughing tone, "Be it so! amen, amen!" Rebundus, however, was the next canon that died; and sure enough, before another followed, a terrible noise and knocking was heard, and repeated as often as a canon died. "Rebundus is beginning to be very restless," was the usual saying when one of them was taken very ill; we shall lose our good canon —!" for it was no slight noise he made; he gave three resounding strokes upon the top of his long, broad, grave-stone, about as loud as a thunder-bolt, or half a dozen waggons discharging coals; at the third stroke a loud echo sounds through the vault, along the aisles, and the whole of the church, so as to be heard even into the adjoining houses.—*The Brothers Grimm, Roscoe's German Novelists.*

WILKES OF SCOTLAND.—Observing that I admired his numerous collections of pigeons, he described to me the difficulty he had experienced in the attempts to make them stay with him. Every bird that he had procured from England, Ireland, and France, having flown back to his native land the moment the latch was raised, he was about to abandon his scheme as impracticable, "when," he continued, "I bethought myself to procure a cock and hen pouter, from Scotland; I need not add, that they never returned."—*Reynolds's Life and Times.*

MANAGING A THEATRE.—The elder Colman said, in his pamphlet, written concerning his quarrel with the late Messrs. Harris and Rutherford, "Managing a theatre is like stirring a fire, which every man thinks he can do better than another. Now, I stir a fire better than any man in England!"—*Reynolds's Life and Times.*

MADAME DE LA VALLIERE.—La Valliere, that was one of Louis's mistresses, entertained for him the most unaffected love. Her charm was a peculiar softness of character, which subdued the heart more even than her beauty. She was a little lame, but this defect in her became an additional grace. Though passionately fond of the king, she could never reconcile herself to her condition; and would retire at intervals to the Carmelites to pray and do penance for her weakness. When, many years after her the world, she was informed of the death of the Count de Vermandois, her only son by retirement from the king, she exclaimed with anguish: "Must I weep for his death, I have done before lamenting his birth!" Madame de Sévigné speaks of her as "that humble violet, which hid itself in the grass, and was ashamed of being a mistress, a mother, and a duchess."

A STAGE REHEARSAL. **MRS. JORDAN, &c.**—One morning during the rehearsal of the above-mentioned piece, when *Albina*, in the fifth act, has to say, "School's up! school's up!" Mrs. Jordan, King, Palmer, Wroughton, and Suett, widely differed as to the author's meaning in this passage. One contended that he meant it to be spoken feelingly; another said that he evidently intended it to be comic; one took one side of the argument, and another, another; but, though I, the author, stood at their elbows, during the whole discussion, not one of them condescended to ask me, what I really did mean.—*Reynolds's Life and Times.*

MACKLIN'S LOVE PLOT FOR A NEW PIECE.—"What's your plot?" (asked Macklin of Reynolds,) and then without waiting for my answer, he added, "I'll give you one myself,—LOVE, /sir love. Observe—a young lady, whose parents reside at Rickmanwrth, in Herfordshire, comes to town. She goes immediately to the Festino rooms, and on leaving them, a rejected lover attempts forcibly to carry her off, when she is rescued by a strange, gallant, young officer. Now, sir, how do you think she returns the obligation? Not in the old hackneyed way, by writing him silly *billets doux*, or, by making him common assignations, and then giving him her hand. No, sir, no. She at once gives him a brace of *Rickmansworth trout*, and the matter ends where it began. There, that is original, I think; and though in the school of love, the oldest scholars are not generally considered the greatest proficient, you will allow, young man, that I am capable of treating an old passion in a new way."—*Reynolds's Life and Times.*

CONFESSORS FOR THE COURT, AND CONFESSORS FOR THE DEATH-BED.—In the court of Louis XVI. were two kinds of Confessors, one chosen with a view to the Monarch's favour, the other to the Almighty's; one to do duty in the time of health, the other in the season of sickness. Louis, who was zealous for the Jesuits, of course had one of them for his confessor; and the courtiers, to be conformable, chose Jesuits also for theirs, though it often happened that they secretly disliked both their principles and their character. The death-bed revealed many instances of the violence which men thus did to their consciences; for when they had nothing more to hope or fear from the king, they put themselves under a confessor of their own choice, and received the last Communion from the hands of a priest of some other order. Harlai, the Chancellor, who happened one day to have some Jesuits and some fathers of the Oratory in his room at the same time, very properly drew this distinction, saying to the first, "Fathers, one must live with you;" then turning to the others, "but die with you, Fathers."—*See Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe.*

MRS. JORDAN'S AMIABLE TEMPER.—Mrs. Jordan, weary of male attire, did not like this boyish hero, which so nettled Wroughton, that during one of the rehearsals, in his plain, frank manner, he said to her,

"Why, you are grand, quite the Dutchess again this morning."

"Very likely," she replied, "for you are not the first person who, this very day, has condescended to honour me ironically with this title."

Then smiling, without the slightest pique, and with all her characteristic humour, she told us, that having during that morning discharged her Irish cook for impertinence, and paid her her wages, the indignant professor of gastronomy, taking up a shilling, and banging it on the table, exclaimed,

"Arrah now, honey, with this *thirteener*, won't I sit in the gallery, and won't your Royal Grace give me a courtesy, and won't I give your Royal Highness a howl, and a hiss into the bargain?"—*Reynolds's Life and Times.*

WILKES'S MODE OF ADDRESSING A TUMULTUOUS ASSEMBLY.—Wilkes, like Mirabeau, instead of attempting to gain silence, by any verbose, circumlocutory appeal, proceeded at once to the point, in three charmed words—" *Independence!—Property!—Liberty!*"—*Reynolds's Life and Times.*

MADAME DE MAINTENON.—Maintenon affected a species of humility, which was only vanity in disguise. In this spirit she refused, for her niece, Madame de Caylus, a place of honour at Court, and asked her if she would rather be the person who had obtained, or she who had refused it. The niece does not seem to have relished this piece of forbearance practised at her expence. The Court, she says, in one of her letters, saw more ostentation than humility in it. Vanity also seems to have made up at least three parts of her affection for Louis. When lamenting his death, she observed to a nun of St. Ayr, "It is a fine thing to weep for a king." She used to indulge in the sentimental luxury of bewailing the slavery of rank, and regretting the ease and pleasures of a private condition. One day, looking at some carp in a marble basin at Versailles, "These carp," said she, "are like me, they long for their mud." It was upon one of these occasions, when she was expressing her disgust at life and grandeur, that her brother, the count D'Aubigné, said to her, "you are at liberty to retire and espouse Dieu le père." Her influence in the direction of affairs appears to have been considerable; there were few councils held, she says, in one of her letters, in which her presence was not required. When her opinion was wanted Louis would turn round to her and ask, "Qu'en pense votre solidité?" What does your solidity say? The deference of the kings, to a lady older than himself gave rise to many sarcasms. Barbesieux, a young man, extremely dissipated, was the secretary of state. William III. remarked, that most kings chose old ministers and young mistresses, but that Louis had chosen a young minister and an old mistress. "*Ma tante,*" said the duchess of Burgundy, addressing Madame de Maintenon by the title she usually gave her, "one must allow that queens govern better than kings; and do you know why, *ma tante*? It is because under kings women govern, and under queens men govern." To the credit of the king and Madame, neither of them was affected by this sally of their favourite.

ELWES'S OPINION OF PITT.—Elwes entered freely into conversation, and remarked, that there was only one man in either House who could talk him out of his money, and that was young Pitt, of whom he added, "*In all Pitt says, there are pounds, shillings, and pence.*"—*Reynolds's Life and Times.*

SELFISHNESS ARMED AGAINST BIGOTTRY. LOUIS XIV. AND THE JESUITS.—The Cardinal de Noailles, Archbishop of Paris, was obnoxious to the Jesuits, not because he was ever suspected of a leaning towards Jansenism, but because he did not persecute it, and had suspended the publication of a bull, which they had obtained from the Pope, against the tenets of their adversaries. To work his ruin they left no stone unturned; and their godly machinations were on the point of being crowned with success, when they were defeated by the address of a Mademoiselle de Chausseraye. This was a lady of the household of Madame Maintenon, of whose society the king was particularly fond, and who often employed her credit with him to shield the deserving from acts of harshness or ill-nature. She was aware of the designs of the Jesuits; saw the ruin which impended over the Cardinal, and sought to avert it. "Sire," said she, one day to the king, "you do not look well to-day; you seem melancholy; I am afraid they vex you." "You are right," he replied, "they *do* vex me; they want me to do what is repugnant to me, and it annoys me." "I would not pry into your secrets, sire, but I will lay a wager it is about this bull, of which I confess I do not understand a word. You are too indulgent to allow yourself to be thus harassed; let them settle it as they can; they think neither of your health nor your quiet, which are of so much greater consequence to us all. For my own part, I do not trouble myself with their disputes, and I do not think I am the worse Christian on that account." "You do very right," said Louis, "and I have a great mind to follow your example." "Pray do, sire; leave these quarrels to the Priests, and attend to your health; all will then be well." The next day, when Le Tellier, the king's confessor, the most bigoted and most active of the Jesuits, was beginning to speak of the Archbishop's arrest, a measure that had previously been almost resolved upon, Louis cut him short, and, with a look of displeasure that shut the confessor's mouth upon that subject for ever, bade him be silent. The lady in this shewed her knowledge of human nature, or at least of the nature of Louis. Had she attempted to save the Archbishop, by pleading his merits, it would have been her fate to have been cut short with a black look and a tart reply.

THE DEVIL A COUNSELLOR OF STATE.—COURT OF LOUIS XIV.—The tranquillity of this devout Court was interrupted occasionally by crimes of singular atrocity. A system of poisoning, taught by Exili, an Italian, prevailed to such an extent, that the king instituted a special tribunal called the *Chamber Ardente*, to take cognizance of the offence. Among other great personages, the Duchess of Bouillon, a niece of Cardinal Mazarine, was cited to appear before this tribunal. It appeared that she had been guilty of consulting astrologers, and procuring a sight of the devil. La Reynie, a president of the chamber, asked her, with much gravity, if she had seen the devil? She answered, that she saw him *at that moment*; that he was very ugly and ill-looking, and that he was dressed as a counsellor of state. The poor president was confounded, and asked no more questions. This anecdote is most likely the original of the story of old Janet Gallatley's examination before the justices, in *Waverley*, vol. i.

MISTRESSES OF LOUIS XIV.—The three chief mistresses of Louis were suited to the time of life, at which they were chosen. Mad. de la Valliere had beauty and tenderness to captivate his youth; Mad. de Montespan had beauty and wit to attract him in maturer years; Mad. de Maintenon had the remains of beauty, and great devotion to soothe his declining age.—*Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe*.

AMUSEMENTS ON THE PRATER AT VIENNA.—In no other city is perhaps to be found the variety of costumes which met our eyes as we wound our way through the crowd: Polish Jews in their long robes and high fur caps, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Russians, and others, each in their peculiar national dress, were to be seen sauntering under the shade of the trees, or staring at the different shows exhibited to their curious gaze. Under one tree that citizen of the world, Punch, had taken his stand, and was giving and receiving those far-resounding blows, which, he complained, were witnessed and heard by his hard-hearted audience with jeers and laughter instead of due sorrow and commiseration: a rival in the public favour had taken possession of another tree not far distant, and in the disguise of a monkey was reversing the order of things, aping an ape in his actions by hanging down from the branches, skipping from bough to bough, &c. &c: further on was to be found a clown or scaramouch, expatiating with great earnestness and volubility on the magnificent sight that was to be seen behind that plain and modest-looking green curtain; “the royal and imperial banquet, at which were assembled all the sovereigns, ministers, and generals of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; the most perfect likenesses ever executed in wax, and he himself and his master had visited each court in succession, and had taken the models from nature;” in conclusion, he begged of those who had not dined, to abstain from entering until they had done so; as, if very hungry, they might be tempted to seize on the viands, fruits, &c. laid before these mighty princes, (so great was their resemblance to the reality,) and thus be guilty of disrespect which he was sure they were unwilling to show. On every side were to be seen roundabouts of various inventions; one fitted out with small ships, which, in their circumvolutions, imitated, by means of a mechanical contrivance, the motion of a vessel in a heavy sea, appeared to be best attended; for any tale, sight, or exhibition, relating to the sea, is received by this inland people with greater favour and goodwill than by those who have had opportunities of witnessing the realities they attempt to describe. The unknown always excites curiosity and interest. Swings there were also in abundance: one struck me as novel and remarkable: you mounted on a wooden horse, a helmet was placed on your head, and a lance given into your hand, and when, by means of swinging, you had attained the quickest motion, the trumpet sounded a charge; a knight, formed of painted canvass, then appeared on the battlement of a wooden tower, close to which you passed in your course: in transfixing with your spear this unfortunate warrior was the great object of glory: nor was it always so easy as you might imagine, from the swiftness with which you passed, and the lightness and agility of the knight in gliding from the blow. Many were the groups collected around the story-tellers, some of whom were also musicians, and introduced into their romances songs relating to the tale. One musician, of a novel character, I remarked: he was whistling more sweetly and beautifully than I had thought possible, and accompanying with a guitar the music he whistled. Restaurateurs were to be found in every quarter; the tents and decorations of some very splendid: under an awning of silk stretched from one tree to another, was quite an eastern assemblage: sitting cross-legged on carpets in one part was a party of Turks smoking, and gravely smiling on the sursounding scene; near them, at dinner, were some Americans, with their wives and children, the females of the party decked out in all their finery, among which the necklace of large golden coins strung together was always to be seen; a Greek bishop

was drinking his coffee beside them, while under the neighbouring trees was a group of Hungarian peasants, who, in physiognomy, dress, and appearance, bear resemblance to the Tartar tribes. Having been much amused by this motley assemblage, we proceeded about three o'clock to the avenue appointed for the drive and walk of the beau monde. Many of the equipages were extremely handsome, and although perhaps a little too gaudy and splendid to please English taste on close observation, yet added much to the brilliancy of the general coup d'œil. Several ladies left their carriages, and walked in order to show their rich dresses to advantage; for in no other city is extravagance in dress carried to greater height. All ranks at Vienna, even the highest, have a peculiarity in their manners, that instantly strikes a stranger; 'tis that of the gentlemen kissing the hands of the ladies whenever he meets or leaves them: you are expected to pay this homage to a Viennese lady, even at your first introduction to her. After having remained here some time, we returned to the scene we had before quitted, and dined under one of the awnings; a good band of music playing for us during the banquet. For our meal we made choice of the two great national dishes of Austria; namely, the beer soup, (made of beer, raisins, currants, and crumbs of bread, boiled together, and served up hot or cold as may best suit the season of the year,) and the hühner gebacken: the latter consists of chicken cut into small pieces, and fried in a sauce composed chiefly of eggs. As twilight approached, we returned to town, and entered the Volks-garten, a garden near the palace, where all the gay company of Vienna in their best attire, those who wish to see and be seen, eat ices, listen to music, and promenaded by the light of an illumination, every summer evening, from sun-set until ten o'clock: it is a very gay and splendid scene. We finished the day's amusement by attending a ball given at the Apollo Saal, a large and fine room, decorated with pillars and statues, where were assembled about three or four hundred of the middling or shopkeeper class: waltzing, (the only dance performed) was kept up with great spirit: they often dance the waltz in *cotillons* or *parties*, in which one couple are appointed leaders; their motions and figures the others are obliged to follow and imitate; this gives variety and animation to what would be otherwise a monotonous dance.—*Reisende Original.*

CHILDISH CUNNING AND MALICE.—Soon after came bitter complaints, almost every day repeated, by the neighbours, to Master Howleglass's father, assuring him what a malicious rogue his son was; for he was wicked from the time he could walk, and even showed his malice in the cradle. He would hide his head under the bed-clothes, turn up his legs where his head should be, and make the most odd leaps and antics ever witnessed in a child. But when he had reached ten years old, his tricks grew so numerous and intolerable, and the complaints of the neighbours so loud, that his father took him roundly to task, saying, "How comes it that every body calls you such a malicious little wretch?" Howleglass, in his defence, declared that he did nobody any harm: "But if you wish to be convinced, father, and believe your own eyes, let me ride behind you on your old Dobbin, and I dare say they will still continue to find fault." So his father mounted him behind him on the horse, and as they jogged along, Howleglass, seeing some neighbours approach, pulled up his little coat behind as a salutation to them as they passed. "There is a malicious little knave for you!" they cried aloud, as they went by; upon which the urchin said to his father, "You see I did them no harm, and yet they will call me nick-names." His father next placed him before him as they rode along, when Howleglass began to pull the most ugly faces ever seen, mocking and lolling his tongue at every body as they went by, all which his father could not see. "Look at that wicked little wretch!" was the cry! And upon this his father, quite losing patience, said, "Aye, thou wert born in an unlucky hour; for though thou hold thy tongue all revile thee, and though thou sit as quiet as a lamb the children run out of thy way."—*Howleglass: German Novellists.*

MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE.—INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS.—This lady, after playing a conspicuous part in the war of the Fronde, when peace was made, and her lovers had abandoned her, was reduced to the necessity of seeking for some other occupation. At first she attempted the part of a *belle-esprit*; but finding that this did not fill up the vacancy, she took refuge from ennui in extreme devotion. The greater sinner, they say, the greater saint. Madame de Longueville must have been very distinguished in the latter character, if all that history tells us be true. It is reported that being once in the country with her husband, and overcome with ennui, her friends, in the hope of banishing the foul fiend, proposed a hunting excursion. "I do not like hunting," was her reply.—"Let us work then."—"I do not like work."—"Shall we walk or play?"—"I do not like walking or playing."—"Well then, what other innocent amusement shall we have recourse to?"—"I do not like innocent amusements."

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